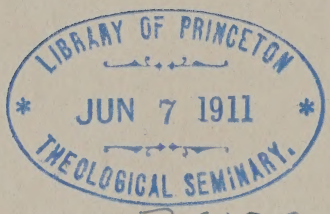
A PAPAL ENVOY DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR

EDITED BY

THE ABBÉ BRIDIER



DC183
.8
.S15A3

Division

Section

MEMOIRS OF Mgr. de SALAMON

[*From a photo. kindly lent by the Bishop of St Flour.*

MGR. DE SALAMON IN THE YEAR 1820.

Portrait in the Bishop's Palace at St Flour.

[*Frontispiece.*

A PAPAL ENVOY DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF MGR. DE SALAMON
THE INTERNUNCIO AT PARIS DURING THE
REVOLUTION, 1790-1801

EDITED BY

THE ABBÉ BRIDIER

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUN 7 1911
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

TRANSLATED BY

FRANCES JACKSON

LONDON
SANDS & CO.
15 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN
AND EDINBURGH

ST LOUIS, MO., USA.: B. HERDER
1911

PRINTED AT THE MERCAT PRESS, EDINBURGH

CONTENTS

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE xvii

EDITOR'S PREFACE xxii

INTRODUCTION xxv

BOOK I—MY MARTYRDOM

DEDICATION TO MADAME DE VILLENEUVE

PAGE

From two o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, 2nd September 1792, until eight o'clock in the morning of Monday, 3rd September, in the garden of the Abbey of Saint-Germain des Prés 1

CHAPTER I

THE ARREST OF THE INTERNUNCIO

The Abbé de Salamon is appointed Internuncio.—Letters from Pius VI and Cardinal Zelada. . . . The Duc de Brissac.—The Internuncio before Louis XVI.—His Arrest.—Madame Blanchet. Marat and his medicine 3

CHAPTER II

THE DEPÔT OF THE MAIRIE

The Prison and the Prisoners.—The Abbé Sicart.—The Vicars-General of Toulouse, Bourges and Strasburg.—The Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève.—The Abbé Gervais, Secretary-General to the Archbishop of Paris.—The Assassin! 12

CHAPTER III

THE DECREE OF THE COMMUNE

PAGE

Manuel.—The Abbé Godard, Vicar-General of Toulouse.—Message to the Internuncio from the Bishops, imprisoned at the Carmelite Priory.—The Abbé Simon, Canon of St Quentin, and revolutionary good faith.—A happy inspiration.—The Abbé Sicart and the clockmaker Monotte.—Where are we going? . . . 19

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST NIGHT AT THE ABBEY

The Rabble!—The Monks' Refectory.—The Military Prisoners.—The Abbé Vitali, Vicaire of the parish of Saint-Merri.—Steps taken by Madame Blanchet.—Torné, Constitutional Archbishop of Bourges, and Pétion, Mayor of Paris.—M. Clément de Saint-Palais.—The old Lieutenant-General of the King's Army . 27

CHAPTER V

THE SUNDAY IN PRISON

The Internuncio rejoins his companions.—God's Portion.—The Portion of the Poor.—The last meal.—A monster 33

CHAPTER VI

PREPARING FOR DEATH

Hours which seem centuries.—The crime of the Procureur of the Parliament.—The Tradeswoman of the Place Maubert, and the two young Minims.—The last Absolution.—The Wigmaker of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.—'I am an honest man, and that is my crime.' The Abbé Godard, the Optimist.—A scoundrel of a jailor 38

CHAPTER VII

THE MOB

PAGE

The Mob invade the Prison.—Fear gives wings.—Under the pikes.—'Come Abbé, go forward.'—A worthy woman with one fault.—On the way to the Tribunal . 47

CHAPTER VIII

THE MASSACRE

The Pretorium and the Judges.—The Strategy of the Internuncio.—The Ranks of the Martyrs . . . 52

CHAPTER IX

A HAPPY DIVERSION

The Deputation from the Marseillais.—A *bevitore di sangue* (a drinker of blood).—A *Pasticcio* of Revolutionary Eloquence.—The tragic death of two young men of the Life Guards.—A gleam of hope 59

CHAPTER X

THE INTERROGATORY

The Actor Dugazon.—A troublesome hunchback.—I ask leave to speak.—A point in Maillard's favour.—Happy to enter the Violon.—The hunchback again.—The Abbé Sicart, or his ghost 65

CHAPTER XI

AT THE VIOLON

Poor Blanchet!—Monsieur and Madame de Rosambo.—Two heroic women.—'There is M. Sergent going past!'—A shock.—Some honest men at last.—M. Jourdan and the Civil Committee.—About the hunchback 72

CHAPTER XII

RELEASE

PAGE

Thirst for blood.—Abbé Sicart's moral philosophy.—The death of Father Lenfant.—How valiant are these Provençal women!—Masters and workmen.—The Pearl of Tricoteuses (knitting-women) 80

Epilogue 84

BOOK II—My Life under the Terror

CHAPTER I

THE CHAMBRE DES VACATIONS

Subject of the Second Book.—The States-General and the *Chambre des Vacations*.—'To the Court!'—Manuel's want of Courtesy.—Bailli and the Procession to Notre Dame in Memory of the ow of Louis XIII.—The Lawsuit of the Quarrymen of Montmartre.—The Protest of the Parliament 87

CHAPTER II

THE WARRANT FOR ARREST

The Section of Bondy tries to arrest Mgr. de Salamon.—A very cowardly lady of the Isle St Louis.—A devoted friend—Scouting for intelligence: Messieurs de Saron, d'Ormesson, de Marcé, Pasquier.—The Abbé Chaubri de Beaulieu: a Judge, who had become a weaver of woollen stockings.—Madame Dellebart and her daughter.—A false track.—Letter of M. de Chateaubriand to Mgr. de Salamon 98

CHAPTER III

THE ENGLISH CONVENT

PAGE

Blanchet is arrested.—The Section des 'Bandits.'—Two Terrible Men of Auvergne.—The Women Imprisoned in the English Convent.—Mmes. de Champcenetz, de Soyecourt, de la Rochefoucauld, d'Urtat, Duchilleau.—Their Behaviour towards Blanchet.—Dr Guastaldi Intervenes.—Death of Blanchet's Son at the Hospital.—A Baker who Insists on being Master in his own House.—Mgr. de Salamon Interests the Duchess de Sulx and Mme. d'Aulnay in Blanchet.—Letters from Rome 107

CHAPTER IV

ACROSS PARIS

Mgr. de Salamon leaves Madame Dellebart's house.—His Hostess in the Rue de Paradis.—An ex-Abbé, Professor at the School of Medicine.—A deplorable Compatriot.—The Jacobin's fine linen Shirt and good Bordeaux . 115

CHAPTER V

IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

The Internuncio goes out of Paris.—'Excuse me, I made a Mistake.'—Nights under the Open Sky.—A Hermit Canon.—The Internuncio's Council, MM. Joli, Le Moyne, and Girard, author of the *Comte de Valmont* . 122

CHAPTER VI

SEEKING A RESTING-PLACE

The Decree against the Nobles.—The Internuncio goes in search of a Lodging.—The Intruded Curé of Passy. The Description of Mlle. Girard.—Madame Grandin's Attic.—Visit to Madame Dellebart, and Sad Return. A dreadful Mother and charming Daughter.—A worthy Hair-dresser.—A Lady of Avignon: La Marquise d'Eutelx.—An Alarm 127

CHAPTER VII

A WEEK OF ACCIDENTS

PAGE

Do you know an old woman named Marianne?—Citizen Grandin.—Monsieur de la Feuillade.—The Internuncio does his own cooking, and holds his Council in the thickets of the Bois de Boulogne.—A botanical walk among the pupils of M. de Jussieu in the Bois de Meudon.—M. Collet, former President at San Domingo. Blanchet's witty reply to Madame de la Rochefoucauld. A rascal of a Grocer's Assistant.—The Thunder-bolt . 138

CHAPTER VIII

TWO FUGITIVES

In the depths of the Wood.—'Be silent, whoever you are.' A roundabout way.—Groping in the darkness. Sappho.—'Pardon me, Mademoiselle.'—Visit to Marianne.—Letter from Cardinal Zelada.—Curious details concerning the diplomatic correspondence of the Internuncio with Pius VI 147

CHAPTER IX

MEETING AGAIN

Fall of Robespierre.—The Internuncio writes to Citizen Legendre.—The Baroness de Courville and her Daughter.—Blanchet in search of her Master; their meeting in the Ranelagh Road.—The Internuncio visits Bourdon de l'Oise 152

Epilogue 156

BOOK III—My Trial under the Directory

CHAPTER I

PIUS VI AND THE DIRECTORY

PAGE

A backward glance over the Internunciature of Mgr. de Salamon.—Project of Concordat between the Pope and the Directory.—MM. del Campo, Pierracchi, and Cardinal Busca.—A Reception at the house of a Flemish Banker.—Prince Belmonte, Neapolitan Ambassador, and the Prince of Reuss.—M. Cochon, Prefect of Police, arrests the Courier sent by the Internuncio to Pius VI 161

CHAPTER II

THE INTERNUNCIO'S CONSPIRACY

Unexpected visit of the Agents of the Police to the Internuncio's Domicile.—Mgr. de Salamon and Madame Blanchet are arrested.—The Dungeon of the Prefecture of Police.—Madame Colin.—Search of the Internuncio's room at Passy: Madame Grandin once more.—A tragic night 168

CHAPTER III

PREPARING THE CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION

A Letter from Cardinal Busca.—A Curious Type of Juge d'Instruction.—Presents of food from Madame Colin. 'I am not worthy to sleep beside that angel.'—The Internuncio before the President of the Jury of Accusation.—He meets Blanchet again 176

CHAPTER IV

THE INTERNUNCIO AT LA GRANDE FORCE

PAGE

The Internuncio is transferred to La Grande Force.—The galley slaves and their great consolation.—Letters of the Internuncio to MM. del Campo and Balbo, the Spanish and Sardinian Ambassadors: their cowardly conduct.—M. Racin, founder of the *Spectateur* newspaper.—The Infirmary at La Grande Force.—The Adventures of an eccentric Revolutionary from Montmartre.—The Prison-van.—Release of Blanchet.—Farewell to La Grande Force 182

CHAPTER V

THE CONCIERGERIE

The Internuncio's name is entered in the Jailor's Book at the Conciergerie.—The good Richard.—The Abbé Brottier and M. de Cani, Curé of Bonne-Nouvelle. Richard's Cook.—Anecdotes of Marie Antoinette.—The Internuncio's Fellow-prisoners.—The Queen's Pug . 190

CHAPTER VI

THE CRIMINAL COURT

At the Office of the Clerk of the Court.—The Trial.—President Gohier.—The Charge.—Boulanger, the Commissary of the Directory, intervenes.—The Editor of *l'Ami du Peuple*.—Richard's granddaughter.—More Anecdotes about Marie Antoinette, the Duc d'Orléans, and the Princess Elizabeth 195

CHAPTER VII

THE INTERNUNCIO AGAIN BEFORE THE COURT

A bad Jury.—A Second time before the Court.—Boulanger again intervenes.—Vigorous Protest on the part of the Internuncio and his Counsel, M. Bellart.—'These men are resolved upon my death at any cost' . . . 203

CHAPTER VIII

A COUP D'ETAT

PAGE

A very bad jury.—Richard's suggestion.—M. Marchand. The Internuncio writes a Speech for Madam Colin to read in Court.—M. Bellart's forebodings.—The general appearance of the Court 207

CHAPTER IX

AT LAST

Boulanger again!—Vigorous Replies on the part of the Accused and his Counsel.—A point raised by President Gohier.—The Interrogatory 213

CHAPTER X

ACQUITTAL

Last hours at the Conciergerie.—M. Bellart's happy auguries.—Sitting of the Court resumed.—The Abbé Champagne.—Verdict.— Freedom.—Conclusion : the Internuncio is appointed by Pius VII, Administrator of the Dioceses of Normandy 221

APPENDICES

A.—Letter of Mgr. de la Salamon to the Editor of 'l'Ami de la Religion' 225

B.—Extracts from the 'Annales Catholiques' with regard to the Massacre at the Abbey . . 227

Extracts from the Memoirs of the Abbé Sicart . 228

C.—Fragment from the Biographie Michaud (Article Salamon) 231

D.—Extracts from the Newspapers of the Day on the Trial of Mgr. de Salamon 232

E.—To Madame de Capellis, in religion Sister Henrietta Theresa of Jesus, Carmelite Nun at the Convent of Carpentras 236

F.—Article from 'La Biographie Universelle' de Feller-Pérennès 244

ILLUSTRATIONS

Mgr. de Salamon in the year 1820. Portrait in the Bishop's Palace at St Flour . . *Frontispiece.*

Carpentras—The belfry of the Church of Saint-Siffrein (Demolished in 1875) . . . *Face p.* xxv

The Bastille . . . . . ,, xxix

St Flour—From a sepia sketch . . . ,, xli

The Grand Séminaire at St Flour. From a sepia sketch . . . . . ,, xliii

St Flour—Showing on the left of the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace where Mgr. de Salamon lived . . . . . ,, xlv

Carpentras in 1835—The Birthplace of Mgr. de Salamon. From a drawing by J. B. Laurens ,, 3

Palais Royal—Galeries de Bois . . . ,, 11

The Pont Neuf . . . . . ,, 26

The Abbey of St Germain des Prés . . ,, 33

The Gaol of the Abbey of St Germain des Prés . ,, 47

The Château de Meudon . . . . ,, 49

The Church of the Jesuits in the Rue St Antoine ,, 58

La Cité—From the Pont de la Tournelle . . ,, 87

'Aux Environs de Montmartre.' From the painting by Georges Michel (1763-1843) . . ,, 91

Louis-Siffrein-Joseph de Salamon, Conseiller-clerc of the Parliament of Paris. From the painting of Jean Baptiste Bourgeois in the Musèe Calvet, Avignon . . . . *Face p.* 94

La Marquise de Champcenetz. From the painting by Jean-Baptiste Greuze . . . „ 109

The Hills of Meudon from the Park of St Cloud. From the painting by Louis-Gabriel Moreau (1740-1806) . . . . . „ 125

Madame de La Rochefoucauld, duchesse de Doudeauville, Foundress of the Society of Nazareth . . . . . „ 143

Ancien Cour des Comptes . . . . . „ 161

The Men's Courtyard in the Conciergerie . . „ 194

Madame Elizabeth of France. Musée de Versailles „ 201

The Palais de Justice in the Eighteenth Century. From a drawing in the Carnavalet Museum . „ 207

The Tour Bonbec . . . . . „ 213

The Archbishop's Palace at Rouen . . „ 224

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

The *Mémoires inédits de l'Internonce à Paris pendant la Révolution* 1790–1801,* of which this is a translation, were first published in 1890. Since that time, they have derived additional importance from the discovery, by the Vicomte de Richemont, of a portion of the secret correspondence that passed between the Abbé de Salamon and Cardinal Zelada.†

The reader will notice in the Introduction, how the Abbé Bridier deplores the loss of this correspondence, how he describes the fruitless search in the Vatican Archives, undertaken on his behalf, and concludes that, without doubt, the letters have been 'mislaid, lost, destroyed.' Happily this is not the case, in so far, at least, as a large number of them is concerned; for, a few years later, the Vicomte de Richemont, while searching the Vatican Archives, came upon the entire series of these letters between the dates August 29th 1791 and June 6th 1792.‡

It is true they form but a small part of the actual correspondence, for the Abbé de Salamon's letters, which are numbered and dated, only begin with No. 61, and end with No. 100 on May 21st, 1792; while we know from the *Memoirs*, that he carried on his correspondence with the

---

* *Mémoires inédits de l'Internonce à Paris pendant la Révolution* 1790-1801 par *l' Abbé Bridier* du clergé de Paris; 3rd Edition, 1903 (Plon, Nourrit & Cie, Paris).

† *Correspondance Secrète de l'Abbé de Salamon, chargé des affaires du Saint-Siège pendant la Révolution avec le Cardinal de Zelada* 1791–1792, edited by the *Vte. de Richemont*, 1898 (Plon, Nourrit & Cie, Paris).

‡ Secret Archives of the Holy See, *Francia* 582 *Lettere dell' ab. Salamon all'Emo card. de Zelada, segretario di stato* and *Francia* 583 *Minute di lettere scritte dalla Segreteria di stato all' ab. Salamon.* Note to Introduction to 'Correspondance Secrète'.

Cardinal Secretary of State up to the time of his arrest (Aug. 27th 1792), and resumed it on the day but one following his release from the Abbey. Moreover, he tells us that, chiefly by the help of many pious women, who furnished him with safe means of despatching his letters, and equally safe addresses for those coming to him from Rome, he was able to continue this correspondence 'unmolested and almost without interruption' all through the Reign of Terror, and up to the time of his imprisonment under the Directory.

Yet, though extending over so short a period, these letters throw a clear light upon the position of the Abbé de Salamon.

It would seem to have been an open secret that he was, as he repeatedly calls himself, the Papal Minister, the Representative and Envoy of the Holy See. More than this, he was, as one of the jury recognised at his Trial, the *friend of the Pope*. He writes to Cardinal Zelada, as a son to a father, with great respect and affection, but without a shadow of fear or constraint. His letters, despatched regularly every week, and often hurriedly written, are somewhat in the form of a diary, informing the Cardinal of everything of importance that was happening in Paris—and, as far as the Abbé knew, in France; and they are always accompanied by such newspapers, pamphlets, prints, and caricatures, as, he thought, would be of interest to the Pope.

On the other hand, Cardinal Zelada, justly fearing to compromise his correspondent, writes briefly and guardedly; when his advice is asked, he gives it frankly, and he sends the Abbé full instructions with regard to the many difficult missions entrusted to him; but, as a rule, he avoids all reference to the information which his correspondent has given him, while never failing to assure him of his affectionate friendship, and of the interest with which his letters have been read, both by the Pope, and himself. Thus, on Oct. 15th 1791, he writes: 'You are an indefatigable correspondent, Monsieur, observant, careful, in

short, deserving of the highest praise, and the very one we need under present circumstances.' Then, after telling him of the Pope's recovery, he continues: 'But, just now, we are much concerned about your health, which you say is uncertain. The Pope is very anxious about it.' * At the beginning of the New Year—the eventful 1792—he thanks the Abbé, on behalf of the Pope, for his good wishes, and adds: 'As for me, I have numbered you among my dearest friends, and remember you, together with them, in the Holy Sacrifice.' † A few months later, when the war had broken out, he writes: 'Nevertheless, the circumstances of the time make me await the arrival of your letters with more impatience than ever. I do not read them, I devour them; and the Holy Father finds a real satisfaction in reading them from beginning to end.' ‡ . . . Again on the 30th May, as the difficulties of the Church in France increase: 'Your No. 99, of the 14th May, which I have just received, Monsieur, is characterised by extreme accuracy. . . . I would you could read in the outpourings of my heart, how my soul is rent with grief at the thought of the painful, and ever more and more dangerous position in which you are placed. . . . ' §

These are but a few of the many expressions of esteem and regard contained in these Letters, which show the feelings of the Pope and Cardinal towards the young *prêtre magistrat*, who was their Representative at Paris during the Revolution.

Two important documents—A Copy of the Act of Acquittal of the Abbé de Salamon, and a Memorandum of his expenses in connection with his Trial—were also discovered, with the Abbé's Letters, in the Vatican Archives. They have a special interest for the reader, as they serve to bring order into a part of the narrative, which is somewhat confused. It is necessary to bear in mind that even

---

* 'Correspondance Secrète' p. 55.
† Ibid p. 202.
‡ 'Correspondance Secrête' p. 444.
§ Ibid p. 457.

the latest part of the 'Memoirs' was written some fourteen years after the events recorded; and moreover, that Mgr. de Salamon was writing simply in order to give pleasure to Mme. de Villeneuve, and without any thought of publication—and as a matter of fact, the Memoirs were not published until more than sixty years after his death.

It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be some inaccuracies with regard to dates and other particulars —probably of little interest to Mme. de Villeneuve—in Book III, which seems to have been more hurriedly written than the others.

The Abbé Bridier draws attention to some of the discrepancies between the Internuncio's narrative and the reports of the Trial in the newspapers, and he expresses a wish that it had been possible to consult the Archives of the Criminal Tribunal of the Seine, but these had been burnt by the Commune. It now appears that a copy of the Minutes of this Register had been sent to Rome, and placed in the Vatican Archives. This *Ordonnance qui Acquitte Louis-Joseph Salamon* is dated the sixth Pluviose of the fifth year of the French Republic (Jan. 25th 1797, a date corresponding with that given in the newspapers). It is signed by President Gohier, and gives, in full, the questions put to the jury, and states that it is proved, that Louis-Joseph Salamon had corresponded with the agents of a Foreign Power, but not with any criminal intention—thus confirming the narrative in the Memoirs.

The Memorandum of the Abbé's expenses includes the *droit de geôle* at La Police and La Grande Force, in all for thirty-six days, and a double *droit de geôle* for fifty-eight days, at the Conciergerie. It also contains the fees of the Abbé's Procureur, and of his Counsel, who pleaded four times (1) against the indictment being quashed (2) against the case being put back (3) against its being referred to a Military Commission (4) in defence of the whole case.

I may add that extreme accuracy with regard to accounts, both on the part of the Cardinal Secretary of

State and of the Abbé, is one of the characteristic features of the 'Correspondance Secrète'.

In this translation I have followed the *Mémoires*, as edited by the Abbé Bridier, as closely as I could. The passages omitted, which are very few, relate, almost exclusively, to the insanitary condition of the prisons. I have also, omitted one or two allusions to the part taken by the young Conseiller-clerc in the debates in the Parliament of Paris, as these would be obscure to English readers who were not already familiar with the history of France. For the same reason, as well as for the sake of brevity, I have slightly shortened the Abbé Bridier's Preface and Introduction, and have omitted from the Appendix several letters, belonging to an earlier, or later, period than that treated of in the Memoirs. I have, however, retained the three letters addressed to Mme. de Capellis, as they afford, as far as I know, the most vivid picture that exists of the Abbé de Salamon in his later years.

I desire to thank the present Bishop of Saint-Flour for his kindness in helping me to obtain the illustrations relating to the closing period of the life of Mgr. de Salamon; also, the Very Rev. Robert Bracey O.P., Prior of St Dominic's, Haverstock Hill, London, for many valuable suggestions, especially with regard to the translation of the legal and ecclesiastical terms in the Memoirs.

Frances Jackson.

27*th Jan.*, 1910.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

(ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH)

A FEW years ago I was in Rome. I was the guest of M. Captier, who represented the Sulpician Fathers at the Holy See.

One day a Roman advocate, M. Alessandro Bosi, called on him and said: 'I have in my possession, in manuscript, the unpublished Memoirs of one of your former bishops, Mgr. de Salamon, the Internuncio at Paris during the Revolution. I think of disposing of it; would you like it?' At the same time he offered him three little volumes. . . . On the title-page of the first was the classical epigraph:

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Below, in large letters:

A Madame de Villeneuve, née Comtesse de Ségur.

Then, at the end of each volume, on the last leaf, a signature as follows:

Certifié conforme à l'original.

LOUIS DE SALAMON, *évêque d'Orthozie.*

All the rest was in Italian, and in a different handwriting.*

M. Captier had no idea that there had ever been a bishop, still less an Internuncio, named de Salamon. This is the case with nearly all my readers. But he thought

* It was evidently written by one of the *maîtres de la corporation.* He used gold-dust. Particles of it still adhere to the roughness of the paper. . . . This scribe could not, however, have known Italian, for the mistakes are numerous, and render some passages impossible to decipher.

the document might throw light upon the history of our Church of France. However, as he was too much occupied to pursue the subject, he referred M. Bosi to me.

I received the Internuncio's manuscript, I read it, and found a unique personality, a most fascinating narrative. At the same time, certain portions of these memoirs seemed to constitute a real revelation, from an historical point of view. In a word, M. Captier was right; the work deserved to be known.

But was it not already known? That was the question I asked myself, as I read over again those words of the signature: *Certified conformable to the original.* What I held in my hand was then only a copy. Consequently, there was, or had been, in existence an original. Where was it? Doubtless in France, the narrative being dedicated to a Frenchwoman, Madame de Villeneuve-Ségur. Had the original text escaped the collectors? It was difficult to imagine. They are so numerous, so eager, and the morsel was so tempting. How then, could I ascertain that these *Mémoires Inédits* had not been edited, published, perhaps already forgotten, in the depths of our libraries in France, or among the books lying about on our quays.

I told M. Bosi my doubts. . . .

We agreed that I should begin by clearing up the matter, and that, meanwhile, the precious *piccoli volumi* should remain in the custody of M. Captier.

Soon afterwards, I returned to France, and began my search. I wrote, first of all, to the family of Madame de Villeneuve-Ségur,* as the narrative was written for this lady.

I made enquiries in the towns where the author had lived at various times, Avignon, Carpentras, St Flour and Rouen. I consulted his biographies,† which, however,

---

* M. l'Abbé de Villeneuve, of the diocese of Poitiers, great-grandson of Madame de Villeneuve, kindly made researches for me at the Château des Roches.

† Those of Barjaval, Feller, Michaud, Larousse. The clearest is that of Feller, supplemented by Pérennès. It reads as if dictated by the Internuncio himself. [See Appendix F.]

are few, and very short. I had recourse to MM. Léopold Delisle and d'Auriac, whose kindness and information saved me long researches in the Rue de Richlieu; and I became convinced that the document had not been published, and was not even known.

I wrote to M. Captier to this effect, and sent him the price agreed upon, and he forwarded the manuscript to me. . . .

Now, how had it come into the possession of M. Bosi? He had received it from a family, formerly in affluent circumstances, at whose house* Mgr. de Salamon had been a guest. This is what M. Bosi told me, and nothing more. Beyond this he had promised secrecy.

* * * * * *

As for the original, no doubt it is lost. But what does it matter? My copy, signed with the autograph of the prelate, and certified as conformable, is equivalent to the original, and—I offer it to the public.

---

* In Rome. Mgr. de Salamon was in Rome in 1814 and remained there three years.—Tr.

CARPENTRAS.

The Belfry of the Church of Saint-Siffrein (Demolished in 1875).

[*To face p.* xxv.

INTRODUCTION

(ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH EDITION)

The Family of the Internuncio.—He enters the Parliament of Paris.

THE Salamons (not Salomon, as often written) were natives of the Comtat Venaissin.

The father of the Bishop was born at Saint-Roman de Mallegard. He settled in Carpentras, where he married Anne Eysseri,* the daughter of a printer, and where he soon rose to the highest positions of the city. As First Consul,† he was by the side of Bishop d'Inguimbert, when that great benefactor of Carpentras laid the foundation stone of the magnificent Hospital which is still standing. This was in 1750. The three following years find him occupying the same post, which I may mention in passing, ranked next to that of the Rector,‡ and could only be conferred on a member of the *noblesse de robe*.§ He had two sons, Alphonse, Baron de Salamon, and Louis-Siffrein, who is none other than our Bishop.

The elder brother was born in 1747. He was successively Secretary-Archivist to the Legation of Avignon, and Vice-Seneschal of Montélimar, where he took up his residence. He was Mayor of this town when the Revolution broke out. Arrested, and imprisoned in the Conciergerie, towards the close of the Terror, he was released on

* She was of Italian origin, see 'Memoirs' Part II, ch. viii.
† As the municipal magistrates were called.
‡ The Official Representative of the Holy See in the Comtat.
§ The great legal families. The Dictionnaire de la Noblesse makes no mention of the Salamons. Their nobility was probably recent.

the death of Robespierre, and became Mayor of Lyons during the reaction of Thermidor. His career, which has been variously criticised, made sufficient stir and noise in the world, to draw upon him the exclusive attention of biographers, and to throw his younger brother into the shade.*

Let us hope that these Memoirs will replace them in their true positions, and that, without adding to, or detracting from the renown of the Baron (of whom they do not breathe a word) they will show that the Internuncio is the greatest honour to his family.

Barjaval, in his *Dictionnaire des hommes illustres de la Provence, et du Comtat*, places his birth in 1750. Strange to say, this date is also found on the portrait of the prelate given by his own nephew to the Musée Calvet of Avignon. It is giving him ten years too many, if we may believe (and why should we not?) his own testimony. In the Memoirs† he says that he was thirty-two years of age in 1792. He was, therefore, born in 1760.

Besides this date, which is of no great importance, we find, from the manuscript, that he learned the first elements of Latin at Carpentras.‡ . . .

Then at the age of nine,§ he left his native country and never, strictly speaking, lived in it again, and he entered the College of the Trinité, under the direction of the Oratorians, at Lyons. . . .

As soon as he had finished his course of humanities, he had only to return to the neighbourhood of his home to have an excellent opportunity of pursuing his higher studies. It is well known, how brilliant was the renown of the University of Avignon, at that time. I imagine

---

* On the Baron de Salamon, see 'l'Histoire de Montélimar' by M de Coston.

† 'Memoirs' Part I, ch. ix. 1760 is also the date given by Feller, see Appendix F.

‡ 'Memoirs' Part I, ch. iv.

§ This minute detail is found both in the Memoirs and in a letter of 1815 (see Appendix E). Coincidences of this sort would suffice, without other evidence, to show the authenticity of the Memoirs

that the young student, although intending to enter the Church, was already led, by his natural tastes and the tradition of his family, to look forward to a judicial career.

He would study theology as far as was necessary, but would throw the whole of his mental activity into the study of law. Accordingly, in 1780, at the age of twenty, he was admitted Doctor of that Faculty, the brightest gem of the University of Avignon.

From this time, honours came to him, and they would come unsought, to the son of the First Consul of Carpentras, and the brother of a man, well known to the Legate of Avignon.

It does not appear that the Abbé de Salamon went to Rome, at this time, but the position of his family sufficiently explains the origin of his relations with Pius VI, and the kindness of this great Pope towards him.

In fact, he appointed the young doctor—fresh from the University grinding-mill—Auditor of the Rota of Avignon, which Cardinal d'Armagnac had been authorised by Rome to establish. This nomination was, in itself, a special act of favour; for the appointment was usually restricted to men of forty, and the Abbé was scarcely half that age. Then, when he was twenty-two, came a new favour. The Dean of one of the Chapters of Avignon had died, and the Pope gave the Auditor a dispensation, enabling him to be ordained, although below the canonical age, in order that he might become the titular Dean.*

* * * * * *

'The inhabitants of the Comtat and of Avignon are *regnicoles*,' says Expilly in his *Dictionnaire des Gaules et de la France.*

This somewhat barbarous term, signified that, although subjects of the Pope, they had the right to hold any office

---

* He seems to have exercised the authority of Dean as late as 23rd Jan. 1792, when he writes to Cardinal Zelada, telling him that, in his capacity of Dean, he has given orders to the administrator of the Chapter to open the doors of St Peter's, and call together the Canons to chant the Office.—v. *Correspondance Secrète, Vte. de Richemont.*—Tr.

in the kingdom, in the same way as if they had been *Frenchmen of France.* They readily availed themselves of this right. A strong current set in from Avignon to Paris, and the ecclesiastics were not the last to allow themselves to be drawn thither. This is shown, incidentally, by the fact, that out of some seventy priests, who were the Internuncio's fellow-prisoners at the Abbey, two of them were his compatriots.*

It is, therefore, no matter of surprise that, when the post of *Conseiller-Clerc* at the Parliament of Paris fell vacant, the Abbé de Salamon should have bought it. . . . The exact date is uncertain, but it could not have been later than 1784, since he took part, as he says, in the famous Trial of the Necklace. †

Moreover, the portrait in the Musée Calvet, where he is represented as a Judge of the Parliament, belongs to that very year. This picture was, doubtless, a present from the young Conseiller-Clerc to his parents at the time of his first vacation. The artist, Jean Baptist Bourgeois of Avignon, paints him life-size, standing, with his insignia of office, the black robe with wide sleeves, bordered with purple, and the bands. The absence of the traditional cap is accounted for by the attitude; he stands with a paper in his hand, as if he were reading a report before the Chamber of Requests. The abundant and carefully powdered hair confirms what the author says on this subject.

The face is most interesting. The features regular but sympathetic, the eyes full of life and intelligence, the lips thin and flexible, offering a strange admixture of manly energy and almost feminine refinement: it is the latter quality which, as Saint Simon would say, floats over the whole, and leaves the final impression. In short this portrait brings out the character of the Internuncio, and

---

* The Abbés Vitali, and Capparuis, *Vicaires* of Saint-Merri and Saint-Paul-Saint-Louis. [The 'deplorable compatriot,' whom he meets later, is another instance, and so, also, is the Abbé Maury.—Tr.]

† v. Part I, ch. i. or Part II, ch. ix.

[*Rouargue frères, del. and sc.*

THE BASTILLE.

[*To face p.* xxix.

partly explains the attraction which he exercised over all who came in contact with him.*

The young Judge's tenure of office was, however, very short. In fact, he only entered the Parliament to be present at the lamentable spectacle of its closing years. . . . No doubt, he had hoped to live and die *on the fleurs de lis.* His dream was ended, or, at least, would end with the *Chambre des Vacations*, which brings us to the threshold of these Memoirs.

* * * * * *

Let us now trace the biography of the Internuncio, as told in the Memoirs, not in order to re-write the narrative, but to bring out the principal facts, bearing on the history of the Revolution in general, and especially, in its relation to the Church of France.

The *Chambre des Vacations*, having been established to fill the gap created by the suppression of the Parliaments, the Abbé de Salamon was called upon to take part in it. He gives an outline of its history at the beginning of the second Book, and, although written in the form of anecdote, the narrative contains valuable information for the future historian of the Parliament of Paris.† The author was, probably, the only member of the Chambre des Vacations, at that time, who escaped the scaffold, and I do not think, there exists any other authentic record of this celebrated Assembly.

At the moment when it was about to separate, towards the close of 1790, Mgr. Dugnani was obliged to leave Paris, where for some time past, there had ceased to be either honour or safety for the Representative of the Holy See ; it was then, that Pius VI appointed the Abbé de Salamon his Internuncio at the Court of Louis XVI. . . .

The Memoirs throw a strong light upon this mission, hitherto little known, yet of no slight importance. For,

---

* See Part III, ch. v.

† The *Chambre des Vacations* was, in fact, only a prolongation of the Parliament. It was so understood by the Judges, who took part in it. Part II. ch. i.

it is honourable alike to the Pontiff—who wished, up to the very last, even under the Terror, to show to the clergy and Catholics of France the interest which he took in their lot—and to Mgr. de Salamon, himself, who, in accepting this delicate mission, at such a time, exposed himself to the greatest dangers.

One of his first acts was to transmit to the Metropolitans, and to spread among the people, the famous Briefs* against the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.

This was a direct blow to the partisans of the Civil Constitution. They wished to parry it, and represented . . . that the Briefs were forged. Hence a hot dispute between them, and the faithful clergy. . . . In the year 1821, in a letter to the *Ami de la Religion*, Mgr. de Salamon explained the part he took in the matter of the Briefs.† But this important statement, contained in a few lines, has been lost, so to speak, amid the one hundred and sixty-eight volumes of the Review, and, no doubt, it is for this reason that it has escaped the attention of historians.

The Internuncio now repeats it in the Memoirs, and thanks to this document—less liable to be overlooked, on account of its length and, above all, of its interest—the statement will emerge, and take its place in history.

Henceforth, it must be admitted that the Briefs are authentic; for they were received, and despatched in canonical form to the Metropolitans; they were printed and circulated by Mgr. de Salamon, the Internuncio, the Representative of the Holy See.

The publication of the Briefs did not check the action of the Revolutionists. Pius VI knew it, and this may partly explain his long silence.‡ The schismatic clergy

---

* A detailed account of the publication of these Briefs, and of the question raised about their authenticity, is contained in the *Correspondance Secrète.—Vte. de Richemont.*—Tr.

† For this interesting letter see Appendix A.—Tr.

‡ There is another explanation. In condemning the guilty, that is to say the National Assembly, he would have attacked Louis XVI, who was only weak, or acting under wrong advice.

were favoured more than ever, and the orthodox clergy more persecuted.

Then the Internuncio, who was never a 'contemplative,' but a man of action, drew up an Address, which was signed by the Catholics of Paris, and which he presented to the King. At the same time, he sent a copy of it to the Pope. It is a noble Address, honourable alike to the author and the signatories; and it brings out clearly the *official* character of Mgr. de Salamon.

For this reason, I venture to quote it, notwithstanding its length:

Address of the Catholics of Paris, presented to the King on the 6th October, 1791, forwarded by the Internuncio to the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VI.

Sire,

For more than six months, the Catholics of Paris have found themselves banished from their Churches, deprived of their public worship, and exposed to every outrage of fanaticism, without having uttered a single protest.

Disciples of a Master, Who, when dying upon the Cross, prayed even for His executioners; children of a religion, whose first law is charity, and whose first blessing is peace, they have hitherto felt it their duty, to stifle their complaints, and restrain all expression of grief. But now, when the promulgation of Constitutional laws should have calmed the agitation of the people, we venture, Sire, to speak of our right to the common liberty, and to claim the protection of the law for the exercise of our religion.

We will not remind Your Majesty that our religion existed before the Monarchy, that we received it from our fathers, who in turn had received it from their ancestors. But we will say:

We are Frenchmen, subject to the political laws of the State, contributing to its needs, not from necessity, but from conscientious conviction. We have no other will, no

other desire than peace. The Constitution of the Kingdom gives us rights, the time has come for us to be able to enjoy them. The nation relies upon You, Sire, for the execution of the laws. It is before You, therefore, that, henceforth, we must lay our claims, and it is to Your justice and courage that we denounce the persecutions, of which we are the daily victims.

Your Majesty is well aware that on the very morrow of Your acceptance, fanaticism gave rise to excesses, tending to dishonour a free nation, and the cradle of the Constitution was profaned by outrage.*

But it is not enough for us, it would not be enough for the Constitution itself, that our secret worship should be undisturbed. The laws and good order require that it should be public, and this we demand.

To the voice of those who cry: Then buy the Churches . . . we answer, Sire: These Churches have been built by our forefathers, by the disciples of our religion, who form the greater part of the inhabitants of this Capital; and taken altogether, form the majority of the nation.

Further, we place before the eyes of Your Majesty both the immense sacrifices which we made at the Revolution, and the enormous mass of taxation which weighs upon us, on account of our landed property.

Yes, Sire, we declare, without fear of contradiction, that a hundred Catholics of Paris, pay more in taxes than ten thousand of those, who would fetter the exercise of their worship.

As the result of these considerations, we ask Your Majesty to place the Churches in every parish of Paris, at the disposal of the dissenting or non-conformist Catholics.† Justice, on this point, will be an especial benefit. In quieting consciences, Your Majesty will dry the tears,

---

* On that day some Catholic women, coming out of the Irish Church, were struck with whips. Note to the Address.

† Catholics who had refused to acknowledge the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.—Tr.

and prevent the despair of a multitude of unhappy people.

Moreover, nothing in our worship will be contrary to the laws of the State, and the nation will have no truer patriots, and Your Majesty no more loyal subjects.

If we should be so unhappy, as to remain the only slaves in a free kingdom, we do not disguise from You, Sire, that the neighbouring kingdoms will afford us an asylum, where our rights will be respected; and the love of our faith is strong enough to lead us to seek elsewhere, both laws which give liberty, and rulers who can enable us to enjoy it.

We are with respect, Sire, Your Majesty's most humble and most faithful subjects,

'The Catholics of Paris.' *

Such energetic action could not fail to mark out the Abbé de Salamon for the hatred of the Revolutionaries. Accordingly, he was not forgotten when the net was spread, preparatory to the massacres. He was arrested as the Papal Internuncio, thrown into prison, and eventually taken to the Abbey.

Nothing could be more circumstantial, more life-like, than the story of those terrible days, as told in the Memoirs. Moreover, it breathes throughout an air of truth, corresponds in its main outlines—which is all that can be looked for—with other contemporary accounts,† and deserves the attention of historians of the Church and of the Revolution.

What an admirable figure, for instance, is that Abbé Royer, Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, that priest after the Internuncio's own heart, as pious as he was kind, so heroic, and yet so simple, so tender and compassionate to the weaknesses of others! Sicart had sketched him slightly. Here is his full-length portrait.

---

* See Theiner *Documents inédits relatifs aux affaires religieuses de la France*, *t.* i. *ch.* cxix.

† Those of the Abbé Sicart and M. de Charnois, see Appendix B.

What a beautiful silhouette is that of the young Minim, the elder brother of Paul Seigneret, whose one fear is that he should not die, who resists those who would rescue him, and gives himself up to his executioners.

Further, the scene recalls and confirms that at the Carmelites' and at Saint-Firmin. Some sixty priests see the most terrible death approaching. They could escape, they have only to say a word. Not one says it, because it is contrary to the truth.

Doubtless there are shadows to the picture, but the author's naïve avowals only serve to bring out his veracity more clearly.

The explanation of the massacre—that St Bartholomew of the French Revolution, as Napoleon called it*—also stands out distinctly in the Abbé de Salamon's narrative.

It was the Commune of Paris, who willed, prepared, organised, this abominable butchery. It was a group of assassins, *the dregs of the people*, brigaded and paid by the Commune, who executed it.

As for the people, as usually happens, they followed, misled, but not themselves wicked. They even seek out the innocent among the prisoners, who have been represented to them as great criminals, they defend them, protect them, rescue them from the hands of bloodthirsty men and sworn assassins. Hence, a strange medley of ferocity and gentleness, justice and rage, which shines forth at every step of the narrative, and surprises the Internuncio himself.†

On the other hand, a certain number of fiery revolu-

---

* One evening at St Helena, the Emperor called to mind that it was the anniversary of the September massacres. He said to us, as if awakening from a dream: 'To-day is the anniversary of a hideous recollection, the massacres of September, the *Saint Bartholomew* of the French Revolution, a bloody stain, which was the work of the *Commune of Paris*, the wretched rival of the Legislative, and which drew its strength from the passions of the *dregs of the people*.' ('Œuvres de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène' vol. xxxii, p. 343).
[The Abbé had heard rumours of the massacre as far back as 23rd Jan. 1792, and uses the same expression *a Saint Bartholomew*. 'Il y est question, dit on aujourd'hui, d'un coup qui étonnera tout le monde; c'est une *Saint-Barthélemy* de nobles et de prêtres' *Correspondance Secrète*, p. 260.—Tr.]

† 'Memoirs' Part I, ch. ix.

tionaries, Manuel, Torné, Sergent, Dugazon, and Maillard, *the legendary Maillard*, owe him thanks. He shows that in the depths of the hearts of these men—even of the most sanguinary—there still remained some good qualities.

This is by no means unacceptable to the reader. After all, it is better to think that monsters are rare. I will add that the *formal* biographies of these persons do not contradict the Internuncio's narrative. . . .

However this may be, the Abbé de Salamon was allowed to go free, at the cost of his fright—and of his hair. But there were two personages in him, and with both, the Revolution had a bone to pick. The Internuncio had escaped for the moment. It was now the turn of the Judge.

The fact is, that he, together with all his colleagues, had joined in the famous Protest of the Parliament against the Acts of the National Assembly. This document was discovered in 1794, the name, *de Salamon*,† was found among the signatories. At once, the Committee of General Safety issued a warrant of arrest.

Always fortunate, he evaded it. How, will be seen, in reading this strange Odyssey of an outlaw under the Terror.

This part of the Memoirs is purely anecdotal. It cannot be verified, and has little importance from the point of view of general history.

Still, it leaves a more vivid impression of the terrible years 1793 and 1794. What times those were! When an honourable man, once a Member of the Parliament of Paris, the Representative of the Holy See, is reduced to wandering in the woods, sleeping on straw or dried leaves, without shelter, without bread, living like the lowest tramp, or rather, as he says himself, like a wild beast. There are writings which give you an idea of the Terror, this makes you feel it.

Yet the Abbé did not lose his head. He never loses it! He continued to exercise his duties, not as Internuncio —for these were for the moment in abeyance—but as Vicar

† 'Memoirs' Part II, ch. i.

Apostolic. That was the title given to him by Pius VI after the massacres, and it completes the picture of the state of France, fallen back, so to speak, into barbarism.

He had gathered around him a few priests, outlawed like himself, and there, at the very gates of the Capital, in the teeth of the Convention, he assembled his Council, gave decisions, granted dispensations, and, by means of a thousand expedients, which his active and versatile mind suggested, he was able to carry on his correspondence with the Pope and Cardinal Zelada.

Oh! this correspondence, this *diplomatic* correspondence, of which the Memoirs contain such interesting fragments! . . .

I have caused researches to be made by many persons. . . . The result of my enquiries shows that it would be vain to prosecute them further—It was to me, who had kept myself in the background, to me, that my enquirers were referred, as to the one man in France and—in Rome, who knew most about the Abbé de Salamon.

No doubt, this correspondence has been mislaid, lost, destroyed! * It is a real misfortune for my book, of which it would have been the gem: and also for the Internuncio. For it would probably have contained evidence in support of the first chapter of Part III, that chapter which is so curious, so suggestive to those who believe that history has constantly to be made over again, like Penelope's web.

You will see there, in fact, the Concordat of 1801 carried back to 1796! Attributed to Pius VI and the Directory, and no longer to Pius VII and the First Consul! Negotiated by the Abbé de Salamon and no longer by Consalvi!

All this is astonishing! Little in accord with what is known of the five Directors.† There is no trace of it, except in these Memoirs. Even a fragment from the

---

* On the discovery of a part of the correspondence, see *Translator's Preface.*

† La Reveillère-Lepaux, Rewbell, Le Tourneur, Barras, and Carnot, The only man, who was thinking *perhaps at that very time*, of a Concordat. was the young General of the Army in Italy. At least some documents cited by Theiner lead us to suppose so.

Archives of Foreign Affairs is far from corroborating it.* Moreover, this chapter is rather incoherent from a chronological point of view. But I can ascertain no more—pending the discovery of the diplomatic correspondence.†

A crowd of anecdotes, from which there is much to glean concerning the prisons and prisoners, and the victims of the Revolution, break, like interludes, through the thrilling debates of the Internuncio's famous Trial, which forms the subject of the Third Book. Adversaries of the Directory will find here an additional charge against it, for—in its main outlines—this narrative is perfectly true, and is confirmed by the newspapers of the day.

Only the papers have shortened the drama. . . . They speak of two hearings of the case; the Memoirs, of three. They place the verdict in January, the Memoirs put it off until March. Strange to say, it is the narrator, himself, who sent me to the newspapers—not always by the shortest route—and enabled me to discover the discrepancy.

Here again, in order to decide the point, if the reader has not already come to a decision, it would be necessary to consult the prison register of the Conciergerie and the Archives of the Criminal Tribunal of the Seine. The Communists have burnt them all.‡

* * * * * * *

---

* See the fragment cited by M. Sciout *Rome, le Directoire et Bonaparte en l'an* iv *et* v (*Revue des questions historiques Avril* 1887). A certain Abbé Evangelisti, Secretary of Legation, is mentioned there. Strange to say, it is the pseudonym taken by the Abbé in his correspondence with Rome.

† There is however, one Act which seems to belong to a negotiation of this kind, namely the famous Brief of Pius VI *Aux Catholiques.* It is well known what an outcry was raised against it, and how its authenticity was questioned, because it seemed too favourable to the Directory. It appeared in 1796, that is to say, at the time of the alleged negotiations of the Internuncio with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. See Picot vol. vii, p. 26. [The Correspondence, hitherto discovered, relates only to 1791-1792 and cannot, therefore, throw any direct light on events, which happened four years later. At the same time, these Letters are characterised by such truthfulness and accuracy, that it is impossible, after reading them, to doubt the Abbé's statement (which he repeats at his Trial) that he had taken part in these negotiations.—Tr.]

‡ A copy of the *Ordonnance* acquitting the Abbé de Salamon was found with the collection of the Abbé's Letters in the Vatican Archives *Francia* 582 and published by the Vte. de Richemont in the Appendix to the *Correspondance Secrète.*—Tr.

In speaking of the clergy of the eighteenth century, two extreme types at once occur to the mind, and both are represented in these Memoirs, the one, by the heroic Curé of Saint-Jean en Gréve, the other, by that Abbé in the Second Book, whom the author justly calls his 'deplorable compatriot.'

The Abbé de Salamon has certainly nothing in common with that poor misguided priest, but neither is he altogether like the first. He is of another type, that should not be overlooked in a comprehensive study of the clergy of the eighteenth century, the priest-judge, the priest in society.

He associates little, if at all, with the clergy; he draws up judicial reports instead of preaching sermons, prepares cases for trial instead of hearing confessions, is more conversant with the Common Law of France than with Holy Scripture. He chooses his acquaintance from men of the legal profession, men of the world—the most distinguished of them too.

Through living among them, he acquires their habits, their tastes, their freedom, and secularises himself, if I may use the expression. This is evident from reading the Memoirs, but we must not take umbrage at it.

For, it must be observed, this is only a question of externals, in his deeper nature, his soul, his heart, he remains, in the words of St Paul, the model of the flock.

Believing himself on the point of being massacred at the Abbey, he makes his examination of conscience, and says to God, in order to reassure himself against the thought of His judgments: 'Thou knowest I have never spoken against Thy holy religion.' An avowal characteristic at once, of the man and of the age. The priest of to-day, is not called upon by duty, nor even has he the opportunity, to frequent society, where his faith is turned into ridicule. When he appears, conversation is guarded, if only from courtesy. In the eighteenth century it was otherwise, and if the Internuncio had debarred himself from all society which took its tone from Voltaire, he must have lived as a recluse. . . . But,—unlike certain other, only too celebrated,

Abbés, who lived in that age, . . . he was silent, and protested by his manner.

Such as he is, such as he naïvely paints himself, for my part, I like him much, with his noble ardour of soul, his great devotion to Pius VI and the Church, and his filial tenderness for that poor working-woman, his old nurse, the good Blanchet, the pearl of the many heroines of these Memoirs.

* * * * * * * *

Relieved of his duties as Vicar-Apostolic by the arrival in France, in 1801, of Mgr. Caprara, the Legate *à latere*, the Abbé de Salamon was, at once, appointed *Administrator-General* of the dioceses of Normandy.

This province was, at the time, in a most disturbed state. The divisions, common to all the rest of France, between the clergy who had refused the oath (prêtres insermentés), and those who had taken it (prêtres assermentés) were here complicated by a dispute between the Canons of the diocese of Rouen and those of Séez. As the government, which had not yet signed the Concordat, and the Cardinal, who was not yet recognised, could not act officially, it was arranged that the Cardinal should intervene merely in a friendly way, and he delegated the Abbé de Salamon to act for him in the matter.

The Abbé traversed the dioceses of Normandy, appointed Vicars-General, and succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation. This, at least, is his own testimony, but it would seem that he took too hopeful a view, for the author of the *Mémoires sur les affaires ecclésiastiques de France* * asserts, on the contrary, that he met with little success, and this is confirmed by the fact, that the Archives of the Archbishop's Palace, and of the Diocese of Rouen, which I have consulted, contain no reference to the presence of the Internuncio, *not even a signature.*

It does not follow, however, that his time was lost.

---

* Adrien le Clerc (1823).

From his legal training, he had derived a taste for notes and documents . . . which was very valuable in the troubled circumstances of the age. It was thus, that he had been able to send to Pius VI, at his request, detailed biographies of all the Constitutional Bishops. Similarly, in Normandy, as he himself tells us,* he collected exact information with regard to the priests *insermentés* and *assermentés* of the different dioceses of the Province, believing that, some day or other, it would become useful. He was not mistaken. Fifteen years later, we find him placing these notes at the disposal of Cardinal Périgord. †

This mission ended, the Abbé de Salamon retired for a long time into private life. Was it entirely of his own free will? I do not think so, and I believe that—in spite of his attachment to the old order of things, which he still showed occasionally—he would willingly have accepted one of the sees erected by the Concordat, and his great devotion to the Church would have rendered him well worthy of the position. . . . Be this as it may, he was passed over, supposing—as is probable—that his name was mentioned.‡ He was obliged to content himself with the Episcopal consecration, which he received in Rome, in 1804, under the title of Bishop *in partibus* of Orthozia. Writers have even been found to grudge him this recompense.§ . . .

---

* 'As for me, I have always been obliged to live in, or near, Paris and I know everybody; if Your Excellency should require information about such or such persons, you can ask me for it. During my Apostolic Administration in Normandy, I collected exact particulars about all the priests of the various dioceses, and with strict impartiality, even with regard to the intruded priests. It was thus, that I was able to send very faithful and accurate notices to Pius VI,' (another collection, which it would be interesting to recover!) 'of all the Constitutional Bishops, as he had asked me.' Fragment of letter quoted by De Pradt.

† Mgr. de Salamon knew this Cardinal very well.

‡ He was probably proposed by Pius VII.

§ Not only writers, but Napoleon. The Abbé de Salamon had been appointed by the Pope *proprio motu*. The Emperor complained loudly, rejected the Bulls, and added an *Organic decree* to the Concordat, forbidding any French ecclesiastic to allow himself to be appointed Bishop, without the consent of the government. (Mémoires sur les affaires ecclésiastiques de France *t.* II.)

ST FLOUR.

From a sepia sketch.

[*To face p.* xli.

At the Restoration, he reappears upon the scene. By conviction a Royalist, he was among those who looked upon Napoleon as a usurper, the Empire as an Interregnum, and Napoleon's acts—even, and above all, the most important—as null. Hence, he did not hesitate to proceed to Rome, in 1815, in order to take possession of the post of Auditor of the Rota, to which he had been nominated by the King. He had not asked for it, he had not desired it, as is evident from one of his letters to his saintly friend, the Prioress of the Carmelites at Carpentras;* he was simply obeying the wish of Louis XVIII. But there was a difficulty. The post was not vacant; it had been held by an exemplary Prelate, Mgr. Isoard. . . . The question at issue was . . . whether the agreements entered into by the Court of Rome, with a Sovereign who had reigned over France for twelve years, were valid. Pius VII, in a truly wise spirit, decided that they were valid. The Concordat of 1817, was only a remodelling of that of 1801; Isoard was maintained, and Mgr. de Salamon would have remained Auditor of the Rota *in partibus*, as he was Bishop of Orthozia, if the King had not recommended him to the Pope for one of the forty-two newly erected sees, that of Belley.

But, for reasons that I have been unable to discover, he never occupied this see, and was obliged to wait until 1820, when he was appointed Bishop of Saint-Flour. After so many troubles, and such varied fortunes, he arrived at last in port.

* * * * * * * *

It must not he thought, however, that Mgr. de Salamon was, henceforth, to live in repose.

For a long time, Saint-Flour had been without a Bishop. Mgr. de Belmont had died in the midst of the conflict between Pius VII and Napoleon; his successor, Mgr.

---

* It even seems there was a question of his being a Cardinal. The rumour had reached the Comtat Venaissin. (Letter to Mme. de Capellis, Appendix E.)

Joubert, had been unable to take possession of his see, and, in spite of the able administration of such a Vicar-General as M. de Rochebrune, the diocese had suffered.

Happily, the new pastor still carried lightly his sixty-two years, as is evident from another portrait, painted at this period, which is in the Bishop's Palace at Saint-Flour.

The crown of the head, divested of hair, recalls the September massacres, for it was after that long agony, as he himself says, that his hair began to fall off. Only two white locks remain, encircling his brow, and forming a pleasing frame to the face. Apart from this, it is astonishing to find him, after so many trials and sufferings, with head and shoulders erect, a healthy complexion, a bright intelligent glance, and the whole figure eloquent of a fire and activity only waiting to be called forth.*

It is impossible to take a single step at Saint-Flour, without meeting with some record of this fruitful episcopate. Now, it is the beautiful Convent of the Visitation at the entrance to the town, raised mainly by the generosity and encouragement of Mgr. de Salamon, as is testified by the coat of arms above the principal entrance. Not far from there—nothing is very far at Saint Flour—is the Congregation of Notre Dame, whose development he favoured, and which sent forth a colony during his episcopate, to found a school at Salers. . . . Again, it is the Grand Séminaire and the Petit Séminaire, his favourite works, because, at that time, the most needed.

Like the other dioceses of France, Saint-Flour had seen the vocations of the young nobles die out, to a great extent, with the suppression of ecclesiastical benefices. Hence, a perceptible falling-off in the numbers, and, still more, in the intellectual level of the clergy: for the poor or middle-class families—who continued, almost alone, to feed the ranks of the priesthood, now that it had become entirely a career of devotion—could not place sufficient

* In the absence of Mgr. Baduel, Bishop of Saint-Flour, Mgr. Lamoureux and my friend Canon Boyer allowed me to study this portrait. have given our impressions of it above.

THE GRAND SÉMINAIRE AT ST FLOUR.

From a sepia sketch.

[*To face p.* xliii.

means of education, and intellectual culture, within reach of their sons. The bishop had distressing proof of this in the style, and even the orthography, of some of the letters which he received from his priests.

Needless to say, he deeply deplored this deficiency, which struck a blow at the prestige of the clergy.

'In vain,' he writes in one of his Pastoral Letters, 'In vain are we solidly instructed in theology and ecclesiastical subjects. People do not judge of priests, whoever they may be, by their knowledge of subjects which they are unable to understand. The one important thing is, that they should look upon the priest as belonging to the educated classes.'

Words as true, as they are useful, and which, if they need confirmation, find it in the efforts of the sectaries in all ages to close the door of human knowledge to the clergy. They explain Mgr. de Salamon's efforts and sacrifices on behalf of his Seminaries. If one would know them in detail, it is only necessary to go through the collection of his Pastorals, from which I have gathered these few details. . . .

Suffice it to say here, that he obtained the patronage of Charles X for the already old foundation of Pleaux, inducing him to give it the title of Petit Séminaire, with nine burses and eighty lesser scholarships, gifts only too transient; he enlarged the circle of studies, including in it physics and mathematics; he established examinations in literature—very elementary it must be owned—which the young men must pass, before the Bishop and his Vicars-General, in order to enter the Grand Séminaire; and finally, with the help of a worthy and holy priest, M. l'Abbé Tripier, he founded an ecclesiastical school at Saint-Flour. . . .

With regard to the Grand Séminaire, Mgr. de Salamon brought back to it, its former masters, the Lazarist Fathers, who had lived there from 1676, until they were expelled by the Revolution. Moreover, to render it more easy to keep up the numbers of the students, he supported the

poorer seminarists at his own expense, and left them, by will, the sum of one hundred thousand francs. They were his heirs, together with the poor, to whom he left the residue of his fortune, in order that he might provide them with bread, clothing, and firewood after his death, as he had done during life.

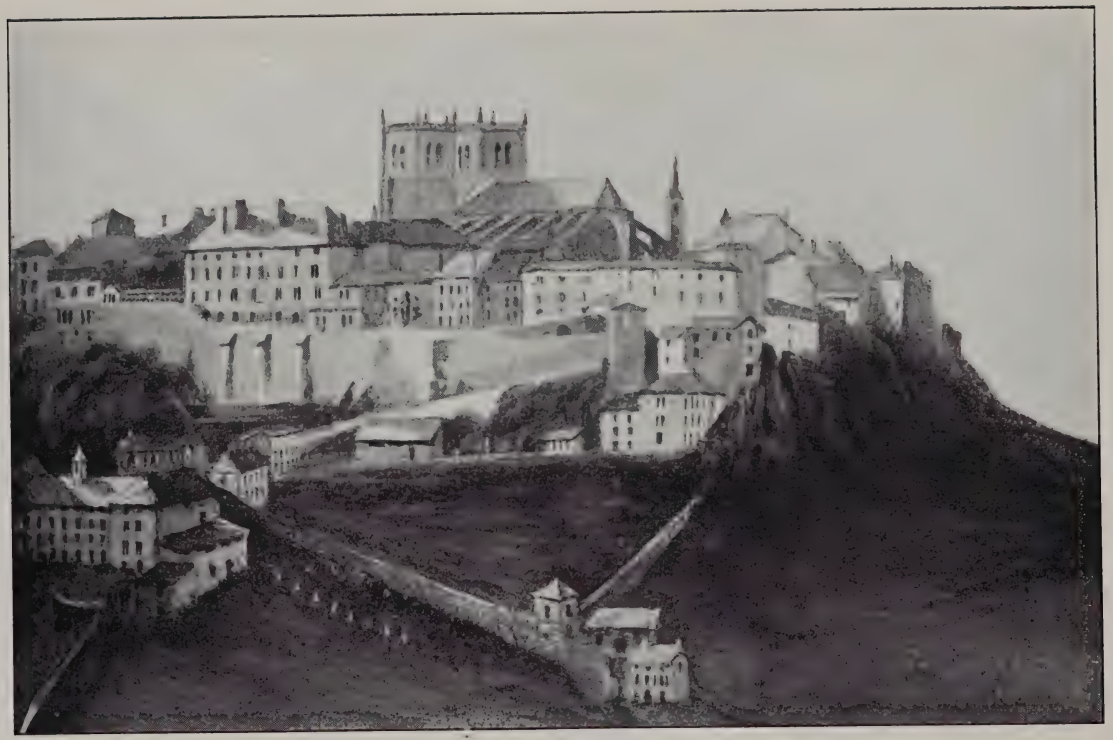
The good sower cast his seed on fertile ground. The harvest was abundant, and he had the happiness of seeing it. In his Lenten Pastoral for 1828, which we may call his *Nunc Dimittis*, he looks with satisfaction upon all the works of the diocese, and has a special greeting for the one hundred and fifty students of the Grand Séminaire, whom he calls 'the joy and crown' of his episcopate. It was more than the price of his generosity, it was the fruit of God's blessing, on a father who had never grudged his children to Him.

It is impossible, indeed, to read without deep emotion his Pastoral Letter of 1st Jan., 1826 by which he established in his diocese the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, founded at Lyons in 1822.

After having enumerated the difficulties of foreign missions, and mentioned, among other minute and familiar details, that a bottle of Altar wine would have cost 120 francs by the time it had reached Tonquin, he announces that he will welcome the request of every young ecclesiastic, who wishes to go to the Missions, and orders that his Pastoral Letter shall be read, twice every year, at the Grand Séminaire.

This was confidence in Divine Providence carried to the point of heroism, when we think of the poverty of subjects, from which Saint-Flour then suffered. During the year 1827, twenty-one of his priests died, but the trial was only transient, and we find that, in the end, God did not remain behindhand with him in generosity.

Mgr. de Salamon died on 11th June, 1829. Thus, God spared him the grief of witnessing yet another Revolution, and of seeing the fortune of the dynasty that he loved, sink finally, in the storm of 1830.



St Flour.

Showing, on the left of the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace where Mgr. de Salamon lived.

[*To face p.* xlv.

He was buried like one of the poor, and placed in a common grave: such had been his express wish.

When the garden of the Convent of the Visitation, which served at that time as the burial-ground, ceased to be used for interments, Mgr. de Pompignac, afterwards one of Mgr. de Salamon's successors, but at that time, a Canon, caused his remains to be exhumed.

It would seem, they now rest in the present cemetery, in the vault, reserved for members of the Chapter. I say 'it would seem,' for this signal benefactor of Saint-Flour has not even a tomb, not even a cross inscribed with his name. The desire of his humility has been very faithfully granted.

There is one house, however, that has wished for something more—if not for something better—than the silent remembrance of hearts. Needless to say, it is the house of his predilection, the Grand Séminaire. There, we see two marble plaques, one in the Choir of the Chapel, the other at the entrance of the Hall of Studies, on which are engraved these short and expressive lines:

TO THE MEMORY

OF

MONSEIGNEUR DE SALAMON

BISHOP OF SAINT-FLOUR

DIED 11TH JUNE, 1829

AN EXPRESSION OF THE GRATITUDE OF THE GRAND SÉMINAIRE TOWARDS ITS ILLUSTRIOUS AND SIGNAL BENEFACTOR.

* * * * * * * *

Such is the man, such is the prelate, whose Memoirs I offer to the public. . . . My readers . . . will be fascinated

by the kind faces, which are one by one reflected there;* they will become better from contemplating them, and, doubtless, Mgr. de Salamon, from heaven, where he is now, will pardon me for having published his Memoirs.

Paris, 14*th May*, 1890.

---

* They also reflect, here and there, some *bad faces*; but this is little in comparison with Mesdames Blanchet, Dellebart, Colin, Mlle. Grandin, the Curé of Saint-Jean en Gréve, Richard, etc., etc. In short, these Memoirs show human nature *at its best*. This is not too common in our days.

MEMOIRS OF MGR. DE SALAMON

MEMOIRS

OF

MGR. DE SALAMON

BOOK I

MY MARTYRDOM

FROM TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON OF SUNDAY, 2ND SEPTEMBER 1792, UNTIL EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING OF MONDAY, 3RD SEPTEMBER, IN THE GARDEN OF THE ABBEY OF SAINT-GERMAIN DES PRÉS.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem
Æneas to Dido—VIRGIL, *Æneid*, Book II.

Great Queen, what you command me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate.
DRYDEN.

To MADAME DE VILLENEUVE* (*née* COMTESSE DE SÉGUR)

AFTER nineteen long years† passed amidst humiliations, bitterness and every kind of persecution, I, at last, comply with your wish, and relate to you one of the most terrible scenes of the Revolution, one that

* Madame de Villeneuve was the daughter of the Comte de Ségur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies to the Emperor, and the sister of the author of *Napoléon et la Grande Armée*. She had married the Baron de Villeneuve, Treasurer-General of the city of Paris. She died in 1812 at the age of thirty-four. One of her daughters married the Count Balbo, Ambassador of the King of Sardinia at Paris, who is mentioned in the Memoirs, Book III. Madame de Villeneuve wrote Italian in prose and verse with the same facility as Mgr. de Salamon himself. Some of her Italian poems are still preserved at the Château des Roches.

† The only passage which fixes approximately the date of the Memoirs, is that in Book II, ch. vi, where the Abbé de Salamon, after speaking of M. Pasquier, adds, 'now Prefect of Police.' The date is, therefore, between

preceded and foreshadowed the yet more tragic scene,* which threw a veil of mourning over France, and spread consternation throughout Europe.

You wish me to put in writing the narrative of the horrible massacre of the 2nd and 3rd September 1792, to which I was led as the Pope's representative, where, present on the very scene of the slaughter, I saw sixty of my companions in misfortune perish before my eyes ; while I, myself, only escaped by a visible favour of that Divine Providence, which all men must recognise, and which, twice afterwards, as by a miracle, snatched me from certain death, and from the scaffold.

You shall be obeyed, Madame, such is my respect for your gentle goodness. For you, I do what I have refused to do for another,† or even to supply my own pressing needs. Only, do not expect a brilliant and florid style. I will write all that I can remember of that horrible drama simply, without ornament, and, perhaps, without sequence. My heart is still weighed down by the thought of that dreadful massacre, and my powers of mind are weakened by age and anxiety, so that I cannot hope to write a very clear and connected narrative.

1808 and 1812. Now, Madame de Villeneuve died in 1812, the work must, therefore, have been completed shortly before her death. (See Introduction to French Edition, p. xiii.) There are, however, other indications leading to the same conclusion. The words 'After nineteen long years . . .' seem to imply that nineteen years, at least, had elapsed since the massacres of September 1792, this would bring the date to 1811.

Again, in Book I, ch. iv, the Abbé says: 'Alas ! without knowing it, I was resisting that Divine Providence, which for twenty years has led me, as it were by the hand.' While in one of his letters to Madame de Capellis he expresses his trust in Divine Providence 'which has led me, as it were by the hand, for twenty-five years.' As this letter was written in March 1815, the memoirs would seem to have been written about five years earlier, but evidently the Abbé is only speaking in general terms.—Tr.

* The death of Louis XVI.

† The Abbé Sicart, Teacher of the Deaf-Mutes, has often begged me to give him my *Memoirs*, and once he sent a publisher to offer me three thousand francs, and this at a time when I had not even bread to eat.—Note by Mgr. de Salamon.

CARPENTRAS IN 1835.

The Birthplace of Mgr. de Salamon.

From a drawing by J. B. Laurens.

[*To face page* 3.

CHAPTER I

THE ARREST OF THE INTERNUNCIO *

The Abbé de Salamon is appointed Internuncio.—Letters from Pius VI and Cardinal Zelada. . . . The Duc de Brissac.—The Internuncio before Louis XVI.—His Arrest.—Madame Blanchet.—Marat and his medicine.

I WAS born a subject† of Pius VI of holy memory, and received many marks of his favour. So, when Dugnani, his Nuncio at the Court of France, seized with terror at the sight of the head of one of the body-guard, thrown into his carriage, left Paris‡ and retired to the baths of Aix in Savoy, His Holiness desired me to take his place, as Internuncio to Louis XVI, who was then living in the Tuileries. The Sovereign Pontiff informed me of his intention through Cardinal Zelada, his Secretary of State.

Alarmed at the thought of such a mission, and forseeing the dangers to which I should be exposed, I refused the honour, but offered, instead, to act as adviser to the Secretary to the Embassy, usually called the Auditor of the Nunciature. His name was Quarantotti, and Mgr. Dugnani had left him behind at Paris. Pius VI, great Pope as he was, liked to have his

---

* A papal diplomatic agent of the second class.—Tr.

† He was born at Carpentras in the Comtat Venaissin, which, together with Avignon, had been for centuries a Papal possession, though, subsequently, annexed to France by one of the first Acts of the Revolution.—Tr.

‡ Towards the end of 1790.

own way, and did not approve of his Nuncio's choice.* He decided that Quarantotti should leave the capital at once, and that the archives of the Nunciature should be transferred to my house. The Secretary of State informed me that the Pope refused to accept my excuses, and that, to cut short all further objections, His Holiness had deigned to write me his instructions himself.

Accordingly, I found among the ministerial despatches, a long letter of six pages written on large gilt-edged paper. It was entirely in the handwriting of Pius VI, and was curious as being in three languages, French, Italian, and Latin. It began: *Mon cher Abbé,* the main part of the letter was in Italian, and it ended with these words: *Pontificatûs nostri anno decimo septimo*; then followed the signature in large letters: *Pius Sextus.*

It was a most touching letter. In fatherly words, the Pope reminded me of all that he had done for me. I had, in fact, since I was twenty-one, held the high judicial appointment of Auditor of the Rota, which was only given, as a rule, to those who were forty years of age. I had also been Dean of the Chapter at Avignon,† and, as this dignity, the highest in the Chapter, can only be held by a priest, the Pope had allowed me to be ordained at the age of twenty-two,‡ and, in granting me the dispensation, he had added the formula: *More principum et nuntiorum*, that is to say, a privilege reserved to princes and nuncios.

In his letter, His Holiness deigned, himself, to give me his instructions. He also expressed his opinion of certain Ministers, who were then in office, especially of M. de Montmorin,§ the Minister for Foreign Affairs,

---

* Further information with regard to Quarantotti is given in the *Correspondance Secrète de l'Abbé de Salamon avec le Cardinal de Zelada p.* 18.—*Vte de Richemont.*—Tr.

† The Chapter of St Peter's according to Barjaval.

‡ Instead of twenty-four, the canonical age.

§ See *Correspondance Secrète.*—Tr.

whom he did not like, though he did not tell me the reason.

He praised the part I had taken in the Parliament,* especially with regard to the affair of the Necklace † in which Cardinal de Rohan was implicated, and which gave rise to such a celebrated trial. . . .

I reverently kissed the letter of the great Pontiff, and consecrated myself unreservedly to his service, firmly resolved to suffer death rather than forsake him. I replied by a letter full of submission and devotion, which touched him deeply. He expressed his satisfaction to me through Cardinal Zelada, a minister in every way worthy of so great a sovereign.

In accordance with the Pope's wishes, I avoided M. de Montmorin, and sought out the Duc de Brissac,‡ a peer of France, with whom I had been associated duringthe Parliamentary Sessions of 1787-1788, and the beginning of 1789. I asked him what steps I should take in order to approach the King.

The Duke received me with open arms, saying: 'I shall be delighted to be of service to you.' . . . After a short conversation, he said: 'Come here again to-morrow, at noon.'

He was living in the Tuileries, on the ground-floor. I was punctual to the moment. When he saw me he said: 'The King will receive you alone in his private room at one o'clock to-morrow, *and I will accompany you myself.*' I thanked him most gratefully.

Accordingly, on the following day I was presented to His Majesty. He was alone in his study, which struck me as being rather small.

The King greeted me with a smile, saying: 'I know you by name, for you have been once to Versailles,'— I had, in fact, been there twice, with a small deputation

---

* The English reader should bear in mind that a French Parliament was a Superior Court of Law, with certain political functions superadded.—Tr.

† In 1786.

‡ He commanded the King's Guard.

from the Parliament—'but I do not recall your face. . . . What can I do for the Pope?'

'Sire,' I replied, 'at present I have no orders from His Holiness, except to express the great sympathy which he feels for your Majesty's position, and his tender attachment to your sacred person, and to say that he still counts upon your powerful protection with regard to religion; and that, under existing circumstances, he could give no greater proof of his confidence than by appointing a member of your Parliament to be his representative at your Court. . . . And your Majesty may rest assured,' I added, 'that the allegiance, which I owe to the Pope, as his subject, will in no wise detract from the fidelity which I owe to your Majesty, and to which I am bound by oath as a member of the Parliament, and that every day I will prove my zeal in your Majesty's service, by rendering justice to your subjects in the *Chambre des Vacations* * under the Presidency of M. de Rosambo.'

The King condescended to reply that he was grateful to the Pope for this proof of his confidence, and for having chosen me.

I was living at this time in the Cour des Fontaines at the Palais Marchand.†

Up to the 10th August, I had refused to mount guard,‡ and had continued to wear my ecclesiastical dress. After the sad events of those days, I was insulted and threatened in the streets. In the Rue St Eustache, in particular, five men followed me, shouting: 'There goes an aristocrat of the Palais!§ There goes an aristocrat of the Palais!' I walked quickly past the shops, and so got out of their way, not, however, without answering them:

---

* Established to fill the interim caused by the decree of the National Assembly, November 29th, 1789, which prolonged the recess of the Parliament indefinitely.

† Near the Palais-Royal, Rue de Valois.

‡ This is mentioned in the *Correspondance Secrète*.

§ The Palais de Justice.

'Why do you molest a man, who is doing you no harm?'

From that time I was on my guard, but I made no change in my way of life, for, gentle as I am now towards every one, it is part of my character never to give way to fear, or to do anything under compulsion.

At last, at a secret meeting, a massacre was resolved upon, and each Section began to hunt, on all sides, for suspected priests, or even laymen.

I was congratulating myself on having already passed seventeen days unmolested. However, as I had heard rumours of a domiciliary visit, I directed my housekeeper—a woman devoted to my service, but avowedly an *aristocrat*, according to the expression then in use,—to be polite to the commissaries of my Section, and not set them at defiance, in case they should come to my house. This woman, who managed my house, had been for thirty years in my mother's service, and my mother sent her to keep house for me, as I had had no experience in such details.

Now, on the very day after I had given this order, the 27th August, at two o'clock in the morning, there were heard repeated knocks at my door. My servant carried out my orders with such alacrity that she struck her head violently against the edge of a door, which she had not noticed, and made a deep gash.

Undeterred by this, she answered the door, and showed into my room five men, all wearing the tri-colour scarf over their coats; they were the commissaries of my Section; they were followed by twenty armed men.

I had not been well for some days, and just then had a fit of ague, so, at the moment, I was leaning my elbow on the pillow, and drinking a glass of lemonade. As they came in, I said: 'You see before you, gentlemen, an invalid in bed with fever. What do you want with me?'

'Oh! Do not be uneasy,' replied the one, whom I took to be the leader, 'we do not wish to disturb

you. We know you are the Pope's Minister: give us your correspondence.'

I replied: 'Then, if you know I am the Pope's Minister, you must know too that my person is sacred, and yet you come, with arms in your hand, and violate my domicile. . . . As for my correspondence, I attach so little importance to it, that I have used it in airing my white shirt before putting it on,* and you may find scraps of my letters lying about, in some old envelope on my study floor. . . . However, look for yourselves.' And I let my head fall back on my pillow.

All the same, I felt rather anxious. I did not know then, that my poor servant, always full of solicitude and foresight on my behalf, used to watch for the moment when I had answered my letters, on the Tuesday and Saturday, and carry the portfolio, (where I had placed them, together with my other papers) into the loft, and hide it under the pigeon cotes. She had never told me anything about it, for she knew well, I did not like precautions dictated by fear, and that I should not have allowed it. I must own here, in passing, that this misplaced courage has sometimes led me to act rashly. The foresight and caution of this poor woman were far preferable, for courage is not incompatible with prudence. But in those days . . . I was young!

I will now give the name of this worthy woman. She was called Madame Blanchet. She lived to be an object of sympathy to my friends, and even to those who had only heard of her, for she shared all my dangers, and was imprisoned three times: at the 'Couvent des Anglaises'† Rue Saint-Victor, where she remained altogether eight months, then for three months in the prisons of La Grande Force, and of

---

* Per scaldare la mia camicia bianca, quando la muto.

† The Convent of the English Augustinian Canonesses, then used as a prison.—Tr.

'Les Madelonnettes.' Monsieur de Malesherbes, Minister of State, who was guillotined for defending the King, used to leave his coach by the banks of the Seine, and walk the length of the Rue des Augustins, where I was living after the massacre, and, when he did not find me at home, he would remain a whole hour talking to Blanchet. She could neither read nor write, but M. de Malesherbes used to say: 'This woman has great natural ability, much feeling, and all the Provençal vivacity.' She was known to the Queen, and benefited by the munificence of Pius VI.

The commissaries of my Section, having searched and found nothing, drew up a *procès-verbal*,* and asked me to get up and sign it. I represented to them that as I was ill, I could not get up. But a man, whom I recognised as having been formerly a soldier in the Guard of the Parliament, said to me: 'I would advise you to obey, Sir, for they are quite capable of making you get up by force.' Upon this, I sprang up, and was dressed in a trice. Then I said: 'Here I am, ready to follow you, but I refuse to sign your *procès-verbal*,' which seemed to annoy them. I followed them. When I reached the staircase, I saw a large company of armed men. I represented to the officer in charge, that in surrendering at discretion, and without offering any resistance, I had not expected to be taken away in the midst of this troop, and that I was determined to wait until they were withdrawn. We had a long altercation; in the end he dismissed them.

I noticed then, that they were carrying away with them a large chest. It contained the archives of the Nunciature, which I had not been able to conceal.

I was taken, at once, to the Committee of the Section, where they drew up another *procès-verbal*, to certify that I had appeared before the Section. It also set forth that I should be taken, with a strong escort, to

* An official minute.—Tr.

the Watch Committee (Comité de Surveillance) of the famous Commune of the 10th of August. I again pressed to be allowed to go without escort, but in vain, and I had to endure the shame of walking in the midst of these abusive guards, who kept shouting 'Here is the Calotin!' *—in Italian *berettino*—'Here is the Pope's Minister!'

I went along the street which follows the banks of the Seine, and then through the Place de Grève in the midst of a crowd of working people. It was already past eight o'clock.

My poor Blanchet, bathed in tears, her little boy of thirteen, and a young man, the only man-servant I had kept, the three forming my entire household, followed me sadly at a distance.

On reaching the Hôtel de Ville,† I was taken into a very small room, full of people, who looked hardly human. They wore the tri-colour scarf over their ragged clothes, and were incessantly handling my chest, with a look of triumph, so that I wondered it did not come open altogether.

Scarcely had I entered this den of savages, when one of them called out: 'There is a villain for the guillotine!' I replied calmly: 'That is the language of a people that calls itself free.'

After having bandied about among themselves, I know not how many horrible suggestions, they wished to examine me with regard to my correspondence with the Pope, but I flatly refused to answer, saying they were not competent, and were not qualified to try me. Then they gave orders that I should be taken to the Dépôt of the Mairie‡; it had been at one time the Palais of the former First President of the Parliament, M. Bocard de Saron, my most esteemed friend, who had been compelled to leave it within twenty-four hours

---

* In allusion to the cap worn by the clergy—a term of contempt.—Tr.
† Town-hall.—Tr.
‡ Now the Prefecture of Police.

[*Berthaud, Paris.*

PALAIS ROYAL—GALERIES DE BOIS.

[*To face p.* 11.

by the President and the Procureur-Général of the department, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld and Pastoret.

I set off with the same escort, and arrived like a criminal, at the very house which I had so often entered as an honoured judge. The chest containing my archives did not form part of my cortege this time, it remained at the Hôtel de Ville. I was introduced to a small Committee consisting of five members. Among them I recognised Marat, who later became so famous and so terrible, and from whom France was delivered by the courage of a young girl, Charlotte Corday, who deserved a better fate—she was guillotined, and ascended the scaffold with great courage. Upon this monster, Marat, had been conferred the title of 'Physician to the stables of the Count of Artois.' I once had occasion to consult him as a doctor. Even then he bore in his soul—frightful as his face—the germ of his future atrocities, for he prescribed for me some medicine, which would have killed me, if the celebrated chemist of the Rue Jacob had been willing to give it to me. 'I see well enough,' he said 'this is no medicine for you, it is medicine for a horse; I recognise the doctor's signature, he is mad.' Apparently Marat had mistaken me for one of his patients at the stable to which he was physician. This scoundrel began to laugh when he saw me, but he did not insult me, as the others had done when they were sending me to the depôt.

Later, after the massacre, as I was passing along the stone corridors* of the Palais-Royal, I met this same Marat, and he called out: 'Take good care of your head.'

* As opposed to the corridors of wood (galeries d'Orléans) which remained until 1829.

CHAPTER II

THE DÉPÔT OF THE MAIRIE

The Prison and the Prisoners.—The Abbé Sicart.—The Vicars-General of Toulouse, Bourges and Strasburg.—The Curé of Saint-Jean-en-Grève.—The Abbé Gervais, Secretary-General to the Archbishop of Paris.—The Assassin!

THEY took me through the stable-yards, and up some stairs, to the second storey, where there was a fairly large loft, but so low that a man five foot six high could hardly stand upright. I found it full of prisoners, and I have since learned that there were eighty in all. They lay crowded together upon the straw, and, at first, took no notice of me, but were complaining that the straw had not been changed for four days. The prison was only lighted by narrow windows, with iron bars, and moreover, the windows were very few in number.

It was truly the vestibule of death.

Bewildered at first, on finding myself amid such miserable surroundings, my eyes wandered over the room, without resting on anything. Presently, a prisoner recognised me, and came towards me, and then I too recognised him. He was a Procureur of the Parliament, named Féron. Holding out both hands to greet me, he exclaimed: 'To think of such a man as you being here!' I replied: 'My dear Féron, my presence here is less extraordinary than your own, seeing that I know you to be a perfectly honest man; however, I am content since I am in your company.'

Then, pointing to a miserable mattress, which I had not noticed, he added: 'As I am ill, I managed—but

with great difficulty—to get this mattress. I beg you to accept it, for they only give you a little straw here, to lie upon, and it has been trampled and spat upon, and slept on, and is frightfully dirty.'

I was touched by his self-sacrifice, for I am naturally very sensitive to delicate acts of kindness, and I have never forgotten this. However, for the moment, I declined his offer. I did not wish him to deprive himself for me, and besides, to say the truth, I was afraid of catching his fever, the more so, as my own had suddenly left me. But when I saw that he was hurt by my refusal, I accepted, whether harm should come to me or not.

He went away, and spoke to a number of others, who came at once, and greeted me with great respect.

There was the parish-priest of Saint Jean en Grève,* venerable alike for his virtues, and his great age—he was eighty. He was obliged to stoop, as was also another prisoner, the Abbé Godard, Vicar-General to Mgr. de Fontanges, Archbishop of Toulouse, for they were six foot high.

There were also the Abbé Bouzet, Vicar-General of Rheims, whose brother was Commodore, the Abbé Sicart, a Vicar-General of Strasburg, the Abbé Gervais of the Archbishop's Palace, and many other well-known men.

I was just thanking them, and congratulating myself on having such excellent companions in misfortune, when I heard my poor Blanchet calling to me, in great distress, outside the door: 'Monsieur! Monsieur! do come and speak to me.' I went towards her, and she said: 'I am here. What are your wishes, Monsieur? What would you like me to do?'

She was all in tears; I could not see her, but I could hear her sobs. I replied: 'I wish you to keep calm. I am here with people of my own rank, and I am

* The Abbé Royer—The Church of Saint-Jean en Grève was situated near the Hôtel de Ville.

content; my fever has left me, and I feel quite well. Go, and prepare my chocolate and bring it to me, with some peaches and a decanter of lemonade.' The fact is, in those days, I took my cup of chocolate as regularly as I said my breviary, and perhaps even more so; for, I confess it to my shame, my employments sometimes led me to forget to say part of my office. In short, I had been accustomed to this little repast from childhood.

I also told Blanchet to send, by my man-servant, whatever was necessary for my toilet. Although not very fastidious, I have had a great love of cleanliness, ever since I was young. I used to shave and arrange my hair, almost as soon as I was out of bed.

I never omitted this, even in prison, except when I was in solitary confinement under the Directory. Only, after the massacre, I cut my hair short, and then there was no need for any one to touch my head.

I also said to her: 'Remember, to-morrow is Thursday, and there should be a hamper arriving for me. You must take it to my friend in the Rue Saint-Croix de la Bretonnerie, and tell him from me, to open it, and eat whatever it contains, and be sure and write a letter of thanks to the donor, on my behalf, at least, unless he can find some other convenient way.'

Now, although Blanchet could neither read nor write, she was a woman of quick perception, and accustomed to understand me at half a word. She grasped my meaning perfectly. What I intended to say was this: 'To-morrow, Thursday, is the day for the Courier from Rome. Take my despatches to my friend in the Rue Saint-Croix de la Bretonnerie, and tell him to read them, and to send Guillaume—the confidential Courier,* who was maintained in Paris, and placed at my disposal by the Court of Rome—to inform the Pope and the Secretary of State of my sad position.

All this was carried out exactly as I had directed.

---

* Courrier de Cabinet.

I added : 'Send Lafrance.' This was my valet. His sole duties consisted in curling my hair, and in waiting on me at table, when I dined in town. He came soon after, and I merely told him to take his orders from Madame Blanchet, as he would from me.

Returning to my companions, I threw myself down on my mattress, for I had been on my feet since two o'clock that morning. I became very sad as I thought of what would happen to me.

The Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève was a saintly man, thoroughly kind, cheerful, and even jovial. He tried to divert my thoughts, and to make me laugh, and sometimes he succeeded. Afterwards my companions came, one after another, to tell me their adventures ; among them, I noticed a very little man, extremely pleasant, who was the Vicar-General of Cardinal de Rohan.

Still, in spite of myself, I kept falling into deep abstraction, as I foresaw the troubles that would quickly come upon us.

Breakfast-time diverted my thoughts. Each prisoner ate what he liked, and some of them took their meal together. I saw one excellent repast brought in, and even pastry which looked very good. On the other hand, I noticed, in a corner of the room, a priest miserably clad and unkempt, eating a piece of dry bread ; he seemed a little ashamed of his meagre fare. The fact is, that not being in a State Prison, we had not even the ordinary prison fare.

The sight of anyone in misfortune—especially when undeserved—always calls forth my sympathy, and I was touched with deep pity. I am always more sorry for priests than for other men, when I see them look miserable. I feel the same thing now, sometimes, when I am visiting the country parishes during the summer months, and find poor priests destitute of everything.

I am relating what may seem to tell in my favour, without taking any pride in it, just as I shall relate

what makes against me. This is essential to the truthfulness of my narrative; and I am not without fear, Madame, that, in thus acceding to your request, I may, in some measure, lose your esteem, and that you may be led to withdraw a little of that good opinion, you had so quickly formed of me; for, you will find that I had no desire of martyrdom, that I did not give sufficient thought to preparing for death, and that my courage consisted only in preserving my presence of mind, and seeking a way to save my life. Still, it has seemed to me that God had forgiven me this great dread, for I have been able for a few years to be useful to the Pope and render some feeble services to the Church.

I approached the priest, and said: 'Monsieur l'Abbé, evidently you have no relatives to care for you, and supply you with food. Pardon my curiosity, it springs from a feeling heart,—but, who are you?' My presence seemed to embarass him, but recovering his composure a little, he said: 'I am one of the chaplains to the Hospital. I was sent away for refusing to take the oath,* and they have left me nothing but the miserable coat I am wearing. I have been three weeks here already. I was arrested near the Tuileries on the morning of the 10th August, by some people, who shouted that I was a scoundrel and an assassin.'† At these words of the good priest, I confess I felt inclined to laugh, and I said to myself, as I looked at him. 'An assassin!' I then enquired to what province he belonged, and if he had any money. He said he was from Gascony, and that his salary at the Hospital had been so low, that he had only a few pence left to buy bread.

'Well,' I said, 'save your bread. I do not think it will be long before my luncheon comes, as I live

---

* The oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. The Pope had forbidden the taking of this oath.—Tr.

† Chevalier du poignard.

not far from here, and I am sure there will be enough for you and me.'

He was so pleased that he could scarcely speak, but he took my hand, and tried to kiss it, saying : ' I begin to understand who you are, and I see, by your act of charity, that you are a worthy minister of the common Father of the Faithful.' Greatly touched, I pressed his hand affectionately.

Just at this moment, the warder brought me a covered basket. It was my luncheon. I found a bowl of good soup à la Borghèse. My poor Blanchet, clever and dexterous as she was in everything else, especially in sewing, knew very little about cooking ; so when I dined at home, which was but seldom, she only gave me roast or boiled. There was some of each in the basket, as well as some beautiful peaches, for she knew I was very fond of them. She had added to the provisions a dish of money.

I gave the spoon to the Abbé, who had all the soup, and I used the fork. He made a very good luncheon, so that I had to ask the warder for some bread ; in short, the Abbé seemed to me to have a good appetite. As for me, I had two mutton cutlets and the wing of a chicken. Every day, I continued to give this poor priest his meal ; but it was not for long, for we left this noisome place on the 1st September, as will be seen later.

I say ' noisome place.' You will readily believe me, if you bear in mind that we were eighty in number, and crowded into a sort of lobby, which was very narrow for so many persons, and also extremely low and badly ventilated ; and that here, for three weeks, prisoners had been eating, sleeping, and walking about on the straw—and this straw was not changed every day. . . . A tall handsome young man was suffocated, and although they carried him out into the court-yard at once, he did not regain consciousness.

Here also, when evening came, we took our rest, that is to say, we threw ourselves down on our straw,

but were unable to sleep. The venerable Curé of Saint-Jean was there, who was a most entertaining and, at the same time, a very holy man ; which proves, by the way, that God prefers piety mingled with cheerfulness and geniality, to that austere manner which always seems to be finding fault with others. He told us amusing stories, which kept us in fits of laughter, so that I, myself, in spite of all my cause for sadness, laughed till my sides ached. Any one would have thought we were lying on soft couches with purple hangings. This merriment was sometimes prolonged up to one o'clock in the morning ; until I was obliged to say : ' Come, Monsieur le Curé, that is enough, let us go to sleep ! ' and he would, at once, break off his stories and remain silent. For all that, the good God lost nothing. At four o'clock in the morning, the Curé was up—or rather on his knees, for he could not stand upright, on account of his great height—praying, or, as soon as it was daylight, saying his office.

CHAPTER III

THE DECREE OF THE COMMUNE

Manuel.—The Abbé Godard, Vicar-General of Toulouse.—Message to the Internuncio from the Bishops, imprisoned at the Carmelite Priory.—The Abbé Simon, Canon of St Quentin, and revolutionary good faith.—A happy inspiration.—The Abbé Sicart and the clock-maker Monotte.—Where are we going?

At last, on Saturday, 1st September 1792, a day of dreadful memory, Manuel, the Procureur of the Commune, came, and, standing on the threshold, as if he were dealing with the plague-stricken, and no doubt feeling suffocated by the foul air, he announced to us, that the Commune of the 10th of August had passed a resolution, in accordance with which we were to be transferred that same evening. He added, that he had come to notify this to us, and, in fact, he left a copy of the resolution with us. It was a printed paper about the size of those usually posted on the walls of the town.

On receiving this news, nearly all my fellow-prisoners rejoiced, thinking they would soon leave their miserable surroundings. Some of them said: 'We are to leave this evening, and perhaps we shall be banished; we must provide ourselves with some money for our journey.' Others said; 'We shall be sent to the Carmelites', where the other priests are imprisoned; we shall be better off there.'

As for me, I remained standing, leaning against one of the dormer windows. I was stunned by the words: 'You are to be transferred.' I thought: 'This is a

legal phrase which means that we are to be committed to one of the State prisons, for, hitherto, we have been only in a depôt; our names will be entered in the jailor's book, and all this will lead, no doubt, to criminal proceedings being taken against us.'

Such were the thoughts passing through my mind, when the Abbé Godard, an intelligent man and learned in ecclesiastical knowledge, but unsuspecting and rather timid, came up to the notice, and said to the prisoners in general: 'Come near, I am going to read it aloud.' And as, on account of his great height—he was quite six foot—he could not remain standing, without the risk of knocking his head against the roof, he knelt down.

I confess, I pitied them for being so easily duped, and, as sometimes I find it impossible not to speak out what is in my mind, I said: 'I am unwilling to disturb your happiness, but how can you hope for compassion from the Commune of the 10th of August?' I added in a tone of conviction: 'You are not going to be released, you are to be transferred, and have your names registered in another prison: I know the legal terms, and you, who are educated men, must know that to be "transferred" does not mean to be released. It seems to me that it would have been better for us to remain a few days longer in this prison, dreadful as it is, but which is merely a depôt, than to go to a State prison, where we shall have to endure the tediousness of the law.' The Abbé Godard replied: 'You are a prophet of evil! You see everything black!' and he began to read.

It was then eight o'clock in the morning.

Manuel, with pretended kindness, had said as he went away, that each of us might see his friends and relatives during the day.

As for me, I confess I took little notice of what was going on around me. I had fallen into a fit of abstraction, and had even forgotten where I was, when the warder entered suddenly, and called my name.

I quickly came to myself, and hastened to the door, which had remained open. I found a man, shabbily dressed, and advanced in years. He bowed respectfully, and asked if I were the Abbé de Salamon, the Pope's Internuncio. I interrupted quickly: 'Do not mention those words. . . . Yes, he is before you: what can I do for you in my present miserable position?'

To say the truth, however, I scarcely looked at that moment an object of pity. I had continued in prison the same habits as at home when rising, that is to say, I was freshly shaved, and my hair powdered, almost as it is to-day, only then there was more of it. Madame Blanchet always kept me supplied with clean linen. . . . So, my appearance offered a strong contrast to that of my fellow-prisoners, who looked as forlorn as possible, with their caps, which they wore night and day, covered with dust, and their beards allowed to grow. They might have been taken for convalescents of a hospital, walking about the wards, with nothing to do.

The old man said: 'I am a priest, but not a prisoner, and Mgr. the Archbishop of Arles and the Bishops of Saintes and Beauvais,* and the priests imprisoned at the Carmelites', have sent me to you. They are deeply grieved to learn that you are a prisoner here, you, the Pope's Representative, who are so necessary to the Church of France. Every means of access to the Sovereign Pontiff being closed, they charged me, in case I should be able to reach you, to offer their homage, and to ask your advice, especially as to the course they should take with regard to the new Oath of Liberty and Equality, which has just been decreed, and which every one must take.'

It should be mentioned that, during the interval, a new Assembly had met, under the name of the Legislative Assembly. Its first act had been to proclaim the Republic, and on the 27th of August,† it

* Mgr. Dulau, and the two La Rochefoucaulds.
† The day the Abbé de Salamon was arrested.—Tr.

had decreed the taking of the Oath of Liberty and Equality.

I answered the worthy priest: 'I am moved to tears by the great kindness of Mgr. the Archbishop of Arles, and his honourable fellow-priests.' *

I was, indeed, overpowered with feelings of reverence and self-abasement at the thought of these bishops, so eminent in virtue and learning, seeking advice from me, a simple priest, invested, it is true, with an honourable title, but far inferior in merit to these mirrors of the Church. For a moment I paused, words failing me, but, quickly recovering my presence of mind, I added: 'Offer to them the expression of my reverence and gratitude. Who am I, a simple priest, although honoured with the confidence of the Sovereign Pontiff, that I should give advice to that modern Chrysostom, Mgr. the Archbishop of Arles, to the Abbé de Rastignac and the Abbé Bonnaud, Vicar-General of Lyons, distinguished priests, who have just published works treating of these subjects so lucidly, and with such elevation of thought!'

He replied: 'I will inform them of your feelings of diffidence, sir; but tell me, I beg you, what you think of the new Oath of Liberty and Equality.'

'I have not yet been able to learn the Pope's intentions, this oath being altogether new; but I will venture to assure you that he will not approve of it, and, since you insist on asking me what I think, I will say that, while I shall not blame those who take it, for my own part, I am quite resolved to refuse it. . , . Tell these gentlemen, that, when I shall have the honour of seeing them, we will consult together as to the means of arriving at a uniform decision† on this point.'

Alas! we were never to meet again.

Whilst I was in the little ante-room of our prison, there came a priest named Simon, a canon of St Quentin,

---

* Confrères.

† Such a decision was never arrived at.

who was over eighty years of age. He came to see his brother, who was seventy-five, and who was already imprisoned. They let him enter, but, when he was about to leave, they said: 'You are a priest. As you have come into the prison, stay there; you will be taken away with the others presently.'

He was massacred at the Abbey, and his brother, who had been imprisoned before him, was saved. How inexplicable is human destiny! . . . or rather, let us adore the immutable will of God.

Returning to the prison, I bathed my head with *vinaigre des quatre voleurs*: Blanchet had secretly brought me a flagon of it, to drive away the bad odours, and keep up my courage.

This poor Blanchet, always attentive to my needs, remained in the vestibule of the prison, that she might at least hear the sound of my voice, or have a word with me, when I was able to speak to her.

One morning I noticed that her eyes were full of tears, and I said: 'What is the matter?'

She answered: 'Oh! sir, I have been to the market this morning to buy you some fine peaches, there is such an uproar in Paris, and they say such terrible things about the priests, that I am confident we are on the eve of some great calamity . . . and you do not wish me to take any steps to procure your release!'

I replied: 'No, do not distress yourself . . . I must share the fate of these worthy people . . . I leave you all that is in my house.'

'Ah! of what use will the things in your house be to me, if I lose you!' she answered crying.

Too much moved to continue the conversation, I left her abruptly.

Returning into the prison, I found my companions in a state of excitement. Many were already packing their belongings, as if they were going to be liberated in a few minutes. Others were writing to their friends and relatives, to tell them of their supposed good news, and to ask for money for their journey, in case they were

to be banished; and, in fact, two hundred louis were brought, in the course of the day, to the Vicar-General of Strasburg, of whom I have spoken above. It was this, which gave rise to the report after the massacre—I have heard it repeated myself—that the priests had their pockets full of money to pay the Prussians, and bring about a counter-revolution.*

We remained in a state of uncertainty until Saturday 1st September 1792. At eleven o'clock in the evening of that day, a member of the commune of the 10th August, girt with his tri-colour scarf, called out to us in a loud voice: 'The sixty-three, who have been here the longest, are to be transferred: let them come forward that their names may be registered.'

Although I was one of the latest arrivals, I hastened —I know not why—to present myself, and they wrote down my name, without asking any question. It was certainly by some kind of inspiration from Heaven; for, as will be seen later, it was owing to this step that I am still living

They made us go down the stairs, one after another, into the large courtyard of the Palais.

We left fifteen or eighteen of our companions in the prison. The best known of them was the Abbé Sicart, teacher of the deaf-mutes. He was only transferred with the others on the following day (Sunday) at two o'clock, exactly at the time when the massacre began, and all, but the Abbé Sicart, were cut down, without the shadow of an enquiry, as they alighted from their carriages.

The Abbé Sicart alone was saved by a man, named Monotte, a clock-maker in the Rue des Augustins, a noted patriot, a great revolutionary, but a philanthropist in his way. He placed himself between the assassins and the Abbé Sicart, and baring his bronzed breast, he cried: 'Kill me, but spare the life of that man, so

---

* Similarly, in 1870, it was said that the French priests sent carriages full of gold to the Prussians!

necessary to suffering humanity.' The assassins, seeing so great a patriot protect the Abbé Sicart, lowered their sabres and pikes, and let him go, after having (as I afterwards learned) inflicted a slight wound on the ear. The Abbé did not leave immediately, but was remanded, pending orders from the committee, to one of those little prisons commonly called *violons.**

Pardon the short digression, Madame, my object has been to show how, even then, Divine Providence was watching over me, inspiring me with this haste to have my name inscribed on the list of those to be transferred. Yet I was one of the last to be arrested, and should have remained another night at the Mairie, to come forth only to meet with a frightful death. I should have been massacred as I got out of the carriage, unless another Monotte had interposed to save me. But to return to my narrative.

We were all brought down into the court-yard, and crowded, six together, into the carriages that were waiting.

As my foot was on the step, I saw my entire household on my right. Blanchet, her eyes wet with tears, asked me where we were going. I answered her shortly, very shortly, with a roughness which I regretted immediately afterwards: 'Do not come crying, and make me break down. I do not know where they are taking me: follow the carriage if you can, and you will see.' For only answer to these words, which sounded so harsh, the poor woman took my hand, and kissed it. I drew it quickly away, and got in.

The dreary line of carriages began to move. It looked as if an execution, by torchlight, were about to take place. We were surrounded on all sides, like criminals led to the scaffold. A mournful silence, and

---

* Violon—a temporary prison attached to each guard-house. 'On appelait ainsi la prison provisoire attenant à chaque corps de garde' Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier, vol I, p. 96.

the gloom of a cloudy night, added still more to the horror of this sort of funeral procession.

We went along the Quay 'des Orfèvres,' over the Pont Neuf, through the Rue Dauphine, and the cross-ways called De Bussy. Some one in our carriage remarked: 'They are not taking us to the Carmelites'; we are leaving the street on the left. . . . They are going towards the Abbey . . . .' We arrived, accordingly, in front of the Tower, which served as a military prison, and to which my friend, the President de Champlâtreux had already been consigned; he only escaped this massacre to perish on the scaffold. Still we went on. 'Where are we going?' I asked in my turn. I had scarcely spoken the words, when we turned into the passage of Sainte-Marguerite, leading to the court-yard of the Benedictine monks.

All this time we had been escorted, not only by a number of armed guards, but by a crowd of working men. But they were silent, and seemed to follow us merely out of curiosity.

THE PONT NEUF.

[*Rouargue frères, del. and sc.*

[*To face p.* 26.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST NIGHT AT THE ABBEY

The Rabble!—The Monks' Refectory.—The Military Prisoners.—The Abbé Vitali, Vicaire of the parish of Saint-Merri.—Steps taken by Madame Blanchet.—Torné, Constitutional Archbishop of Bourges, and Pétion, Mayor of Paris.—M. Clément de Saint-Palais.—The old Lieutenant-General of the King's Army.

They placed us in a large room, which was used as a station for the National Guard. We were received with the coarsest insults by some of these men, who wore the national uniform; moreover, there were neither chairs nor benches for us to sit on.

This sorry welcome, and the prospect of passing a whole night amid such dreadful surroundings, made me break down completely. A cold sweat came over me, and my fever returned. I staggered, and was obliged to lean on the shoulder of one of my companions, saying: 'So this is where we are to pass the night . . . I feel faint.' He answered: 'I cannot offer you any help. What can one do? In the midst of this rabble it is better to suffer silently. Lean on me.'

At this moment, I saw a man come in, who seemed to be giving orders. I went up to him and said: 'Are we to pass the night here, sir?'

'It looks like it,' he answered, 'you were not at all expected; only soldiers are put here, and there have been no preparations to receive you.'

'I beg you as a favour, take me to some other prison, where I can sit down. I am in a fever, if you do not

perceive it, feel my pulse, and you will be convinced.' After a moment's hesitation, he answered: 'I will go and see if it can be done.' He returned after a while—it was then about an hour after midnight—and said: 'Come with me.' I followed him at once, and he led me to a very large prison, lighted with only a single little lamp. The ceiling was supported by columns. I learned afterwards that it had been the monks' refectory. There were eighty-three prisoners, all soldiers, or men of good birth, arrested on the 10th of August, and the following days.

There was only one priest, named Vitali, a charming man, and good looking. I recognised him the next day after some explanations. He was from my native place,* and we had learned the rudiments of Latin together, but I had lost sight of him when I was nine years old, as I was sent to continue my studies at the Oratory at Lyons, and from that time, I can scarcely be said to have lived in my own country. This happy meeting was a great joy to me, but it was of very short duration, as will soon be seen.

All these prisoners were lying on the floor on mattresses.

As might be expected, the noise of the prison-door being suddenly opened, at one o'clock in the morning, awakened everybody. Each prisoner raised his head; and some of them sat up on their miserable beds, to see who was coming in at that hour; many of them recognised me immediately, and said: 'Ah! It is the Abbé de Salamon, formerly a *Conseiller* of the Parliament of Paris!' And each one hastened to offer me a place by his side.

As for me, I did not recognise anyone. A great number of people, lying down, in cotton night-caps, are not easy to recognise,—I thanked them warmly, and said: 'I will lie down on the mattress beside this

---

* Carpentras.

gentleman near me, who is so kind as to make room for me, although I am a stranger to him.'

Almost at the same moment, I noticed that he was a negro soldier, who had deserted, as I was afterwards told.

All the same, I lay down, without undressing, but it was not long before I felt an intolerable odour. I turned over, and tried to sleep: after a time I succeeded, but scarcely had the daylight penetrated into the room, when most of the prisoners, sitting up on their mattresses, began to complain that they had been left without supplies of any kind, the commissioners had not been to them for three days, and they had not permission to send into the town for anything. This noise awoke me, and I could not go to sleep again.

I have been in five prisons during the Revolution, twice in the prisons of the Mairie, then successively in the Abbey, the Grande Force, the Grande Police, and the Conciergerie: I have always noticed that prisoners are inclined to complain, and even to revolt.

As soon as it was daylight, a warder entered, and said to me: 'A woman is here asking to speak to you, but you cannot see her. Come close to the door.' You will have guessed already that it was poor Blanchet come for my orders.

Reflecting that our imprisonment might be long, and perhaps very dangerous, I began for the first time to think seriously about my position, and what means I should take to recover my freedom. I said to her: 'Go and see the Abbé Torné.'

The Abbé Torné, formerly a preacher to the King, was the Constitutional * Bishop of Bourges, a member of the Legislative Assembly, a very bad man, a great revolutionary, and what is worse, an immoral priest.

Before I knew him, I had been of service to him.

---

* A constitutional bishop was one appointed by the revolutionary government to take the place of a bishop who had refused the Oath to the Civil Constitution of the clergy. Many further particulars of Torné are given in the *Correspondance Secrète*.—Tr.

I had enabled him to win a lawsuit at Rome about a benefice; he was none the more grateful to the Pope on that account.

I added: 'Tell him I am in prison, and that I beg him to procure my release.' I told her to take a carriage, for the warder had said to me: 'The woman who is asking for you seems very tired, and as if she were exhausted.'

I learned afterwards, that Blanchet had remained without food from the Wednesday, the day of my arrest, that is to say for five days. All she had taken to sustain herself during the long distances she had travelled on foot, was a bottle of *liqueur de la Martinique* which was in the cellar. She had remained constantly at the prison door, except when she went to the market to buy me the finest peaches, or a plump chicken, and while she cooked the simple repast she provided for me.

Blanchet did as I told her, and returned two hours later. She reported to me that Torné, who, no doubt, knew what was in store for us, had been dismayed at the news that I was in prison. He said: 'Have you the carriage waiting . . . Let us go to Pétion,' and he even let fall the words: 'Let us go to save him.'

They went, therefore, to the Mairie. This constitutional bishop was on very intimate terms with Pétion, the Mayor of Paris, a horrible man, but one whom the people of Paris worshipped, even going so far as to put on their hats in large letters, 'Pétion or death!'

However, they were not able to obtain an interview with Pétion, and the only answer they received from him was a little note, written in his ante-room, and containing these few words on a sheet of paper, which Madame Blanchet brought me: 'The prisoner, in whom you are interested, will leave the prison at three o'clock.'

What cold-blooded perfidy! It was Sunday, 2nd September, 1792, and the massacres were to begin at

two o'clock. It was, indeed, likely that I should leave the prison—but only to be assassinated.

Knowing nothing of the secret, I looked upon this note as a favour, and I calmed Blanchet a little, who thought she had gained her cause. I said: 'Come, Blanchet, all is going on well . . . go and rest yourself . . . I do not require anything now.'

I left the door, and came back into the middle of the room to reconnoitre my fellow prisoners.

The Abbé Vitali, of whom I spoke just now, had with his gentle expression, one of the most beautiful faces I have ever seen. He came forward to say what a pleasure it was to him to be with me, and to offer me a cup of coffee *à la crème*, which I accepted, when I saw that he was hurt by my refusal at first.

As I have already said, this prison contained soldiers of all grades. As for priests, there was only that one. I recognised, however, a former Judge of the Exchequer Court, M. Clément de Saint-Palais, one of the commanders of the National Guard. I did not speak to him, as I regarded him as a deserter from the good cause.

A very old officer, Lieutenant-General in the King's Army, on hearing my name, came up to me. He greeted me in a very friendly way, and said: 'You have been a *Conseiller* of the Parliament of Paris. Will you be so kind as tell me how I ought to answer the interrogations to which I shall soon be subjected.'

I said: 'But how do you come to be here?'

'I was arrested at the Castle in those days of August.'

'Well! You will have to say just the opposite.*

* The French Editor adds a note *Qu'en pensent les casuistes?* (What would casuists think?)

The reader must bear in mind that, throughout this narrative, the Internuncio relates what he actually said and did, and not what he thought he ought to have said and done. He tells Madame de Villeneuve more than once, that he fears, in complying with her wish, he may lose in some measure her esteem.

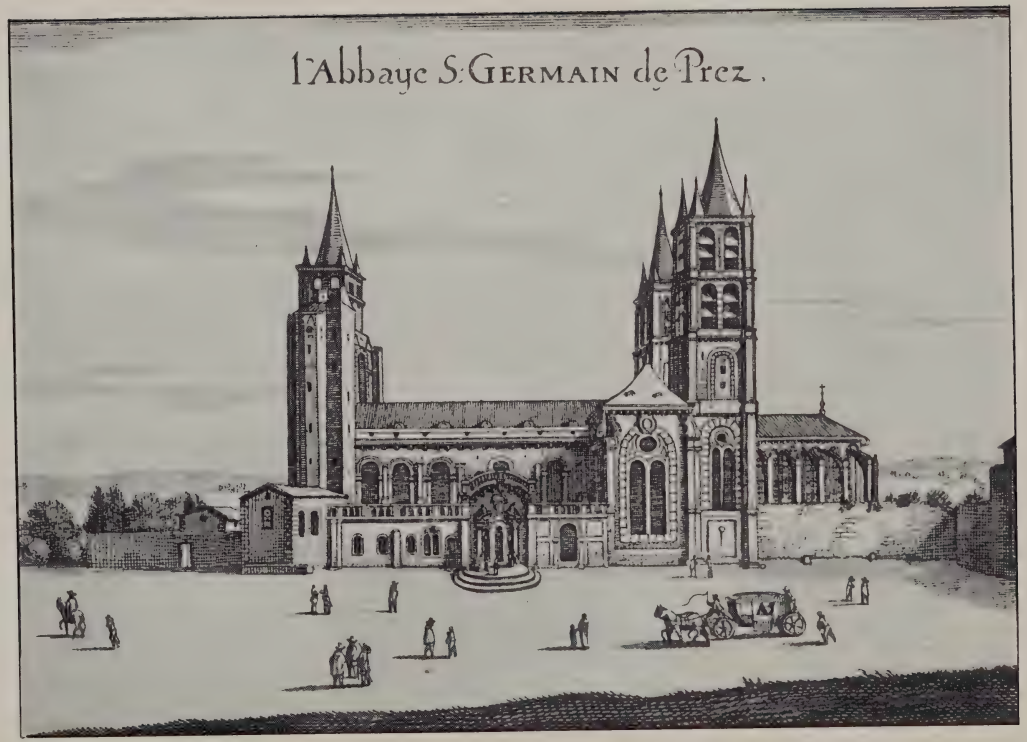
What his real opinion was with regard to falsehood in any matter of consequence, we learn from the last chapter of Book I, where speaking of the priests massacred at the Abbey, he says: 'Not a single one was so base as to tell a lie to save his life.'—Tr.

You will answer that being an old man, nearly eighty, you were in the habit of taking a walk every day in the Champs Elysées; that, on the day of the 10th of August, you were going there as usual, not knowing what was happening at the Castle, and that a patrol seized you in the midst of your walk.'

Just as I had finished my little speech, the man who brought me to the prison, came up to me, and said: 'Come with me.' I said: 'Leave me here, Monsieur, I have just met one of the companions of my childhood, a priest, like myself, and many men of my acquaintance, and I am comfortable here.'

Alas! Unwittingly I was resisting the providence of God, which for twenty years has led me, as it were, by the hand. I was hastening to my ruin. For, I learned later in the day, that all these good people with whom I had wished to remain, had been massacred between three and six o'clock in the evening, and, with them, my poor *Vicaire* of Saint-Merri, in spite of his youth.

The man insisted, and I followed him, thanking everybody, and especially my negro, to whom I gave an order (assignat) for five francs, called *corset.* I asked my old officer to lend it to me, for I had not a halfpenny in my purse.



The Abbey of St Germain des Prés.

CHAPTER V

THE SUNDAY IN PRISON

The Internuncio rejoins his companions.—God's Portion.—The Portion of the Poor.—The last meal.—A monster.

After taking me, in silence, through a long court-yard, he brought me to a very dark room. It had been used as a chapel by a guild of artisans, such as used to be attached to many of the Religious Houses, especially to those of the Jesuits.

I was agreeably surprised to find myself once more among my companions in misfortune, whom I had left in the guardroom the evening before. They seemed pleased to see me, and all of them hastened towards me, saying how anxious they had felt on account of my absence.

After we had exchanged greetings of courtesy and friendship, I examined the building where we were imprisoned.

It was a very large room, that had evidently been unoccupied for a long time, and was lighted by a window, as large as those in churches, and broken in a hundred places. It was all dirty with rain and dust, and covered, as well as the rest of the room, with large cobwebs, such as there are in stables.

Moreover, there were neither beds, nor chairs nor benches, with the exception of one which was narrow and had a very high back; one of those called in Italian an *archibanco*. It would hold twelve or fifteen persons

at a time. As for the floor, the dust lay upon it an inch or two deep.

A careful scrutiny of this room led me to the conclusion, that it was not intended that we should remain here long, and I said to these gentlemen : 'This is only a temporary prison ; there is neither bed, nor chair, nor straw. Meanwhile, a little cleanliness would do us no harm. Let us ask for a couple of brooms and some water, and get rid of all this dirt we are treading upon.' All applauded my suggestion. We called the warder, and asked him to buy two yard-brooms for us, and in this way we managed to attain a little cleanliness.

It was the 2nd of September, forever memorable in the annals of France, as a day of horror and of mourning. It fell, that year, upon a Sunday. I confess I had forgotten it, but a more holy priest than I, the good old Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, remembered it for us. After we had finished our sweeping, he said : 'Gentlemen, to-day is Sunday. It is certain that we shall not be allowed to say, or to hear Mass ; let us then kneel down, and raise our hearts to God for as long a time as the Mass would last.' Everyone applauded, and at once, knelt down to pray. There were, however, some laymen among us, the First President of the Superior Council of Corsica, a Procureur of the Parliament of Paris, a wig-maker, of whom I shall have occasion to speak later, a servant of the Duke of Penthièvre, and five or six soldiers, who had deserted. In short, we were sixty-three in all.

After we had rendered homage to God with much devotion, we began to pace up and down the room, two and two, or in little groups. We talked of our position, of the fate awaiting us, and, above all, of the privations of every kind, to which we were subjected, having neither chair to sit on, nor anything upon which to rest the head ; my companions had, in fact, spent the night in the guard-house, either standing, or lying on the floor ; as for me, I had scarcely slept better by the side of my negro.

Just then, the prison warder entered, and said: 'It is the duty of the nation to supply you with food from this time, but you have arrived unexpectedly, and there is nothing ready for you to-day; so you must arrange for your dinner yourselves; here is an eating-house keeper, that I have brought to you.' The Abbé Godard, Vicar-General of Toulouse, and I, who seemed to have our wits about us more than the others, went up to the restaurant keeper, and said: 'Prepare us a dinner at forty sous per head, within two hours from now . . . we will be responsible for those who cannot pay.'

Besides the soldier deserters, there were two or three priests who looked quite destitute, and, although we were uncertain of our fate, it was a time to be charitable. Moreover, I must say, that I have always noticed in the different prisons where I have been, much good fellowship and generosity among the prisoners; those who had anything, offered it to those who had not.

The time preceding the meal was spent in walking about the room, amid a good deal of confusion; all were talking at once, so that it was difficult to hear one another. As for me, I sat down at the end of the narrow settle that was there, and watched, rather absently, what was passing in the room. I remember well that I was preoccupied, and very sad.

The eating-house keeper had a very long and very narrow table set up, with long benches for us to sit on, and, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the meal was served; I noticed among other things some very fine boiled fowls, but I did not take my place at the table, for, almost at the same moment, my poor Blanchet, who never forgot anything, brought a little repast in a carefully covered basket.

It consisted of soup à la Borghèse without bread, radishes, very tender boiled beef, a plump chicken, artichokes with pepper, one of my favourite dishes, and some fine peaches; besides these, I found a dish of money, and a bottle of wine.

As the mere sound of my voice gave pleasure to this poor woman, I went near the door, and called out: 'Blanchet, I am very well. Your repast is excellent . . . go and dine too, yourself.'

She replied: 'I will have something to eat after three o'clock, if M. Pétion releases you. Besides your being in prison, there is another thing which makes me even more anxious. I notice a great tumult around the prisons, and in the streets I have passed through.'

'What would you have me do?' I answered. 'Do not distress yourself about it.'

I was far from suspecting that they were preparing for the massacres. I went back, and said to my companions: 'I shall not dine with you. An old servant, full of care for me, has just brought my luncheon, without my having asked her, or given any orders . . . but I will pay for the dinner like the others, so that the eating-house keeper may not lose anything.'

They all sat down to the table very cheerfully. As for me, I took my seat on my narrow bench to see what was in my basket; and I also called the poor priest of the Hospital, and said to him: 'I have plenty for two. Will you have the soup, I am very glad to offer it to you; here is the spoon, and I will take the fork myself.' I ate a little beef, the wing of a chicken, some radishes, an artichoke, and two peaches; all the rest, with the exception of the peaches, I gave to the poor priest, whom I had adopted. The poor man ate it all, and he had besides a bottle of good red wine; evidently he had had no breakfast; it distracted my thoughts to watch him eat.

There was among us an old servant of the Duke of Penthièvre, who still wore the narrow gold lace of his livery on his cuffs, He was an excellent man; and I had many a talk with him during our imprisonment. He had taken a great fancy to me, and was always ready to do anything for me. His brother-in-law had just sent him a melon, which he thought very good. When he saw that I was not at the table, he brought me the

half of it, and I had great difficulty in persuading him to leave me only a slice.

Then I went to the Abbé Godard, and said: 'It seems to me you have a very good dinner, well worth forty sous a head,' and I added: 'I beg you not to ask the poor Abbé, who has shared my meal, to pay anything; evidently he has not a single 'baioccho,'* and his feelings might be hurt, if he were obliged to acknowledge he could not pay.' The Abbé Godard answered: 'It will be all right; he shall not be asked.'

These gentlemen went on with their dinner, and made a great noise; they all dined heartily. As for me, I went and sat down on my narrow settle, and as I looked at them I said to myself: 'Good God! how happy they all are!'

Scarcely had I made this reflection, when the warder, drawing back the bolts with a great rattle, opened the door, and said: 'Make haste, the mob are storming the prisons, and have already begun to massacre the prisoners.'

It was then half-past two.

You may easily imagine the consternation into which we were thrown by this dreadful news. Everyone hurriedly left the table without finishing his meal, and the Abbé Godard and I began to collect for the expense of the half-eaten dinner. There was no reckoning; each one put what he liked into the Abbé Godard's hat; there were even fifteen francs over, which we gave to the warder as a tip, to make him more obliging.

Now this man was a monster, as will be seen presently. Once the tables were taken away,—with the exception of one small table, apparently left by oversight, but possibly by design, as the sequel leads us to imagine—he went out, drawing his horrible bolts, and left us to our own thoughts.

---

* A sou.

CHAPTER VI

PREPARING FOR DEATH

Hours which seem centuries.—The crime of the Procureur of the Parliament.—The Tradeswoman of the Place Maubert, and the two young Minims.—The last Absolution.—The Wig-maker of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.—'I am an honest man, and that is my crime.'—The Abbé Godard, the Optimist.—A scoundrel of a jailor!

We were all in a state of excitement. Some cried: 'What will become of us!' others: 'We are to die then!' Many went to the door, in the vain hope of looking through the keyhole,—there was no keyhole, for prison-doors never open except from the outside, and have no opening on the inside; others jumped, to try and see through the windows which were fourteen feet from the floor; others walked about, heedless of where they were going, and knocked themselves violently against the settle, and the table, that had been left in the room. For my part, I remained sitting at the end of my narrow bench, observing everything, and counting the time by the clock, which gave twelve strokes every quarter of an hour. I was impatient for the time to pass, for I hoped that night would put an end to our anxiety, by putting an end to the massacres. Poor simpleton that I was! I little knew the fury and the villany of our assassins.

Now and again, I called to the others to keep quiet, for I was afraid the great noise we were making would attract the attention of the people outside, and hasten our destruction. We began to hear the shouts of the

mob, like a mighty roar in the distance. My companions would often be silent at my word, but soon began again their aimless pacing up and down the room.

Then I rose from my seat, and went among them, to restrain them a little by my presence. I sought out the Procureur of the Parliament, who had so generously given me his mattress, in the prison at the Mairie. He was the most timid of men, and was trembling in every limb, as if he had the ague, and possibly, indeed, he had. I said: 'Calm yourself, my dear Féron, you are not a priest, and most likely you will be spared; but tell me, while we are on that subject, what are you in prison for?' 'For concealing the village curé in my house; a refractory* priest, whom I have known for forty years.'

'You must not be discouraged, or lose your head,' I replied: 'I wish I had your chance of acquittal. You have only to plead that you are the father of a family—with five children—that you are not a noble, and that you do not know what you are in prison for.'

Alas! it was written in the destiny of this man that he should die. He was massacred at two o'clock in the morning. He lost his head, and said exactly the reverse of what he ought to have said.

Then I joined two young Minims: one was a deacon, the other a sub-deacon—the younger had the face of an angel. They bowed to me with the greatest respect. I said: 'How comes it, gentlemen, that, young as you are, you have drawn upon yourselves the attention of those who have put you in prison?'

The elder replied: 'We were concealed in the house of a well-meaning woman, who kept a shop in the Place Maubert; some of her neighhours owed her a grudge, and we were discovered, and denounced; she was sent to La Force, and we to the Mairie.'

'It is very hard on you.'

---

* A priest who had refused the oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.—Tr.

'Oh! no, sir,' said the younger, 'I do not look upon it as a hardship to die for religion . . .; on the contrary, my fear is that they will not put me to death, because I am only a sub-deacon.'

I was deeply moved on hearing these words, worthy of the early martyrs of the Church. I confess they even made me blush, for I felt ashamed to find such noble and beautiful sentiments in a mere youth, while I was so little inclined to think like him.

For the moment I was speechless with amazement, but, recovering myself quickly, I said: 'Give thanks to God; if you are not a priest, you are called to martyrdom . . . besides, you have the desire of martyrdom, and that is as great in the sight of God. Perhaps He is reserving you, to do great things in His service.'

At this moment I was interrupted by the entrance of the warder, who told us that the people were in a state of frenzy, that there had been a frightful massacre in the outer courts, and that all those who were in the prison, where Monsieur the Abbé had slept—he said these words looking at me—had been cut down, and all were dead.

It was then five o'clock in the evening.

This sudden news made me shudder, and calling to mind my own conduct, I thanked God for having withdrawn me from that prison, against my will.

We were all in a state of consternation. By a kind of inspiration, we turned to the Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, that venerable old man of eighty, who had a great reputation for sanctity, and we begged him to give us absolution *in articulo mortis*.

The holy priest, who maintained the calm of a pure soul, answered that the danger did not appear to him sufficiently imminent, and that we ought to prepare for death in a manner more conformable to the spirit of the Church. He added, that there were priests among us who were accustomed to administer the sacraments, and that we should dispose ourselves for death by a good confession.

What will you think of my apparent coldness and indifference, Madame? By complying with your wish, I risk the loss of your esteem, and of the good opinion you have, perhaps too readily, formed of me; but I have promised to describe to you this most terrible epoch in my life in all sincerity. I must not omit any incident, and if I must write down things which are to my advantage, neither do I wish to appear better than I am. I desire to show you my weakness, as well as my courage, and how, at this supreme moment, my thoughts turned rather to the world than to eternity.

I must own, therefore, that instead of thinking about making my confession, I went mechanically back to my accustomed seat; my fellow prisoners seemed to leave it for me, for I always found it empty. There, with my face buried in my hands, I gazed, through my crossed fingers, at what was going on around me, without being able to analyse my impressions.

I saw a number of priests sit down on the bench, that had been left beside the table after the meal, and others kneel down to make their confessions. I remained almost motionless, in this attitude for an hour. I even felt my eyelids droop, and I remember I had to make an effort to drive away sleep. Then, from time to time I said the *Pater* and the *Ave Maria*, my favourite prayers; I am so much accustomed to saying them, that I repeat them as I walk along the road. I still continued to count the strokes when the clock struck: 'Ah!' I said, 'that is seven o'clock; in an hour's time it will be dark, and these scoundrels will go away.'

Just then, the thought flashed through my mind that I was not doing the same as the others; I rose quickly, and went to the Curé of Saint-Jean, who happened not to be hearing any one's confession at the moment, and I threw myself at his feet. He was standing, and, as he was very tall, he knelt down in order to hear me.

My sorrowful confession was interrupted by the

arrival of that dreadful warder, who took delight in giving us false news; he called out in a rough voice: 'The people are more and more enraged. . . . There are two thousand men, or more, in the Abbey.'

We could, indeed, hear the uproar increasing, and the yells of the mob, which, up to that time, we had been unable to distinguish, now reached us.

The warder added: 'We have just heard that all the priests at the Carmelites' have been massacred.'

Later, we learned that many had escaped along the walls, which divide the grounds of the Carmelites from other gardens. I pointed out these walls to you, Madame, when we went to the Carmelites' together.

At this heart-rending intelligence, my companions, with one accord, threw themselves at the feet of the Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, beside whom I had remained kneeling, as if petrified; and we all—priests and laymen—with one voice, begged earnestly and with deep contrition, for the absolution *in articulo mortis*. The holy man, who had remained kneeling by my side, calmly arose. His great height gave yet more dignity to his attitude, which truly betokened a man of God. After a moment of silent prayer, he bade us repeat the *Confiteor*, and make an act of faith, of contrition, and of love of God, which we each did with much piety; after this, with great devotion, he gave us the absolution *in articulo mortis*, as we had all so ardently desired. Then he turned to me and said: 'I am myself a great sinner: it was not for me to give the absolution, rather for you, sir, you who are the Minister of the Vicar of our Divine Saviour. I pray you, give me absolution with as much simplicity as I have just given it to you.'

I own, I was struck dumb by these words, and I needed a moment of recollection to recall the formula which I had to pronounce. Then I rose, and I blessed the holy old man rather than gave him absolution.

From the moment of receiving absolution we had all remained on our knees. The Curé now said to us:

'We may look upon ourselves as sick men, at the point of death, but preserving their reason and full consciousness, so we ought not to omit anything which may draw down upon us the mercy of God; I will recite the prayers for the dying, join with me, in order that God may have pity on us.'

He began the well-known litanies, to which we responded with great fervour. The tone in which the holy priest pronounced the first prayer beginning: 'Go forth, O Christian souls, from this world in the name of God the Father Almighty, etc.,' greatly moved our fellow-prisoners, and nearly all melted into tears.

There were some laymen who complained aloud at having to die so young, and let fall some curses on our assassins. The good Curé interrupted them, gently pointing out to them that we must forgive generously, and that, perhaps, God, pleased with our resignation, might bring about some means of escape for us.

This act of our holy religion, destined to console those who are in their agony, being over, we all arose. . . .

For my part, I was not absolutely convinced of the danger, and had a secret presentiment that I should be spared. Still, I was far from being free from anxiety, and was lost in thought and sadness.

Night came. They had left us without any lamp, but we were lighted by the moon that shone in the heavens with all her brilliancy. I must own I had been mistaken in my calculations, for the massacre continued, and the silence of the night seemed to increase the tumult. Then, by a reaction of feeling, the striking of the clock, which had been so welcome before, became almost intolerable.

At this moment a young man came up to me; he was a wig-maker. He bowed, raising his hat, and said: 'I have not the honour of knowing you, but I have been struck with the courage you have displayed all day, and something tells me that you will not die. I come to beg you to render me a little service when you are released from prison.'

I replied: 'You are mistaken. I am a priest, and as such, am in greater danger than others.'

'In any case, sir, do me the kindness to take this letter for my wife, and give it to her when you shall be released from prison. As for me,' he added, bursting into tears, 'I know who they are that sent me here, and there is little doubt that they are among the assassins who await my death. I live at No. 22 Rue des Amandiers in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. I am an honest man, and that is my crime.'

'If it will give you any comfort for me to take charge of your letter, I will do so, and I promise you, in the event of your presentiment coming true, I will carry it to your wife, at the earliest opportunity, after my release from prison.' The letter was open, and I read it. It was a masterpiece of tenderness and delicate feeling for his wife; it gave her, besides very wise advice, special directions with regard to the education of his son, whom he did not wish to be brought up to be a wig-maker.

This unhappy man was massacred, as he had foreseen, and I carried out his wishes. I took his letter, and found a very pleasing young woman in mourning. It seems she had already heard of her husband's death, for I had not been able to go to her until a fortnight after the massacre. She was in deep distress, questioned me at great length, and several times kissed her husband's letter.

Towards ten o'clock, in the evening, the warder reappeared, accompanied by two men carrying baskets of wine; he said: 'Monsieur Pétion, the mayor of Paris, is coming with a battalion of the National Guard; he wishes to interrogate you in person, and those who are not guilty will be spared . . . I have brought you some bottles of wine, and here is a light, for we had forgotten to leave you a candle.'

At this news, all my companions regained courage. They questioned this cruel man, who only answered with lies, as he placed the bottles on the table. I saw

a ray of joy light up their faces; they were no longer the same men, who, a moment before, had prostrated themselves on the ground, full of compunction, imploring the mercy of God. A sad figure of the dying sinner who returns to life! They surrounded the table and began to drink, while eating a little bread.

As for me, I was not deceived, and I said to the Abbé Godard, who ought to have had more penetration:

'How can you, Abbé, rejoice at the words of this man, whose sole idea is to sell his wine, and get a good price for it, as he did for the dinner. I do not grudge you the pleasure of drinking, but most certainly, that man is not telling the truth. Up to this time, he has constantly predicted our death, how should he now bring us a message of hope?'

The Abbé Godard replied: 'You are a most extraordinary man. You see nothing but executioners everywhere; what this man says, is very probable.'

I did not answer, and turned my back on him.

Then it occured to me that I had left some peaches in my basket, which was at the end of the little bench where I had been sitting nearly all day, and I went to fetch them. I noticed at the same time my dish of money. I took it, and put it in my pocket, saying to myself: 'If they kill me, they will find it on me, and, if I escape, I shall not have to come back here to look for it.'

You will wonder, Madame, that, at the very moment when I was exhorting others not to enjoy themselves, and to think of dying rather than of drinking, I should, myself, come to forget my sad position, and begin to eat a couple of peaches, instead of remaining in prayer, awaiting my fate. I cannot explain it, except by saying that it is a strange effect of the levity and inconsistency of the human mind.

When the warder thought he had allowed sufficient time for them to drink his wine, he returned for the bottles, and his money; then he added: 'M. Pétion

has not been able to wait; you will not be interrogated until to-morrow: but he has left the National Guard to protect you.'

All this was false. Pétion, who had been assigned to the Mairie three days before, had never come, and the National Guard took part in the massacre with the people.

The words of this dreadful man dispelled the calm of my poor companions, and they began to bewail themselves, and to wander up and down the room, making no little noise. As for me, after watching them for some time, I rejoined the Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, who was walking about all alone, praying to God, as I thought, but preserving a great calm.

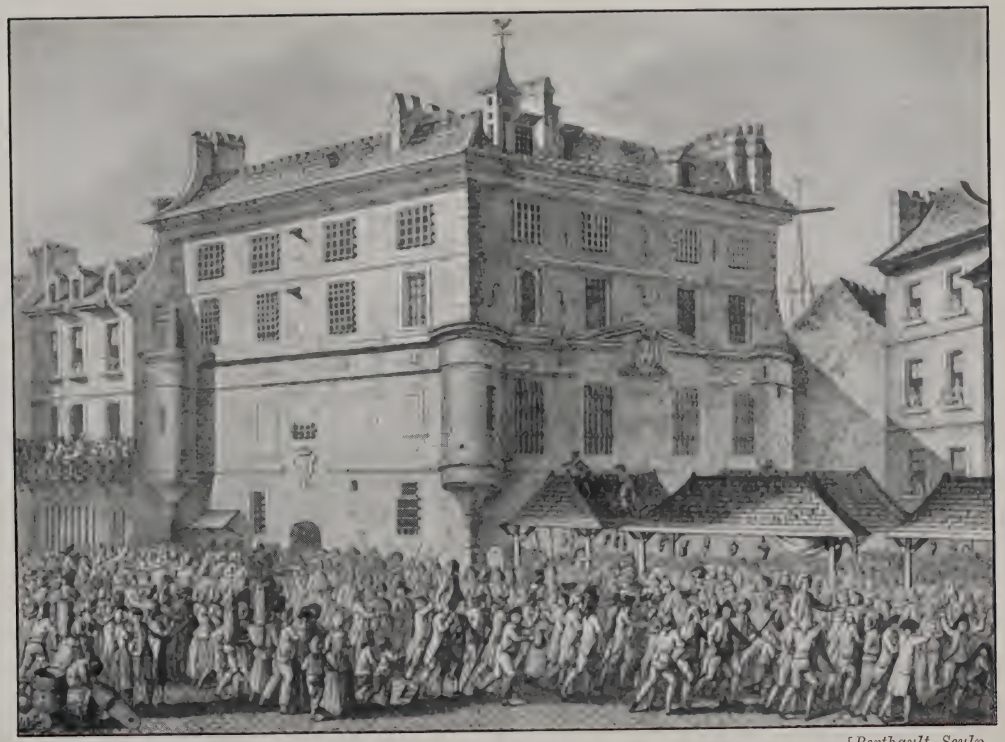
I said: 'Monsieur le Curé, you see I was not mistaken, the warder is a scoundrel. I was right in urging our companions not to drink his wine.'

'Alas, sir, you are right: but you have still the fire of youth, untempered by experience. If you should ever live to be as old as I am, you too will know how to be pitiful and indulgent to human weakness.'

Meanwhile we heard the noise outside grow louder, and seem to come nearer. I begged my companions to listen to me; they at once came to me, and I said: 'You are making so much noise that you may draw attention to us. . . . We have only been here since the morning, and, until then, this room had not been used as a prison. It is possible the people do not know there are any prisoners here. . . .'

I never suspected then, that the warder was a monster, and was coming himself, at the head of the assassins, to point out the victims.

I added: 'We ought to keep absolutely still, so that if any of the murderers come this way, hearing no sound, and seeing no light, they may pass on. So, let us not stir from our place, and await our fate with resignation.' They all followed my advice, and some even came and sat down beside me among them the Abbé Godard.



Prieur ino. and del.] [*Berthault, Sculp.*

THE GAOL OF THE ABBEY OF ST GERMAIN DES PRÉS.

[*To face p. 47.*

CHAPTER VII

THE MOB

The mob invade the Prison.—Fear gives wings.—Under the pikes.—'Come Abbé, go forward.'—A worthy woman with one fault.—On the way to the Tribunal.

SCARCELY had we placed ourselves in this position—it was half past eleven in the evening; that wretched clock had just struck—when the doors were stormed with repeated blows. There were two doors, facing each other, one at either end of the room. You may imagine our feelings when we heard those first blows; we were stunned, and remained motionless. Suddenly, I heard a loud noise close to me. I turned quickly, and saw that the Abbé Godard was no longer there; I looked up, and noticed that a part of the window was wide open. I confess I felt my anger rise against the Abbé Godard. I said to myself: 'He is much wanting in charity and generosity; he finds out a way of hiding himself, and does not offer to share it with me.' I rose quickly, and without a moment's hesitation, placing one foot on the little bench and the other on the back of the 'archibanco,' with a spring, which I cannot explain even by the agility I possessed in those days, I found myself on the window-sill, which was at least fourteen feet from the floor. Looking down, I saw the Abbé Godard in a little yard, which seemed to me to lie at a great depth below; however, it was necessary to get down, and, as I was afraid of breaking my legs if I jumped, I decided to slide down with my face to the wall. I succeeded in

this, and reached the ground, without mishap, beyond a slight scratch on the thigh, my clothing being torn.

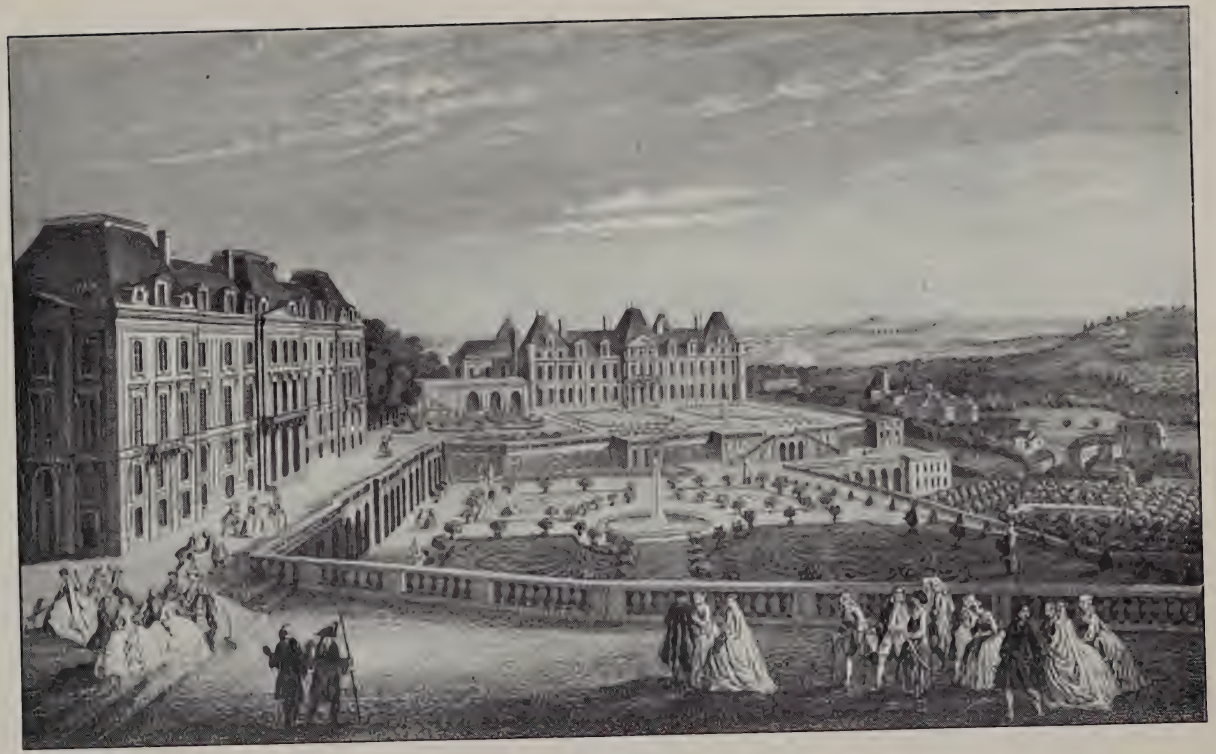
All this takes a good while to relate, but it was done with the swiftness of thought. 'Well Abbé! What are you doing here?' I said to the Abbé Godard. 'Where is the door? I see only one,' and even that one seemed to be stopped up with plaster. It was evidently a yard, long disused by the monks.

However, thirteen of our fellow-prisoners had followed us, and among them the Duke de Penthièvre's servant, who was sixty years of age; the fear of death gives wings.

As soon as the prison-doors were forced, the crowd rushed in, crying: 'They have escaped! they have escaped!'

We were soon discovered, and the people rushed upon us in a body. The door, which was only blocked with a little plaster, was soon opened; some men even climbed on to the walls of our little court-yard, the walls being much lower on the outside, and from there they threatened us with their pikes, which, happily, were very short, all the while shouting and cursing; others stood at the door, but without entering. As for us, we were crouching down in the opposite corner . . . in order to avoid the pikes. We were as if dead with terror, and, I own, I trembled like the others; I murmured in French 'Our Father who art in Heaven,' the Angelical Salutation, and an Act of Contrition. I was afraid we should be massacred on the spot, as I heard afterwards had been done to the prisoners at the Carmelites.

While we were in this painful position, a rough voice suddenly called out: 'The Abbé Godard.' As may easily be imagined, the Abbé was in no hurry to go forward, or even to answer the call. Fearing lest the crowd should become irritated by his silence, I said: 'Come Abbé, you are known here; go forward then . . . otherwise you will have us all massacred on the spot. Perhaps your gigantic stature'—you will remember he



[*Rouargue frères, del. and sc.*

THE CHÂTEAU DE MEUDON.

was six foot one—'will overawe them' These words gave him courage, and he went towards the door, when a big stout man suddenly seized him by the collar of his 'justaucorps'* crying: 'The scoundrel! The brigand!' Then they disappeared in the crowd. I supposed he was being led away to be massacred; and for a fortnight, I remained under the conviction that he was dead; but one day, I met him in a street of the Faubourg St Honoré opposite the Palais Monchenu. I was so much surprised that it was some moments before I said to myself! 'Why! If it is not the Abbé Godard!' He told me that these men—to all appearance so violent—had only come to save him, and that they had acted in the way I have described, and made believe to ill-treat him, in order not to excite the suspicion of the others; he added, that he himself had believed that his last hour had come.

The men had been sent by the notorious Manuel, Procureur of the Commune; moreover, he had given no written order for fear of compromising himself, especially as he might not be obeyed, and thus suspicion would fall upon him. Manuel had yielded to the earnest entreaties of his mistress, who had known the Abbé for a long time. The mother of a doctor, she was a hunchback, like Æsop, but very beautiful and witty; for the rest, a worthy woman, apart from her weakness in being the mistress of a scoundrel; yet this expression is a little too strong for Manuel, seeing that he shared the fate of his august King, having been unwilling to condemn him to death.

This lady had a house at Meudon, and, as towards the close of his reign, the King used sometimes to visit the Castle there, she had the opportunity of meeting him in a grove, where she was in the habit of going in order to see him. The King, struck, no doubt, with the really extraordinary charm of this woman, one day

* A close fitting coat.

asked her who she was, and in the end, she gained his confidence. I repeat that she was full of intelligence, and most attractive in manners and conversation. She told the King what she knew; and he even gave her apartments at the Tuileries before the events of the 10th August. The unhappy monarch had excited the deepest sympathy of this woman. She had gained complete ascendancy over Manuel, and in the early days of the King's imprisonment, when he had still the use of a part of his house, Manuel would have connived at his escape, if an illustrious lady had fallen in with his views. But these details are too remote from the massacres for me to dwell upon them longer. I can, however, testify to their accuracy, having heard them from the mouth of this worthy woman herself, whom I afterwards had occasion to see.

If I have allowed myself this short digression, I have done it that I may not be always speaking of myself; and I thought too, that it would give you pleasure, Madame, for me to speak for a moment of that illustrious and most unhappy monarch, from whom your father and grandfather deservedly received marks of kindness and confidence.

I now return to myself. After the Abbé Godard had been arrested and had disappeared, no one else was called. The assassins remained before the door, looking at us with curiosity, rather than anger. Then, without much reflection, carried away by my natural impetuosity, impatient to put an end to this cruel suspense, and perhaps hoping to overawe them, I went quickly towards the door, and said: 'Here I am; I am not guilty in any way.' The people, thinking perhaps that I was about to escape, turned their pikes and sabres against me. I do not know whether it was imagination or reality, but I seemed to feel a prick, and this made me take a step back. At the same time I said with energy: 'Wretches! What do you mean to do? I affirm that I am not guilty in any way.' At these words, an elderly man, who looked as

if he came from the country, whose hands were red with blood, and who wore a carter's smock, also stained with blood, and carried in his hand a lighted torch, said: 'Come with me, and if you are not guilty no harm will happen to you.'

I immediately linked my arm in his. The crowd, that was huddled together at the door, drew back on each side, and allowed me to pass, without insulting me. I did not speak a single word on the way, although it was a considerable distance, as we passed through a long court-yard, and part of the garden. We walked, escorted by a great crowd of armed men, amid a number of torches, and under the rays of a beautiful moon, that threw her light upon all these rogues.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MASSACRE

The Pretorium and the Judges.—The Strategy of the Internuncio. —The Ranks of the Martyrs.

At last, we reached the monastic buildings, and entered a low room, with a glazed folding-door, opening on to the garden. In the middle of the room was a large table, with a green cloth, upon which were some quires of paper covered with writing, and an inkstand, and pens. The table was surrounded by a number of men, who were disputing so hotly with one another, that they paid no attention to me; the one in the middle was dressed in black, and even had his hair powdered; he seemed to preside.

The man who had given me his arm, having left me there, I sat down at the end opposite the door, where I found a closed window, with a sill upon which I could sit. Having taken up this position, unnoticed by anyone, as I thought, I glanced around, and saw that I had been followed, not only by those of my companions who had escaped with me, but, also, by those who had been taken prisoners in the room. They all came mechanically towards me, and thus formed a long line extending to the door; just in front of me was the Duke of Penthièvre's servant, and I found myself the furthest of us all from the door; it was a fortunate position; for, if they began with those nearest the door—which was what actually happened—I should naturally be massacred the last.

Apparently we were not known; and the Watch Committee of the Mairie had caused us to be removed, without thinking of sending the list of the prisoners, whose names had not been entered in the jailor's book; and, as a matter of fact, we had not been subjected to this last formality; they had simply said that we were refractory priests.

Notwithstanding my reluctance to lay aside the ecclesiastical dress, I had decided to do so after the 10th August.

I then told Madame Blanchet that, as she wished me to leave off the dress of a priest, I should prefer to be completely disguised; and I asked her to have made for me a grey coat, a red 'justaucorps' and stockings of pure white China silk. This fine costume having only been brought to me on the eve of my imprisonment, I had forgotten to tie my hair; so when I was in prison, I undid the lace of white thread from my knee-breeches and tied my hair with it, in order that I might not be recognised; moreover, I was very badly dressed; arrested at midnight, and obliged to dress quickly, I had taken an old *habit de chambre** that I found ready to hand. I had a very common look, for, contrary to my habit, I had not been able to shave or powder my hair since the Saturday; my face, too, must have been haggard on account of my recent fever, and the moral and physical sufferings I had passed through, during the last twenty-four hours.

We were there, awaiting our fate, when a violent quarrel arose among our judges; they were furious because certain individuals, especially the commissaries, were not at their post. Many wanted to go and pull them out of bed, and bring them by force. Others said: 'So much the worse for them! If they will not take part in the nation's vengeance . . . we will denounce them to the Commune.'

---

* Apparently a coat, which he wore in his own room, and which was not distinctively ecclesiastical.—Tr.

At length, by dint of ringing his bell, the President obtained a little silence. One of the Committee then took up the word, and said: 'We are only wasting our time here on trifles. . . . What on earth does it matter whether certain people are present or not. The vengeance of the nation is entrusted to us. . . . Here is a batch of scoundrels waiting for the just punishment of their crimes. Those men are all "Calotins," that is to say, priests. They are the sworn enemies of the Nation, and have refused to take the oath. . . . You know many of them tried to escape; they had no confidence in the justice of the patriots . . . they are nothing but aristocrats . . . the whole lot of them. . . . We must begin with them . . . there is no question that they are the most guilty.'

As I noticed that only a small number of the people were on the side of this wretched man, I advanced to the table, and raising both hands to heaven, I exclaimed with emotion: 'No! No! We did not wish to escape. Only at the noise of the door being broken in, we were frightened, and leaped into that court-yard, at the risk of breaking our legs. We thought assassins were upon us, and would murder us on the spot, but, when we recognised the National Guard, we went to meet them.' Some one else added: 'Men naturally fly from danger . . . they should be interrogated, and we shall see clearly in the course of the interrogation, whether they are only guilty of wishing to escape.' Thereupon, the President asked: 'Do you wish them to be interrogated?' And all cried, 'Yes, Yes.'

Then the President, turning to the right, addressed the prisoner nearest to the door, who was at the head of the file. It was the Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève; the old man, who walked slowly, had doubtless been unable to advance further into the room. The interrogatory was short, like all the others that followed. The President said to him: 'Have you taken the oath?' The Curé replied with the calmness of a good

conscience: 'No, I have not taken it.' At the same moment a blow of a sabre, directed against his head, but which fortunately missed the mark, struck off his wig, and showed a bald head, which the years had hitherto respected, but which the sword of the assassin was soon to lay low. The blows were redoubled, both on his head and on his body, which was soon stretched on the ground; they seized him by the feet, dragged him outside, and in a few moments returned crying: 'Long live the Nation!' This death touched me deeply; I trembled in every limb, and I had only just time to sit down, or rather fall down on the little window-sill. I murmured to myself, with my eyes full of tears: 'Great Saint! Happy old man! You who are now in Heaven, pray for me, that the absolution you gave me on earth may not be unavailing for my salvation; obtain for me the grace to die with the calmness, gentleness and resignation that you have just shown.'

It was next the turn of the Abbé de Bouzet, Vicar-General of Rheims, whose brother, whom I afterwards came to know well, was a flag-officer. The President asked him: 'Have you taken the oath?' He answered in such a weak voice that I could scarcely hear him: 'I have not taken it.' Then they shouted: 'Take him away'; and immediately some of the assassins separated him from us, surrounded him, and, without carrying him, pushed him outside into the garden, which was the scene of the massacre, and was on the same level as the room. Mechanically, I followed him with my eyes, and I saw his arms raised in the air, as if to ward off the blows of sabre and pike, which were struck at him with so much force. I turned my eyes quickly away, saying to myself: 'I cannot escape death, for I have not taken the oath.' Soon we heard them shout anew: 'Long live the Nation!' The Abbé de Bouzet was no more.

They came back, and turned to the poor procureur to whom I had given a lesson, and who had not profited

by it; for at the first question, instead of saying that he was not a priest, he lost his head and said: 'I acknowledge having concealed a refractory priest in my house.' Upon this, they all exclaimed: 'The villain! He wanted to save a Calotin!' They even added an insult which I cannot repeat here. Then, vociferating: 'Death! Death!' they struck him on the spot; his wig fell off like that of the poor Curé; they dragged him out of the room, and soon terrible shouts announced his death.

Immediately after this, they massacred the Abbé Capparuis, my fellow-countryman, a man of a very retiring disposition; he was the priest in charge of the parish of St Paul, where he was respected by everyone.

Just then, the worthy servant of the Duke of Penthièvre turned towards me, with his eyes full of tears. I said: 'Calm yourself, my friend; it is easy to see what you are . . . What do you think they would want to do to a poor man like you? But be sure you tell them you are an unfortunate servant, the father of a family, with children depending on you, and that you were arrested as you were going down the Rue des Arts . . . Above all, do not lose your head like the procureur . . . And now, move a little farther away from me.'

My object was to isolate myself, so that, seeing me away from the others, those who were nearest the table would come to forget me, and I might take the first favourable moment to withdraw. I do not know if the worthy fellow understood me, but very soon he rejoined the others, who were now some distance away, as the rank had been much thinned. They had massacred one after the other, the Abbé Gervais, secretary to the Archbishop, the Vicar-General of Strasbourg, the poor priest of the Hospital, and the President of the Superior Council of Corsica. By this time, it must have been close upon three o'clock in the morning. I say 'must have been,' for I had ceased

to pay any attention to the strokes of the clock. I had become, as it were, insensible to the massacres which went on incessantly, and I had no thought except for myself, although by the light of the numerous torches which fell upon this horrible execution, I saw all my fellow-prisoners perish before my eyes. I felt a death-like cold through all my body, and my feet were like ice; all my blood had gone to my head; my face burned, and half lowering my eyes, it seemed to me it was all on fire. I frequently passed my right hand through my hair, and whilst trying to think of a way to save my life, I mechanically scratched my head, with such force that I must have torn up my hair from the roots, for, from that time, it began to fall off in large tufts, so that, within three months, I had become as bald as I am now, although, until then, I had had plenty of hair.

Yet, I confess to my shame, in spite of my imminent danger, and although at the point of death, I was not wholly absorbed in God, nor resigned to die; on the contrary, I never ceased turning over in my mind how I could escape the terrible death awaiting me. Those blows of the sabre and pike froze me with terror, but they did not produce in me that piety which ought to fill our last hour. I frequently recited the *Pater* and the *Ave Maria*, and also the *Act of Contrition*, but without the deep feeling which the approach of death inspires. If the danger in which I found myself kept me in a state of anxiety, I always returned to the same idea: what could I possibly do to avoid the question concerning the oath?

From time to time the massacre was suspended, in order to receive deputations from the other Sections, who came to report on the state of their prisons and the massacres which were going on there. The deputations from the Homme Armé and the Arsenal, in particular, informed us of the horrors that had been committed at La Force and at St Firmin.

Then came the turn of the wig-maker. He defended

himself bravely, but they had already sworn his death, as he had told me. They charged him especially with refusing to follow the Faubourg St Antoine on the day of the 10th August, and with being an 'aristocrat,' so he must die.

Next they turned their attention to the two poor Minims. The President asked them if they had taken the oath, but before they could answer, someone sitting at the table, who probably knew them, interposed in their defence, saying: 'Those are not priests, and are not in a position to take the oath.' Another replied: 'But they are fanatics, rogues, they must die.' This gave rise to a dispute; the more violent tried to drag them into the garden to be massacred: the others seized them by the arms, to keep them in the room. The struggle arrested my attention, and I distinctly saw that the sub-deacon, who had longed so much for death, offered less resistance to those who were trying to drag him outside, than to those who wished to save him.

At last the villains got the upper hand, and the Minims were massacred.

[*Rouargue frères, del. and sc.*

THE CHURCH OF THE JESUITS IN THE RUE ST ANTOINE.

[*To face p.* 58.

CHAPTER IX

A HAPPY DIVERSION

The Deputation from the Marseillais.—A bevitore di sangue (*a drinker of blood*).—*A* Pasticcio *of Revolutionary Eloquence.—The tragic death of two young men of the Life Guards.—A gleam of hope.*

After this, the Abbé Simon was massacred, the old Abbé who had come to see his brother at the Mairie, and had been detained. They had said to him: 'As you are here, stay; for in one way or another, it will not be long before you come back to us.'

Just after he had been killed, there came a deputation from the Committee of the Jacobins, who met in the church of the Cordeliers. They were a most bloodthirsty set, and included among their leaders the notorious Marat. Nearly all of them were drawn from the famous band of Marseillais, who came to Paris for the outrages of the 10th August.

They were received with great honours. The President made them come near, and invited them to speak. The leader of the deputation then read a resolution of the Union of the Cordeliers, asking that two prisoners, who were not present, but were confined in another prison of the Abbaye, should be pardoned. After passing a high eulogium on the Union of the Cordeliers, and the deputation of the Marseillais, the President said he would put their request to the meeting; thereupon he asked if any one opposed the motion.

A young man of the Section of the Unity, who wore

his hair powdered, and a carter's smock all covered with blood, then rose, and said: 'Monsieur le President, I oppose the request of the Marseillais. The prisoners for whom they ask mercy, are rogues of royalist conspirators. I know them—the time for leniency is past—the moderates are doing us more harm than the aristocrats,' and finally, after a multitude of imprecations, he ended with this atrocious proposition: 'I move that we resolve on cruelty.'

The fury with which he spoke made me shudder. Ah! how could I save my life with such an executioner? I noticed, however, that the people had received this speech in silence, and without applause. Taking courage by this kind of disclaimer, summoning all my resolution, and making a great effort over myself, I advanced to the table—it was not so completely surrounded, but that I could find room—extending my right arm with clenched fist, I shouted, trying to imitate the tone and voice of these blood-thirsty men: 'Monsieur le President, is it possible that a single man can be found among us to oppose the petition of the Marseillais? Who does not know that the patriotism of the Marseillais burns brighter than the sun which shines upon them? Who can doubt that, when the Marseillais interest themselves in two prisoners, it is because those two prisoners are the two greatest patriots in Paris? . . . the motion, that has just been proposed to you, to pass a resolution in favour of cruelty, is an insult to a nation, renowned alike for clemency and generosity. I move, Monsieur le President, that these two prisoners be brought here instantly, and pardoned,' and by way of conclusion I brought my fist down with a bang upon the green table cloth. The room resounded with applause, and on all sides there were cries of 'Bravo! Bravo!' As may readily be imagined, the Marseillais, about a dozen of whom were present, were not the last to applaud. As for me, I did not think it advisable to await the result of my daring apostrophe, and promptly retired within the embrasure of the

window, where there was the narrow ledge for me to sit down upon. I was in a state of extreme agitation; I dreaded, above all, lest some one opposed to the Marseillais, should come and recognise me, and owing me a grudge, should kill me on the spot. I was unquestionably in a high fever; I felt myself, after this effort, completely bathed in perspiration; I trembled in every limb; although I was sitting down, my heart beat, as if I had just made a long journey by forced marches, and I was panting for breath. In short, I cannot describe my condition at that moment.

The uproar lasted a long time, but, at length, by dint of clanging an enormous hand-bell, silence was restored, and the President said: 'I will now put the motion of the last speaker.' They all, or at least the greater number, cried: 'Carried! Carried!' The President then read the resolution of the committee of the Cordeliers, after which four men armed with pikes, and four others bearing torches, were told off to fetch the two prisoners.

At this moment, an incident occured, which absorbed my attention, aud filled me with horror. It seems that during the Sunday they had brought into the prison some quite young men, whom they had recognised as belonging to the new Guard of the King—For the moment, they had found favour, and had been placed in the 'Violon' a little prison which served as the depôt of the Section, and the door of which opened upon the scene of the butchery. This had been done in order to allow time to obtain information about them; they had said they lived in the Rue St Victor; it was a false address, and they had given it in the hope they would be eventually forgotten. The commissaries, who had been sent to make the enquiry, returned furious, declaring that the scoundrels had deceived them, that they had been the whole length of the street without finding anyone, who could give the least information about them; they added, that they were 'assassins,' and must be punished immediately. Then the mob

howled with those accents that make the blood run cold : 'Death ! Death !' They were brought out at once ; two young men of splendid physique and with fine faces. I have since tried to gather some information about them, but could never learn anything more than that, as I have said, they formed part of the new Royal Guard. At first, they were loaded with insults ; then one miscreant, more cowardly than the rest, struck the taller of the two a violent blow with the sabre, to which he only replied by a shrug of the shoulders. Then began a horrible struggle between these blood-thirsty villains, and the two young men, who, although unarmed, defended themselves like lions ; they threw many of them down, and I believe, if they had only had a knife, they would have been victorious. At last, all pierced with blows, they fell on the very floor of the room. They seemed in despair at the thought of dying, and I heard one of them exclaim ; 'Must we die at our age ! and like this !'

This terrible death-struggle filled me with so much dread, that I lost what little calmness I had recovered, when I heard pardon granted to the Marseillais. I seemed to see the sabre-thrusts every instant on my head, and to feel my body pierced with the pikes. For the first time a genuine fear of death came over me, and I believed it to be inevitable. God also restored to me all my fervour, and I murmured with sincere devotion from the depths of my heart, and even half aloud so that anyone listening attentively might have heard me : 'My God, I see plainly that I must die. . . . If I have done nothing to merit heaven, set it down to the impetuosity of youth'—— I was then only thirty-two years old—'and not to the want of faith, or of religion. . . . Thou knowest that I love Thee, that my intentions have always been upright ; that I have never spoken against Thy holy religion ; that I love to succour the poor, to practise charity, the virtue that pleases Thee above all others ;

then have pity on me. . . . And thou, O Virgin Mary, who never disregardest the dying sinner's prayer, have pity on me too! I am wearing thy holy scapular; if it should be found on me, it would be turned into ridicule; do not allow it. . . . Thou hast said thou art our refuge in danger, obtain for me the strength to die bravely in the midst of these torments, the very thought of which makes me shudder.'

During this interval, the assassins carried the bodies of the two young soldiers into the garden, in order to strip them, and take from them all that they possessed, as was always done to the victims.

Then they turned to the brother of that Abbé Simon, the old Canon of St Quentin, who had already been massacred. They asked him if he had taken the oath. He replied in the affirmative, and drawing a paper from his pocket he offered it to them as a proof; it was the Oath of Liberty and Equality. He had hastened to take it, as soon as it had been decreed. The furious assassin, who had opposed the petition of the Marseillais, interposed, saying 'This oath does not count; we demand the oath exacted from the priests.' Another replied: 'You are very hard to please. This oath does count . . . it is you who have just caused two innocent victims to be massacred':—he spoke of the two young Minims, and he repeated with warmth: 'This oath does count!' Many, following his example, shouted: 'This oath does count!' and the old man was saved. Observe, Madame, in passing, this strange medley of justice and atrocity.

He was the first of my companions to escape death, and this event rendered me a little calmer.

At last, they brought in the two prisoners who had been pardoned, and I was agreeably surprised to recognise one of them. I had often met him in the drawing-room of my intimate friend, the Count of Modena, and in that of the Marchioness de Moulins. He was called the Chevalier de Solérac; he was a captain of the Swiss Guards, and seemed to be well-known

also to the furious assassin. The other was an advocate, named Huguenin, a commander of the battalion of St André des Arts. The decree of pardon was read to them, and they were remanded to the 'Violon.'

CHAPTER X

THE INTERROGATORY

The actor Dugazon.—A troublesome hunchback.—I ask leave to speak.—A point in Maillard's favour.—Happy to enter the Violon.—The hunchback again—The Abbé Sicart, or his ghost.

It must have been then five o'clock in the morning. At this moment, I was surprised to see the actor Dugazon come in. He came, in default of the President, who had disappeared, to preside, himself, over this infernal assembly. I had met him in drawing-rooms, where he was often invited to play his comedies, and I had often conversed with him. I made a movement to go towards him, but a moment's reflection checked me. I thought: 'He will, perhaps, be embarassed to be seen in such a place by a respectable man, and it may be, he will hasten my destruction.' So I quickly resumed my accustomed seat. I noticed then, in a corner quite near me, a little hunchback, who seemed to be watching me. I confess his neighbourhood worried me greatly, and, as will presently be seen, I was not wrong in discerning in it an evil omen.

Dugazon arrived during a dispute that had arisen among the assassins, over the division of the clothes and money of the unhappy victims. After letting us hear his little, shrill, disgusted voice for some time, Dugazon went away; I ought in justice to add that no one was massacred during his presidency.*

* Perhaps this justifies Dugazon.

His successor was a former Procureur of the Tribunal du Châtelet, named Maillard. He came in a black coat, and with powdered hair. His face was not repulsive, and this calmed me a little, for a trifle was enough to raise or lower my courage. I do not know if this President was one who thirsted for blood; I only know that I heard him say: 'Let us make an end of it.'

Then they massacred two soldiers of the Constitutional Guard, without putting any question to them.

At last, it was the turn of the Duke of Penthièvre's servant. As his hair was cut short, they mistook him for a priest in disguise, and asked: 'Have you taken the oath?' He repeated absolutely word for word what I had told him. Then they all exclaimed: 'He is a servant! Pardon! Pardon!' and he was set at liberty at once, without passing through the 'Violon'.

I was delighted to see him saved. He was the second of my companions to escape death. The worthy fellow, although he was rather near me, never turned his head to look at me, and this, no doubt, from fear of compromising me.

There was no one left now but me; it was daylight . . . I was hoping to steal away among those who kept passing in and out. The men sitting around the table were occupied with trifling questions that had arisen; as for me, I stole a glance at the hunchback, who remained in the same place. 'What is he doing there?' I asked myself with annoyance, 'why does he not go away?' However, they massacred two more individuals, whom I did not know.

It was broad daylight; the crowd had partly melted away, and I no longer heard the shouts of the mob; no one was to be seen, but people who looked tired and sleepy. It might be as late as half-past seven, but the shutters of the windows were still closed, and the room was only lighted by candles, which they did not snuff, and by the door, glazed from top to bottom, which was on a level with the ground, and through which the victims passed.

I was preparing to escape by gliding behind the people that remained, none of whom were taking any notice of me, when that detestable hunchback exclaimed: 'There is one more here!'

I remember, I was in no way disconcerted, and wishing, at all hazards, to avoid the usual question, 'Have you taken the oath?' which meant certain death to me, I advanced rapidly towards the table, and addressing the man in black with powdered hair, I said: 'Citizen President, before I am sacrificed to the fury of this misguided people, I claim the right to speak.'

'Who are you?' he said in a threatening tone.

'I was clerk to the Parliament of Paris, and I am a lawyer.'

I do not know whether he was struck by my appearance, or my courage, or whether, indeed, he recognised me, but he said to the people with more gentleness,

'This prisoner is known in the courts of justice of Paris.'

'That is quite true,' I replied.

Then, ceasing to address me as 'thou,' he asked, 'On what charge are you here?'

I immediately began to relate a story, partly false and partly true. I told him that, on the 27th August, a police regulation had been issued, requiring that (in order to facilitate the domiciliary visits) all citizens should be in their houses before ten o'clock at night; this was true; but that, not knowing of this, I had been arrested by the Commissaries of my Section, at eleven o'clock, as I was returning to the street of the Palais-Marchand where I lived—this was false—and that they had taken me successively to the Committee of the Section, thence to the Watch Committee of the City; from the Watch Committee to the secret Committee of the Mairie, thence to the prisons of the Mairie, and at last from the prisons of the Mairie to those of the Abbey: and all this, I added, raising

my voice, without interrogating me. I also said, that I had been brought to the massacre, at the very moment when Pétion was to set me free, and I showed the little note that poor Blanchet had brought me on the Sunday morning, in which he promised to release me at three o'clock.

Then the President, no doubt wishing to help me, or even more probably sickened of the massacre, began: 'You see, Messieurs, how carelessly citizens are put in prison in the other Sections; if it had been we, who had arrested this prisoner, we should have interrogated him, and sent him home.'

These words redoubled my courage, and striking the table with my fist, I exclaimed: 'I appeal to my Section! I appeal to the Deputies of the National Assembly.'

'Oh! as for the Deputies of the National Assembly,' cried the assassins, 'we have a list of them, and shall kill them like the others.' Noticing this sign of disapproval, I replied at once: 'But I am speaking of the patriot Hérault, the patriot Torné, the patriot Rovère!'

'Bravo! Bravo!' they cried.

Then the President, seizing the moment when they were applauding, said: 'I propose to remand this prisoner to the *Violon* in order that information be obtained about him.'

I did not wait for the decision, but hastened into the *Violon*, the door of which opened at that moment.

On entering, I saw nothing at first but eight or ten persons; then I noticed a wretched straw mattress, all in holes, and one chair. I hastened to sit down on the mattress, and place my feet on the bars of the chair to rest myself. At that moment I was on the point of fainting. I was broken down with fatigue; I had a high fever, my pulse beat rapidly; my hands were burning. I had not the slightest feeling of joy: on the contrary, I was so much cast down, that I remained with my eyes fixed on the ground, without paying any attention to my fellow-prisoners.

A deep sadness came over me, and I felt singularly weak. I had, in fact, remained without taking solid food since two o'clock on the Sunday,* and since eleven o'clock at night I had been in the presence of death. It was now eight o'clock on Monday morning.

Although very susceptible and easily moved, I do not readily shed tears, but at this moment, my courage gave way, and I wept hot tears, at finding myself in such a forlorn position, without help, or support, or money. As I was sitting there, I saw the wretched hunchback coming to me; he wore the dress of the National Guard, and I concluded he was the jailor of this little prison. He said, with a look of pity: 'You must have suffered greatly, sir, . . . what would you like to take to restore you.' Recognising in this man my executioner, for it was he who pointed me out to the President, I replied, in a tone which meant that he should leave me alone: 'What would you have me take, in the state I am in?' But he insisted, and as I did not wish to disoblige him, thinking I might require his services, and that he was only another man wanting to sell his provisions, I replied: 'Bring me a cup of coffee à la crème.' It was just the opposite to what I needed, but I did not know what to ask for.

Accordingly he brought it, and I drank the coffee without relish or appetite.

Although I could not place much confidence in this man, the necessity of communicating with someone outside, led me to say, as I gave him back the cup: 'Will you do me a great favour? . . . give me pen, ink and paper, and take the note, when I have written it, to a woman named Blanchet quite near here, in the courtyard of the Palais. In return I will give you a hundred sous.' As I said this I turned to M. de Solérac, the Swiss whom I had saved, and without so much as wishing him 'good-morning,' or saying 'How do you

* 'Depuis le *samedi*, deux heures'—but this is evidently an error.—Tr.

do,' behaving, in fact, just as if I had been talking to him the moment before, I said: 'Give me an assignat for five francs.' He replied at once, without addressing himself directly to me: 'Here are two.' I gave one to the man, who took my letter, and disappeared. This readiness to oblige me softened my grief a little, and I felt relieved to think that Blanchet would soon know that I was safe and sound; for I feared that at the news of my death—the report of which, as I afterwards heard, had already been spread—she might be driven to do some harm to herself.

Having become more calm, I was beginning to fall asleep on my palliasse, when, suddenly, I saw an individual approach stealthily, bending down, and walking on tiptoe, so as not to make any noise.

It was the Abbé Sicart, who, although rescued at two o'clock the night before, had not yet been set at liberty. 'How did you contrive to escape?' he said, and without waiting for a reply, he disappeared.

Absorbed as I was in a confused medley of thoughts, I scarcely cast a glance at him; sometime after, his face came back to my mind, but I thought I had seen a spirit.

I looked around our little prison, without being able to see him, then I got up to find out, if he were not in an adjoining room, and I noticed, in fact, that there was a small inner room. . . . The Abbé Sicart was sitting there . . . no doubt he was afraid that they would come to look for him, and he durst not remain among the other prisoners. For my part, I like courage in a man, and I own, I threw a look of contempt at him, and turned my back upon him, without speaking. Did he remember this afterwards, and wish to show me his resentment? or did he really wish to fall out with me? I do not know; the fact remains that I went twice to see him at his house, and he never returned my call. I have only seen him once since then; it was at the house of the elder Madame Pasquier, where he pressed me to give him a narrative of my adventures. He said he wished

to add to it his own.* I replied: 'Abbé, you like celebrity; everyone to his taste: as for me, my one desire is to remain unknown. . . . It is not that I am afraid,' I added, 'but I look upon it as unworthy of me to go into print, above all with a view to profit.' He would not accept his defeat, and sent a publisher to me, who offered me a thousand crowns. I was in urgent need of money at the time, the Roman bankers at Paris having refused to cash me a cheque, on the ground that they were afraid of compromising themselves.

Notwithstanding this, I answered: 'I know very well who has sent you . . . I will not take your money.'

---

* Published in the *Annales Catholiques* in 1796. See appendix B.

CHAPTER XI

AT THE VIOLON

Poor Blanchet!—Monsieur and Madame de Rosambo.—Two heroic women.—'There is M. Sergent going past!'—A shock.—Some honest men at last.—M. Jourdain and the Civil Committee.—About the Hunchback.

I WAS very uneasy, however, at receiving no news from Blanchet, and still more, that neither she, nor anyone from my house, came to me. I remained in cruel suspense until the evening; then my hunchback returned. 'What have you done with my note?' I enquired.

'I took it, Monsieur, but the woman was not there . . . no doubt she is in prison.'

I thought so too; however, I answered, 'Here are five more francs; it is all I have left; take another letter.'

'I will go there at once,' he replied, and disappeared.

Meanwhile, my fellow-prisoners in the Violon had ordered a roast leg of mutton, and begged me to share it; I accepted the invitation, and even ate with good appetite.

Nevertheless, as will be seen presently, my two letters had not been delivered: on the contrary, Blanchet had been told that I was dead, and they had even added, that they had seen me massacred. Plunged in the depths of despair; not knowing what course to take, in short, losing her head, she made her way to the house of my good friends M. and Madame de Rosambo. It was a heart-rending scene. Mme de Montboissier, who happened to be present, described it to me later. Blanchet was inconsolable, would listen

to no one, and rolled on the floor in her grief. President de Rosambo, not knowing how to comfort her, said : 'Do not despair. Reports are never correct. . . . Go and make further enquiries as to what has happened. . . . As for yourself, we will take care of you . . . ' and turning to Madame de Rosambo, he added these words which Blanchet never forgot ; 'It will be one more pensioner at our house, if it should prove true that the good Abbé is dead.'

These words calmed Blanchet a little and, taking a carriage, she went to one of her best friends, who lived in the Rue Cassette. She was a fine strong woman, like Blanchet, and no less of an 'aristocrat,' although her husband was a great Jacobin. This brave woman suggested to her a desperate expedient to make sure if I were dead ; and Blanchet adopted it there and then. It was to turn over, one by one, the corpses, that were piled naked one upon another, in order to see if I were among the dead, or if there were a breath of life in me. It was, in fact, in this last condition that the Bishop of Beauvais was found by his valet : he was still breathing. The valet drew him out of the cart, and he lived for six months longer ; only, he had lost his reason.

But what self-command must not have been exercised by this warm-hearted woman, who was always filled with pity at the sight of suffering and misfortune !

In order to find me, Blanchet and her friend said they wanted to see if their husbands were among the dead ; and as they were all in tears, they were readily believed ; many even helped them to carry out this terrible identification.

At last, after having examined some hundred corpses, Blanchet exclaimed in a tone, through which could be heard a note of joy, 'He is not here !' But fearing to do me an injury, they durst not describe me, or make any request to the Section.

Blanchet returned home, and, as may readily be believed, many of the neighbours hastened to see her and console her. But the terrible details they had

learned of the massacres in the different prisons, which they related to her, one after another, only frightened her the more.

This was on the Monday evening, at about seven o'clock. Blanchet was in my room, standing before the window, which opened almost to the floor, and looking down upon the Court of the Fountains of the Palais-Marchand: she had even attempted, in a moment of despair, to throw herself out. She was standing there, as I have said, when one of the women exclaimed: 'Look, there is M. Sergent going past!' He was in fact going along the street, girt with his tri-colour scarf.

The woman added: 'He is a man of great influence in the Commune of the 10th of August.'

No sooner had Blanchet heard these words than, without asking for any explanation, she hurried to the staircase, ran down, and was in the street just as Sergent reached the front of the Fountain. Then, throwing herself at his feet, she said in tones of distress: 'Oh! sir, give me back my master, the best of all men, who gives me my bread, for myself and my child.' At the same time the women of the neighbourhood gathered round M. Sergent. He seemed touched, as he looked down on the woman at his feet, and said: 'What man are you speaking of? Is it your husband?'

'No, sir, not my husband, my master, my benefactor, he from whom we get our livelihood—I and my family.'

Sergent, turning to the women who surrounded him, asked, 'Do you know him?'

'Certainly, sir, we know him, he is a very good man, not at all proud, kind to all his neighbours; and indeed those who have taken him away from his home ought to be in prison themselves, for he has never done any harm.'

Then Sergent raised Blanchet, saying, 'Well, calm yourself, and go back to your house. . . . I am going

to the Abbey, and, if he is not dead, he will be restored to you. . . . What is his name?'

The women told him my name, and he went away saying: 'You shall have news this evening.'

It is probable that he really did go to the Abbey, and obtained information with regard to the prisoners, who had escaped the massacre, and were detained in the depôt; for, at nine o'clock in the evening, a working-man, wearing the tri-colour scarf, came to Blanchet, and said: 'Courage! There is still hope!'

As for me, I was grieved beyond measure at not seeing my faithful servant. 'She has forsaken me,' I thought, 'or else she has killed herself in despair, for she is capable of it.' Nevertheless, being completely exhausted, at the end of my strength, and feeling the need of rest, I threw myself down on a mattress, which I saw spread out on the floor. I had another prisoner for my neighbour, who was absolutely unknown to me. I might have chosen a better place, but I had become, as it were, insensible to everything. It never even occurred to me to enter into conversation with M. de Solérac and M. Huguenin, and to tell them how they owed their safety to my energy and courage, and I left the prison without having breathed a word to them about it.

Soon I fell into a deep sleep.

Suddenly, I awoke with a start at the sound of bolts being withdrawn. At the same moment the door opened, and a voice called out: 'Which of you is named Salamon?' Notwithstanding the fright that seized me on being thus awakened, I answered at once: 'It is I,' then the voice said: 'Come.' I own it was a terrible moment for me; I was, indeed, on the point of fainting; but, summoning all my energy, I hurriedly donned my *habit de chambre*, saying: 'I will follow you.' I fully believed I was going to my death. I remembered the fate of the two unhappy officers of the new Guard, who had been struck down before my eyes. I feared the result of the enquiries,

which had been made about me, had not been favourable, and I thought they had sent for me to be massacred.

The jailor evidently noticed my anxiety, and said in rather a gentle voice: 'Calm yourself, and follow me closely, because we have to pass through the hall, and the Court is still sitting. There is a third prison, besides the one where you were, and the massacre will be continued.' I followed, keeping close to him, and looking neither to the right hand, nor to the left. He took me up a wide staircase, and I came to a storey which had formed part of the monastery.

As I entered I saw five men, three of whom wore black coats. They all looked respectable men; they formed the *Comité Civil*, which seemed, thus, to be well constituted. All the five rose when they saw me, saying: 'By what good fortune, sir, have you escaped this horrible butchery?'

'Ah! gentlemen,' I replied, 'after what I have seen, that is the very question I ask myself.'

'Now, at last, sit down,' they said, 'we must get you away from here.'

Then the president named Jourdan, a very honourable man, with whom I had some communication later on, interposed, saying:

'M. Sergent, a member of the Commune, has brought us an order to interrogate you at once; and this is why we have interrupted your sleep, and why we have got up ourselves. . . . Tell us therefore, why you are here, and who caused you to be imprisoned.'

I was about to reply, when I saw my hunchback; he was sitting in a corner; the sight of him filled me with a profound distrust, and I scarcely knew what to answer. After a moment's reflection, I said to the president: 'May I speak quite freely?' He answered 'Yes.'

'Well! that man there can tell you exactly what has taken place, and he might add, that he himself pointed me out as a victim to the assassins.'

At these words, the hunchback, himself, interposed. 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'when I saw you there, I thought you were guilty, but, once convinced that you were not, I came to offer you my services, and now I am ready to defend you against all your enemies. I am a good patriot, and I do not wish the least injustice to be done.'

I did not answer him, but, addressing myself directly to M. Jourdan, I said: 'I told a story to the mob to get myself out of a difficult position, but this is the truth. I am an *ex-conseiller clerc* of the Parliament of Paris, and I was arrested in my bed, as the Pope's Minister, at two o'clock in the morning of the 27th August.'

'Well, as you have been a judge,' returned M. Jourdan, 'make your interrogatory yourself,' and indicating a very tall man in a black coat, he added: 'This gentleman will act as clerk of the Court.'

I gave my name, Christian name. and rank, and suggested some questions. Then the president himself, put several others to me.

'Did you go to the Court?'

'Yes, every Tuesday at the King's Levée . . . it was my duty as the Pope's Internuncio.'

'Were you there on the 10th of August?'

'No.'

'Were you especially connected with any member of the former Royal family?'

'No; but I saw the Princess Elizabeth most frequently, about the affairs of the nuns; on the Sunday while she was at dinner, on the Tuesday, and even on other days of the week. She was a very pious lady; her apartments were in one of the Pavilions of Flora, in the Tuileries' Gardens.'

'Have you been in correspondence with the Abbé Maury?'

'No; except that, as we were fellow-countrymen, and the Pope had conferred many honours and favours upon him, I thought it my duty to write him a letter

of congratulation . . . I may add that he never answered me. I have never written to him since, and I shall never write to him.'

'Very good, very good!' said the president, then, turning to the clerk, he said: 'Write it down.'

Thus ended my interrogatory; then the president said to me: 'Go aside, for a while . . . we will discuss the matter.'

They did so, in a low voice, and had soon finished. Then they called me back, and the president said: 'We would gladly release you now, sir, but you have seen for yourself that the massacres are still going on, and that we are powerless to stop them. The doors of the Abbey are guarded, and if the people saw you going out under the protection of the authorities, they would see that we were trying to save you, and you would, perhaps, be massacred on the spot. . . . So return for one more night to your prison.'

On hearing these words, I felt overcome, nevertheless I answered: 'I will obey your orders, but I would ask a favour of you. It is that you will allow me to write a note to my faithful servant: she believes me to be massacred, and must be plunged in despair . . . perhaps, indeed, she is dead, for I sent her two letters by this gentleman'—indicating the hunchback—'and she has not come.'

'That was because we ourselves intercepted your letters, sir,' replied M. Jourdan, 'knowing that your Section were much incensed against you, we wished it to be believed that you were dead . . . Now that we are in agreement with M. Sergent, there is nothing more to fear. . . . As for the ten francs that you gave this man, here they are.'

I refused to take them back, and begged M. Jourdan to let the man keep them. I then wrote three letters, one to Hérault, another to Torné, and the third to Rovère, and handed them to the President in order that he might send them to Madame Blanchet. Finally, I thanked them, and sorrowfully returned to my prison.

As I was crossing the hall, following the hunchback, I saw an unfortunate man massacred. The scene delayed us a little . . . however, the assassins were so much excited that they took no notice of me.

On reaching my prison, I felt much relieved in mind, and as it was still only two o'clock in the morning, I lay down again on my mattress. But in a prison, everything is an event, so my companions began to ask me where I had been, and one even added: 'I quite thought your turn had come.' I contented myself with saying: 'I am very tired, and need rest.' They left me alone, and I soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII

RELEASE

Thirst for blood.—Abbé Sicart's moral philosophy.—The death of Father Lenfant.—How valiant are these Provençal women!—Masters and workmen.—The Pearl of Tricoteuses (knitting-women).

I HAD not slept long, when I was suddenly awakened by a loud crash. Blows were violently struck on the window of our Violon.

'What is that?' I exclaimed.

Some one answered: 'It is the mob. They know there are some priests here, whose lives are to be spared, and they want to break the windows to take the prisoners away.'

I arose quickly, saying: 'Keep quiet and leave it to me.' I had noticed as I re-entered the Violon that there was a sentinel at the door. I went to it, and knocked loudly several times.

'Who goes there?' cried the sentinel.

'We are a few prisoners placed here under the protection of the nation and the law . . . Some bad citizens are violently attacking our windows, and trying to break them in . . . Be so good as to inform the National Guard . . . you shall be rewarded.'

'Do not be alarmed,' replied the sentinel.

A moment later, we distinctly heard a troop of soldiers drive back the assassins, who tried to resist, and we passed the rest of the night undisturbed. For my part, I was unable to sleep, and lay on my mattress wishing for daylight.

As I have already said, I had written some letters. Those addressed to the Deputies were to this effect: 'I have been taken to the Abbey, the field of the carnage, where I have seen sixty of my fellow-prisoners massacred. I, myself, have escaped, as it were by a miracle. Come quickly to obtain my release from prison, as the massacre is still going on, and I am in danger.' To Blanchet I wrote: 'My life is saved, and I keep well. . . . Deliver these three letters immediately, and rescue me from here. . . . Above all go to the National Assembly and take the letter addressed to M. Hérault, the former Attorney-General, whom you know well. It is he, who is President of the Assembly. . . .'

This done, I felt calmer. I asked for a cup of chocolate, but found it detestable. Then I began to walk about the prison, and even to enter into conversation with my companions. The Abbé Sicart was still there. I noticed him at this moment, and ventured to banter him a little: 'Well! when are you going out? I thought you had gone already.'

'I ought to be sent for,' he replied, 'but no one comes. . . . I have also sent my mute * to the National Assembly, but he has not returned. Then I resolved to write a letter to the president and beg him to read it to the Assembly from the Tribune.'

He read the letter to me. It was the same that I have since seen in the newspapers. It was couched in the most abject terms, and filled with patriotic sentiments.

So, carried away by my natural frankness, I said: 'What! Would you obtain your release in that way? You, a man of talent! a man necessary to others! . . . For my part, I would rather remain here for ten years than write a letter like that. Better to have patience! The massacre will come to an end, and they will be obliged to restore you to your unfortunate pupils. . . .

* Massieu, one of his best pupils.

They are children calling their father back to them. . . . So trust in Providence!'

He replied: 'But if Providence helps us, that does not do away with the duty of helping ourselves too.'

I answered: 'Oh! how can a pious man like you fail to recognise that God is all-powerful? Was it not He Who inspired Monotte, the clock maker, with the wish to save you? Was it not He Who gave me the courage to speak in my defence?'

At this point our conversation was interrupted by shouts of 'The King's Confessor! The King's Confessor!' Impelled by curiosity, we looked through the window-panes, and saw indeed the Preacher to the King, the Abbé Lenfant. He was being led to the massacre together with another priest; and they first took steps to establish his identity. I saw him immediately afterwards, sit down on a chair and hear the confession of the other priest, who was to die with him. He seemed calm enough.

Strange inconstancy of the human mind! I was very glad that my life was saved, and yet, I must own, I envied his lot, and began to long for an end like his.

I drew back quickly, that I might not see him die.

It was now Tuesday, and I had had no news of Blanchet. I could not understand the delay. 'She ought to have come to me by this time,' I said to myself. 'She must be dead then!' . . . The suspense caused me the most cruel anxiety.

She had, however, carried out my orders. Hérault had received my note, and had gone to the Commune, to request that I might be set at liberty at once. But it was to Blanchet that the consolation of procuring my release was reserved. As she was crossing the Tuileries' gardens on her return from the Assembly, she met the Abbé Torné.

'Come,' she said, 'come, and save your old friend . . . he has not been massacred, but is still in danger.'

'What! He is not dead!' exclaimed the con-

stitutional bishop . . . 'he must be saved! . . . I will go and see him when the sitting is over.'

Madame Blanchet was a tall, powerful woman. She seized M. Torné by the collar, saying: 'It is not a question of saying "I will go," you must go at once, and I will not leave hold of you unless you come with me.'

Torné knew by long experience the energy and determination of this woman, and fearing a disagreeable scene in the middle of the Tuileries' gardens, he yielded and went with her. On their way, they met another deputy, who bowed to M. Torné.

Blanchet, whom nothing escaped, said to the Abbé: 'You know this gentleman?'

'Yes, he is one of my colleagues and friends.'

'Then come, sir, and do a kind action,' said Blanchet to the deputy. Having ascertained what was the matter, he said: 'Very well, let us go together and get him out.'

Accordingly they came to me, at about eleven o'clock on the Wednesday morning. They were accompanied by one of the gentlemen, who had interrogated me on the last night but one.

I was taken to the same upstairs room, and the two deputies having entered in the register, that they took the entire responsibility upon themselves, I was set free at once.

The Abbé Torné said: 'Go to my house.' Blanchet called a carriage, and we went to the house, where the deputy was living. I remained there for a week, and, during the whole of the time, he showed me every attention.

The same evening, I received an order of the Commune of the 10th August. It was signed by the President Robert, and the Secretary Tallien, and had been granted to me at the request of M. Hérault de Séchelles. It was to the effect that I should be set at liberty immediately.

I left the Abbé Sicart and M. de Solérac in the

prison. They were only released some days later, after the massacres were over, which lasted until the Friday.

On the Wednesday morning before I left, I saw through the window of the Violon, a member of the Commune, girt with the tri-colour scarf. He had beside him a number of bags of money, from which he was paying the assassins.

The wages given to those who, as they expressed it, had 'worked well,' that is to say, had 'massacred well,' were from thirty to thirty-five francs, a certain number received less. I even saw one, who only obtained six francs, it was considered that he had not done enough work. It was terrible to see these people quarrelling as to who among them all had massacred the best.

I also saw a woman, who, one might have thought, had escaped from hell, insulting a corpse. . . .

I returned home still shuddering with indignation.

Epilogue

The Internuncio is appointed Vicar Apostolic for France.—A Present from Pius VI *to Madame Blanchet.—Meâ culpâ.*

Such is my sorrowful tale, Madame; I have carried out your wish. Your tender heart will, no doubt, be struck with horror, and touched with pity, by the sad narrative of this atrocious massacre.

I have written it by piecing together my recollections, and it resembles that which I wrote for the Pope, on the day but one following my release. I have not, however, kept a copy of that narrative; besides, in the account which I drew up for the Pope, I wrote only of what had happened to myself, personally, and made no mention at all of the Abbé Sicart. In writing to a sovereign, one must be brief and clear, and say only what would be of interest to him; and how much more was this

necessary, when I was writing to the greatest of all sovereigns, the immortal Pius VI!

His Holiness deigned to console me by writing me a letter, with his own hand. It began with the words: 'My dear Abbé,' in French; all the rest was in Italian. It was full of tenderness and affection.

Further, the Cardinal Minister Zelada sent me, by order of the Pope, an important document. It proceeded from the Sacred Congregation of Cardinals for the affairs of France,* and gave me the title of Vicar Apostolic, with the most extensive spiritual powers for the whole of France. Pius VII, when he became Pope, confirmed these powers. They only ended on the arrival of a Legate *à latere*† in France. Subsequently, the Legate delegated to me special powers for the administration of Normandy.

I will add that a month after the massacres, Madame Blanchet also received a letter from Rome. It enclosed a cheque, payable to her, for 3,000 francs on Rassuret Brothers, Bankers, Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin. The Abbé Maury used formerly to lodge in that street, and, I think it was he, who had given the address of these bankers.

This munificence on the part of the Pope towards a mere working woman, is perhaps unparalleled in the annals of the Court of Rome. It was the more pleasing to me, as it showed the value which the Pope attached to my life. Cardinal Zelada never referred to the subject in his despatches, so I myself never spoke to him about it.

Doubtless your heart is moved to sadness, Madame, at the thought of so many misfortunes, but, pious as you are, you must feel great consolation in reflecting upon the miracles which religion alone can work.

All these priests died with heroic resignation, without uttering a single murmur, and not one was so base

---

* A Congregation temporarily instituted by Pius VI at the beginning of the Revolution, to follow the questions affecting religion in France.

† Mgr. Caprara in 1801.

as to invent a falsehood to save his life. Nearly all the laymen, on the contrary, died bemoaning themselves and resisting. Some even died in despair.

As for me, what will you say, Madame, of the erratic flight of my imagination? At the very moment when I was within a hair's breadth of death, and when I ought to have become indifferent to everything, I still turned my eyes towards the impious Sodom, and I said to myself: 'Then, shall I never wear my red justaucorps?' Now, mark, that up to the 10th of August I had obstinately refused to leave off my ecclesiastical dress, and it was only on the eve of my arrest, as I have mentioned above, that my grey coat and red justaucorps had been brought to me. Still, having confessed my weakness, I must add that I drove away this idea as a bad thought, and for every sin I hope to have received pardon from the infinite mercy of God.

[*Rouargue del.*

La Cité.

From the Pont de la Tournelle.

[*To face p.* 87.

BOOK II

MY LIFE UNDER THE TERROR

CHAPTER I

THE CHAMBRE DES VACATIONS

Subject of the Second Book.—The States-General and the Chambre des Vacations.—*'To the Court!'—Manuel's want of Courtesy.—Bailli and the Procession to Notre Dame in Memory of the Vow of Louis* XIII.—*The Lawsuit of the Quarrymen of Montmartre.—The Protest of the Parliament.*

You wish me to resume the narrative of my adventures, Madame, and to relate those which marked the second epoch of my life. It was not, perhaps, so terrible as the first, and yet, it brought me greater trouble, mortification, and weariness, during the nine months that I was forced to wander from wood to wood, around Paris, without any place of refuge. I was condemned, by default, to death, together with forty-nine of my former colleagues of the Parliament of Paris, who all perished on the scaffold on Easter day, 1794.* They had at their head, our best friends, the First President de Saron, and the President de Rosambo.

The States-General were called together in May 1789, at the repeated instance of the Parliaments, especially of that of Paris. One of their first acts was to decree the abolition of those supreme tribunals, to

* The 20th April according to the *Moniteur*.

which they owed their birth. It was, indeed, the height of ingratitude. However, in order that France should not be left without courts of law, *Chambres des Vacations* were created in all the Parliaments.

I had the honour of being chosen by the King to sit in that of the Parliament of Paris, presided over by President de Rosambo, the gentlest and most compassionate of men.

We spent our strength with heroic zeal and courage * in the midst of the first outburst of the Revolution. Our lives were continually threatened. They tried to make us give up our position of our own accord. Every moment, we were besieged by emissaries of the Revolution trying to frighten us. Sometimes, they said we should be attacked as we were sitting in open court; at other times, that the mob would come just as we were leaving the Palais, and getting into our carriages.

There were many old men among us, and old men become timid like women. The tales related by our ushers often terrified them. Then, as we were leaving the *buvette*, a small room where we partook of refreshment, they would discuss whether we should go on to the *grand-chambre* to hold the court. M. de Rosambo was often in doubt what course to take; many a time he was led away by the old men, who would say: 'We cannot remain here any longer . . . we are reaping neither honour nor profit. . . . Why risk our lives?'

I shuddered at the sight of this irresolution, but I always waited until the President asked my advice, which he never failed to do. Then, when invited to express my opinion, I said: 'I think we ought to go to the Court . . . the King has placed us at the post of danger, it rests with him alone to relieve us of it. . . . If we must die, let us die with glory '*on the fleurs de lys*,'† victims of our fidelity to the King's orders. . . .

---

* M. Pasquier also mentions this—*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. i, p. 66.—Tr.

† The technical phrase for serving in a French Parliament.—Tr.

Does a soldier of honour relinquish the post entrusted to him? A judge must maintain his courage like a soldier. . . . Go first, M. le President, I follow you.'

President de Rosambo was not without courage, only he needed support. So, as soon as I had begun to speak with my natural ardour, he called out to the usher: 'To the Court.' The old men swore under their breath, but they ended by following us; and never, it must be said, were we insulted. Courage is always impressive to scoundrels.

I ought to add that, during the sixteen months that I sat in the Chamber, we always maintained a firm front, and never fell into the snares that were laid for us.

Manuel, the famous Procureur of the Commune, used sometimes to write impertinent letters to the President, as if giving him orders. For instance, he would tell him to try such and such a case. The President was often wearied out with this, and would say to me: 'What are we to do, M. l'Abbé?' 'Nothing at all, M. le Président,' was my invariable answer. 'One does not answer impertinence, and as for the subject of the letter, you will act in the matter as you think well.'

M. Bailli, the Mayor of Paris, also wished to humiliate us, or rather, to entrap us.

The Feast of the Assumption was drawing near. On that day, there used to be a Procession, in which the Parliament of Paris took part, in memory of the vow of Louis XIII. This year, an invitation was sent to us, although this was not usually done. The object of the Mayor was to give the Commune precedence of the Parliament. Now this ancient body has precedence over all others. The question was debated. Many were of the opinion that we ought to accept the invitation and go, on the ground that, in point of fact, the *Chambre des Vacations* was not the Parliament, and could not have precedence of a body like

the Commune, and a Commune as illustrious as that of Paris.

A speech like this brought the blush of shame to my brow, and when my turn came to speak:

'M. le Président,' I said, 'We are the Parliament, we have all the privileges of the Parliament, and it is a point of honour with us to sustain its dignity. It is the first body in the Kingdom, and must die, defending its prerogatives. . . . They are laying a snare for us. . . . That modest philosopher, M. Bailli,' I added in a tone of irony, 'wishes to see us in his retinue. . . . I oppose this claim with my whole strength.'

'But how will you excuse yourself?' cried several voices.

'In this way,' I replied, 'I move that, without referring to the Mayor's invitation, we carry the following resolution: The *Chambre des Vacations* deliberating whether, at the approach of the Assumption, it should, under existing circumstances, go to the Procession of Notre Dame, the members wearing their scarlet robes; considering that, by order of the King, it is occupied without intermission in rendering justice to his subjects, and cannot neglect to do this under any pretext, resolves:

'The *Chambre des Vacations* shall not go to the Procession, which is held in the Metropolis on the day of the Assumption, in memory of the vow of Louis XIII, and it shall continue with zeal and assiduity to render justice to its fellow-citizens. This resolution shall be communicated to the Mayor by the President.'

My advice was followed, we did not go to the Procession, and our resolution met with general approval. As for M. Bailli, he was outwitted, but durst not complain.

Sometimes it was represented to us, that, after the example of other public bodies that had passed resolutions approving of the Acts of the National Assembly, the *Chambre des Vacations* should also present an

[*Braun et Cie, photo., Dornach.*

"Aux Environs de Montmartre."

From the painting by Georges Michel (1763-1843).

[*To face p.* 91.

address of congratulation. But we steadfastly resisted this perfidious insinuation.

Being unable to move us by threats, an attempt was made to intimidate us by raising a kind of insurrection against us.

A private individual had left, at his death, the sum of two hundred francs to each of the workmen employed in his stone-quarries at Montmartre.* The next of kin wished to have the will set aside, and, for this purpose, engaged in a lawsuit before the Chamber. The quarrymen came forward in support of the will. I was appointed to draw up the report of this dangerous case. The time required to conduct proceedings of such importance led to delays, to which the parties were unaccustomed, and which seemed to them unaccountable. So the quarrymen took it into their heads, or rather, it was put into their heads, that we did not want to try the case; and that our object in these numerous delays was to baulk them of the legacy, to the advantage of their opponents, who were people of influence.

They determined, therefore, to have resort to force, to compel us to give our decision.

A rumour of these machinations reached us, and some of the Councillors thought that we must decline to go on with the case. They held that it was too important to be tried before a Vacation Chamber, and suggested that we should declare ourselves incompetent, and send it up to the *grand' chambre* † on the return of the Parliament. 'One more act of weakness,' I said to myself. So when it was my turn to speak, I opposed this cowardly measure, saying: 'Gentlemen, you will no doubt be annoyed with me, who, although the youngest, venture to oppose the motion of M. Frédy, the doyen of the parliament. I respect and honour

* Quarries of pierre à plâtre (plaster); there were several. This explains the softness of the ground, and the difficulty in laying the foundations of the present Church of the Sacred Heart.

† The highest court of the Parliament.—Tr.

him, but our enemies will look upon this resolution as an act of great weakness, and the quarrymen as a refusal of justice, since the Parliament is never to be revived. And then they will rise against us more boldly. For my part, I am of opinion that we should use all diligence in preparing for the trial. I shall be able almost immediately to present the report of the case to you.'

I used to go every day to inform the First President, M. de Saron, of anything unusual that had happened. He was very friendly to me, and, for my part, I loved him as if he had been my father.

Although M. de Saron died with great courage, he was of a weak and timorous disposition. When I had told him about the matter, he said: 'I think you have taken an unwise course, M. l'Abbé . . . you must draw this thorn out of your foot. . . . If the trial takes a wrong turn, you will be the first victim.'

'I will run the risk,' I replied, 'I loathe an act of weakness, and I do not like to bend before the revolutionaries. Besides, why suppose the quarrymen may lose their case? The will is drawn up with every legal formality.'

'God grant it!' he replied.

This excellent man, although no longer President of the 'Chambre des Vacations,' was in the habit of giving us a grand dinner every week, in order to lighten the expenses of M. de Rosambo, who was required to entertain us twice a week at his table. This dinner usually fell on the Tuesday. Now, some days after the conversation just related, whilst we were at dinner, a message was brought, warning us that the quarrymen, to the number of two hundred, had come to the Palais* to seek us, and not finding us there, were going on to the apartments of the First President, which formed part of the Palais itself. At this news, everyone was in consternation, and one of the gentlemen, turning to

* Palais de Justice.

me, said: 'See what has come of your anger and so-called courage!'

These words stung me to the quick, and, rising abruptly, I said to the First President:

'Allow me to face the storm. I am going to get my gown, which is in the robing-room of the Palais. Leave it to me to act, and remain quietly at the table, without interrupting your dinner.'

I soon returned in my black gown, and just at that moment, the servants called out to me: 'Here they are! They are coming into the court-yard!' I hastened down, and stopped at the top of the grand staircase, in order to prevent their entering the apartments of the First President. I heard, indeed, a great tumult in the court-yard. They were disputing with the sentinel on duty at the gate, who did not wish them to go further; but they forced an entrance, and had already reached the first step of the stairs, when I appeared before them. They were very much astonished to see me standing in my black gown at the head of the staircase, and they stood still.

I called out: 'What have you come here for? Who has given you the treacherous advice to come in numbers and with tumult? Do you think to frighten the Judges of the Parliament? Do not deceive yourselves . . . they are not afraid, they have given proof of it, under many more difficult circumstances. As for me, I come before you without any fear of my life . . . and it is for me especially, to face your unjust anger, as unfortunately it rests with me to draw up the report on your case. . . . But be assured, there will still be judges left to punish your attempt, and send you to prison . . . and then what means will you take to obtain justice? If you use violence to gain your suit, your opponent will say the decision is void, and the King will annul it; much you will have gained! . . . let four of you come here, and tell me what you want.'

They listened to me in silence, and four of them

came to me. I descended one step, in order to oblige them to remain on the second, and still to be above them.

I said: 'What is it that you want? You may speak quite freely.'

My servant, with some other servants were behind me, to defend me in case of need. I had told them to remain quiet and not to move. One of the four quarrymen who had come up the steps began to speak. I noticed that one of his companions had kept on his cotton cap.

I said: 'Take off your cap,' and, bringing my right hand down on my left arm, I exclaimed: 'As long as I wear this gown, I will not allow anyone to treat it with disrespect.'

He took off his cap at once.

Then the other said to me: 'We do not come here from any want of respect for you, but we have been told that you are unwilling to try our case, that the Parliament will soon be done away with, and we shall never get our money.'

I answered: 'Those who have told you that, do not know what they are talking about, and have not told you the truth . . . they are your enemies . . . Have confidence in your judges. . . . Your Procureur ought to have told you that these proceedings take time; this is the real cause of the delays, which make you think we are unwilling to render justice to you. Go away quietly, and await the decision calmly and respectfully. . . . I assure you, judgment will soon be given. I am the one who reports on your case. . . . But remember, I am not to be frightened, and if you do not obey, I will not try it. . . . Send two of your companions at six o'clock this evening. I will introduce them to the First President in order that they may apologise on your behalf for the liberty you have taken in forcing your way to his house. . . . Believe what I tell you and go away.'

The poor quarrymen, who, no doubt, had only

[*Photographed by Paul Miesienski Aîné, Avignon.*

Louis-Siffrein-Joseph de Salamon,
Conseiller-clerc of the Parliament of Paris.

From the painting by Jean Baptiste Bourgeois in the Musée Calvet, Avignon.

[*To face p.* 94.

been incited to this step by disaffected people, withdrew as quickly as possible, promising to send two of their comrades in the evening.

I went back, and sat down to the table, still wearing my gown.

As soon as M. de Saron saw me, he said: 'There is my dear Abbé! I can see that all has passed off well. Come, finish your dinner quietly.' But I was excited, and had no longer any appetite. I said laughingly to M. de Saron: 'It will be your turn this evening to play your part. I am to present to you two of the quarrymen, who are coming to apologise, in the name of their comrades, for having forced their way to your house in this manner. So prepare a little speech in reply to them.' The President would rather have been spared this visit; however, he consented to receive them with a good grace.

The quarrymen were faithful to their appointment. I had begged M. de Rosambo to be present, and all passed off well.

Six weeks later, judgment was given, and these worthy men were paid.

Such is the incident which gave rise to the report that I had been saved in the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd September, 1792, by the quarrymen of Montmartre. This was not true.

For sixteen months we worked without intermission, and I will add, without honour or profit, and without anyone deigning to show that they were satisfied with us. We had dispatched twenty-three thousand and odd cases, civil, or criminal, and I myself had reported on three thousand four hundred. The president overwhelmed me with work, at the request of the parties who wished me to report on their cases, as I was easy of access, and very prompt at expediting the proceedings. So I fell into a kind of consumption, and during the whole month following the conclusion of our task, I was a prey to a terrible dysentery.

At last, we asked the First President to make known

to the King that we could no longer continue to serve him, that we were utterly worn out, nearly all of us ill, and that we begged he would deign to consent to the dissolution. He yielded to our wish 1st November 1790.

Before separating, however, we resolved to leave a record which should bear witness to our principles and our devotion to the King. After having deliberated for a whole night, in the cabinet of the First President de Rosambo, our leader, we drew up a Protest against the subversion of the laws of the country, the annihilation of the Royal authority, and the other decrees overthrowing the orders of the clergy and nobles. This Protest was signed by all the members of the Chambre des Vacations present. It was to be taken at once to the King, and to remain secret.

But, by a fatality which I cannot understand, M. de Rosambo had placed it in his 'cabinets à l'anglaise,' in the presence of his valet, who had been forty years in the service of the family.

This old servant was suddenly smitten with revolutionary principles, and in the month of September 1793, he denounced—why I know not, for he loved his master—the famous Protest to the Section de Bondy. It was in that Section that M. de Rosambo's mansion was situated.

The first step of this abominable Section was to institute a search for the important document, and ransack the whole of the Palais. They then sent commissaries to Malesherbes* to place under arrest all the members of that very respectable family, including M. de Malesherbes, and M. de Chateaubriand son-in-law of M. de Rosambo, and they consigned them to different prisons.

They seized one after another all the members of the Parliament of Paris who formed the Chambre des Vacations, and with them the *Présidents à Mortier*,†

* In the Loiret.

† The word *à Mortier* refers to their cap, like the English mortar-board.—Tr.

whose names were inscribed at the head of the document: these were the First President Bochard de Saron, M. de Gourgues, M. de Champlâtreux and M. Noiseau d'Ormesson. They were confounded with those who had signed the Protest.

CHAPTER II

THE WARRANT FOR ARREST

The Section of Bondy tries to arrest Mgr. de Salamon.—A very cowardly lady of the Isle St Louis.—A devoted friend. Scouting for intelligence: Messieurs de Saron, d'Ormesson, de Marcé, Pasquier.—The Abbé Chaubri de Beaulieu: a Judge, who had become a weaver of woollen stockings.—Madame Dellebart and her daughter.—A false track.—Letter of M. de Chateaubriand to Mgr. de Salamon.

The Commissaries of the Section of Bondy came to those of the Unité, in which I was living, and asked permission to take me under their jurisdiction.

Since the massacre I had been living peacefully, and, as I mounted guard in my turn, I passed for a good citizen, and was in the most complete security. The Revolutionary Committee of my Section were unwilling to assist in my arrest, and replied that they did not know where I lived. Meanwhile, one of the members went secretly to my house and asked for me. Madame Blanchet said that I was out. 'So much the better!' he replied, 'tell him not to show himself here for some days, as the Section of Bondy wish to have him arrested . . . we have no idea for what reason.'

As I was in the habit of telling my servants where I was going, Madame Blanchet hastened to the Isle St Louis, where I was dining, to seek me. She arrived while we were still at table, sent a message asking to speak to me, and said: 'The Section of Bondy has come to serve you with a warrant of arrest . . . so do not appear for some days.' I dismissed her, telling her to

find out the reason, and returned to the table, but I had no longer any appetite. However, I put a good face on it, for I was at the house of a lady who was a great coward, and if she had heard the news, she would undoubtedly have had a nervous attack.

I remained there until dark, not without great anxiety. I left at half-past eight, and walked on at random, with very little idea where I should sleep.

As I went along, it occurred to me to go to the house of a lady of my acquaintance, a rich widow, who had a small house all to herself, in the Rue St Apolline, near the Porte St Martin.

She was a tall handsome woman of about fifty : she was very good-hearted. I had known her for less than fifteen months, but in that short space of time, she had conceived a great friendship for me. The story of the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd September had especially called forth her sympathy. She was living with her only daughter, who had wished to become a nun, and whom she had received back into her home, when the Religious Orders were suppressed in France.* Still, I hesitated to go to see her at so late an hour. At that time, everything caused alarm, on account of the incarcerations, which became more numerous every day. However, I reflected on the danger of being suddenly arrested, if I were wandering about the streets at night, so I went into the house of this excellent woman.

She had been entertaining that evening, and some of the guests were still there. I could see, at once, that she was surprised at my sudden arrival, but she did not express the least astonishment, for fear of exciting the suspicion of the people who were there. On the contrary, as soon as she saw me, she exclaimed :

'Oh ! how glad I am to see you ! . . . you will dine with me.'

But as soon as we were alone, she said :

---

* In 1792.

'Well, my friend, what is the news?'

'Mon Dieu,' I replied, 'I greatly fear I am to be prosecuted. It is said that there have been many arrests, especially of members of the Parliament . . . Mme. Blanchet came to warn me not to appear at home for some days.'

'Well, my dear friend,' she said, drying her tears, 'you will remain at my house . . . I have a nice bedroom on the second floor . . . I have no one with me but my daughter, whom you know well, and my servants are trustworthy people.'

I answered . . . that I accepted her offer for the moment, but I would not trespass on her hospitality, for a long visit might have terrible consequences to her. I added, that I should be in despair if she were to be imprisoned on my account.

'Do not let us speak of that,' she interposed, 'think of nothing but rest . . . for this night, my daughter will sleep with me, and you shall have her room; to-morrow we will prepare yours.'

The next day I went out early, and contented myself with sending a message to Mme. Dellebart—that was the name of this excellent woman—that I should not return to breakfast.

I went straight to the house of the First President de Saron, Rue de l'Université, to tell him what had happened. The porter, who proved in the sequel to be a detestable fellow, received me with the words, spoken almost in a tone of satisfaction:—'He was taken to La Force, at three o'clock, this morning.'

I went on to the house of M. d'Ormesson. As he was suffering much pain in his legs, they had not dragged him away to prison, but were keeping him under surveillance. I made other long journeys on foot. I went to the house of M. de Marcé, a *conseiller* of the *grand' chambre*, in the Rue Michel le Comte. He had been in the Madelonnettes since the morning. I passed on successively to the houses of my colleagues in the Marais; they were all in prison. It was now four

o'clock in the afternoon; I had been walking since eight o'clock, and was still fasting. Nevertheless, I went on to the Rue St Anastase in the Marais, and the Rue de la Madeleine in the Faubourg St Honoré, to the house of the Pasquiers, father and son. I found only Madame Pasquier, who was very fond of me. When she saw me, she said: 'You have come just at the right moment. We have a nice pullet from Mans for dinner . . . you will join us.'

'No, thank you, Madame, . . . but where is M. Pasquier?'

'He is just now at M. Aulnay's in the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins.'

I told her briefly the facts, and hastened to meet my colleague and warn him to fly.

I met him in the Rue de l'Arcade.

'Ah! Mon Dieu!' I said, 'Fly . . . do not go home . . . all our friends are arrested. . . . Yesterday, they came to my house, and I am much surprised, they have not been to yours. We are lost . . . I have not yet been able to learn the cause of our arrest.' *

I never saw that dear friend again. He was not seized at his house, but, none the less, special circumstances led to his arrest,† and he perished with his unfortunate colleagues.

Exhausted though I was, I went from the Rue Simon le Franc, Faubourg Saint-Honoré to the Marais,

---

* M. Pasquier mentions this interview in his Memoirs. It was not long after his marriage, and he was living at Champigny with his wife, but frequently came to Paris to dine with his father, and was with him when the Abbé de Salamon came to warn them. M. Pasquier says, the Abbé was about to conceal himself, yet had the courage to go all over the town to warn those of his colleagues, whom he knew to be still living there; although no one ran more danger than he, on account of the religious functions which he had secretly discharged for some months past, the discovery of which would inevitably have brought him, at once, to the scaffold. M. Pasquier adds, that he took leave of his father, and returned to Champigny, and they never met again. His father concealed himself at La Muette, where he had been living during the previous summer.—*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier.*—Vol. I, ch. v, p. 91.—Tr.

† He gave himself up two days later, fearing that his wife would be arrested in his place.—*Ibid.*—Tr.

where I had already been in the morning. I went to the apartment of one of my colleagues, a *conseiller-clerc*, like myself, the Abbé Chaubri de Beaulieu.*

I found him in a miserable room on the sixth floor. He had a hand-loom in front of him, and was employed in weaving woollen stockings.

'Oh! Mon Dieu!' I said, 'how can you be so calm, when we are all in distress?'

He answered: 'For the last two years, I have lived unknown. . . . They take me for a simple working man, and I have no fear . . . I would wager a good deal they will not come to arrest me.'

This air of security reassured me, and I was thinking of spending the night with him, when they brought in a leg of mutton with potatoes laid around it, the whole baked in the oven, and smelling delicious. The Abbé at once said: 'you will dine with me,' and he added smiling: 'I call it my dinner, for I have positively only this one dish, without soup or boiled meat.'

I answered: 'I accept gladly, for I have already walked four or five leagues without breaking my fast.' I ate heartily, and enjoyed my dinner, and only left his house at eight o'clock.

The Abbé Chaubri never suffered a moment's anxiety during the Terror, and to-day, he is still living in the same quarter, but now he has a handsome flat and practises as an advocate.

When I returned to Mme. Dellebart at ten o'clock at night, I found her in tears. As I was so long away, she feared I had been arrested in some street. I told her how I had spent the day; she was glad, but began to cry afresh, when she heard of the long wearisome journeys I had made. As I have said, she was a remarkably kind woman.

She told me that Mme. Blanchet—who seemed to

---

* Evidently the Abbé Chaubri de Beaulieu, like many other *conseillers-clercs*, had not taken Holy Orders.

divine what I should do—had come to her house to look for me, although I had said nothing to her of my retreat. Blanchet told her she had found out why so many persons were arrested; that a document had been discovered in M. de Rosambo's 'cabinets à l'anglaise' and that my name was on it. In a moment the thought of that wretched Protest came to my mind, and I could not help exclaiming: 'Ah! how could the President keep such a document!' Then, by way of excusing him, I immediately added: 'Doubtless, he was unable to obtain access to the King in order to give it to him.'

You may imagine, we talked for a long time that night, Mme. Dellebart and I, and it was nearly two o'clock in the morning when we went to bed. She herself showed me to the beautiful room she had prepared for me. It was exquisitely clean, and draped with Persian muslin. Although very simple in her ways, Mme. Dellebart loved beautiful furniture, beautiful hangings, and above all cleanliness. In this respect, her house, which was rather small, was a real *bijou*; from the hall to the top storey, everything shone as if it were new.

I went to bed, and slept well, better even than I had expected. Then at nine o'clock, this excellent lady sent me some delicious coffee, in a little silver coffee-pot, with cream from her beautiful country-seat of Pantin, formerly the residence of the famous opera-dancer, Mlle. Guimard.

Mme. Dellebart's daughter joined me at breakfast, and showed me all the sympathy that I might have looked for from a lady consecrated to God, and naturally of a kind disposition—for the rest, she was not very intelligent, and her devotion took a mistaken form. Her poor mother would often say to me: 'My daughter is very bigoted.'

She was twenty-seven years of age, very pretty but exceedingly pale. She came to my room to bear me company in place of her mother, who did not rise until later.

Towards ten o'clock the same day Blanchet arrived. She seemed much dejected. She had cried a great deal, both on account of the danger I was running, and because she had not seen me for two days. I tried to calm and console her.

The Protest that had been discovered, still continued to come back to my mind and fill me with great anxiety. I had always had a foreboding that this Protest would have dire consequences for us, and when it was under debate, I had opposed it; not from any objection to the principle involved, or that I had any love of revolutionary ideas, but I considered it useless, whether the Republic should remain, or were destined to fall. Nevertheless I had signed it. I found it necessary, therefore, to exert myself in order not to appear sad and thoughtful, as I generally do when preoccupied.

Blanchet told me that the Commissaries of the Section of Bondy had come back at four o'clock the evening before, and were in a very bad humour at not finding me. They insulted her grossly, and asked where I was. Not knowing how to get rid of them, Blanchet imprudently answered that I was at the Château de Bonneuil, and had gone there to finish some law business. Needless to say, this was false. The scoundrels believed her, and went to Bonneuil, four leagues distance from Paris, they turned the Château upside down, and, of course, found nothing. I only learned this fact later, and I strongly reproved Blanchet, although her motive had been a good one, and she had only wanted to put these bad men off the track. I told her, in future, to confine herself to a simple negation.

My time passed very pleasantly at the house of Mme. Dellebart, who continued as full of attention and kindness as on the first day. I went out sometimes in the morning, and only returned in the evening, after wandering about Paris, scarcely knowing whither I went. Every morning my breakfast was brought to my room. Blanchet came to see me every other day;

she told me the talk of the neighbourhood, the rumours that were afloat, and truly, they were far from reassuring.

One day I committed an imprudence. I went again to dine at the house of the same lady in the Isle St. Louis, where I had been, when Blanchet came to warn me. It was a pastime and recreation that I needed. You may be sure I did not breathe a word to the lady of my sad position.

When I returned in the evening Mme. Dellebart informed me that poor Blanchet had not come, as she was accustomed to do. I was very uneasy about it, but durst not send a woman to make inquiries, lest she should be wanting in discretion, or even perhaps be 'shadowed' on her way back.

At length, Blanchet came, at noon, the next day, and told me they had made a third search of my house, and had launched forth into threats, in a word, they had gone away furious at not finding me.

She gave me at the same time a letter that the wife of one of the seventy-two deputies* imprisoned in La Force, had brought for me, and she offered to take back a reply.

The letter was from M. de Chateaubriand, the brother of the author, who, under the impression that I was perfectly free, and in no way endangered, wrote to tell me that he and his people were all in prison, that they had been separated, and he did not know where M. de Malesherbes and Madame de Rosambo were. I replied that there was a warrant out against me, and I was wandering about away from home; that they had come three times to arrest me, and I was obliged to conceal myself, and live anywhere I could in Paris, with no means of knowing what was going on; that I had heard, however, that M. de Malesherbes was in the Madelonnettes, and Mme. de Rosambo in the English

* Partisans of a more moderate policy. Expelled from the Convention on May 31st, 1793, which saw the fall of the Girondins, and the beginning of the dictatorship of Robespierre. They came back after the 9th Thermidor.

Convent (les Anglaises). I added that I despaired of being able to be of any service to him in the future, as I, myself, intended to go away, and to take every possible means to avoid arrest. My reply was delivered, and I never heard anything more from these dear friends.

I stayed on, however, with Madame Dellebart, who showed me all the affectionate care of a mother. We got on so well together—we two, that we used to remain every night en tête a tête, after her daughter had retired to rest at nine o'clock; and sometimes we sat up until two o'clock in the morning, talking over the various incidents in our lives. She had had many, and she had a talent for relating. Besides, she had been much in society, and was still in the habit of entertaining various naval officers, among them Admiral Barras, Commodore d'Aymer, who had the *cordon rouge*,* and others. On my side, I had travelled a good deal, I had mingled in the best society of Paris, and lastly, I had been present at the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd September. Besides, there was the great topic of politics, in which she took an active part. She knew the famous Favier, the great diplomatist employed by Louis XV, while, as for me, I was in correspondence with a Court which passed for the most diplomatic of all the Courts of Europe.

---

* Red riband of the Order of St Louis.

CHAPTER III

THE ENGLISH CONVENT *

Blanchet is Arrested.—The Section des 'Bandits.'—Two Terrible Men of Auvergne.—The Women Imprisoned in the English Convent.—Mmes. de Champcenetz, de Soyecourt, de la Rochefoucauld, d'Urtat, Duchilleau. Their Behaviour towards Blanchet.—Dr Guastaldi Intervenes.—Death of Blanchet's Son at the Hospital.—A Baker who Insists on being Master in his own House.—Mgr. de Salamon Interests the Duchess de Sulx and Mme. d'Aulnay in Blanchet.—Letters from Rome.

For four days Blanchet had not appeared. I was greatly distressed about it, and so was Mme. Dellebart, who was much attached to her, and used often to exclaim, when speaking of her: 'Oh! what a good woman she is!' We had a presentiment—which proved only too true—that she had been arrested.

After mature deliberation, we decided that Mme. Dellebart should send François, her confidential servant, to the neighbourhood of my apartments in the Rue des Augustins, and especially to the baker's shop, to see if he could not glean some information.

François was quite successful, and told us, on his return, that at four o'clock in the morning of New Year's day† Mme. Blanchet had been taken away from the house, with only the clothes she had on; that my

* The Convent School of the English Augustinian Canonesses, afterwards removed to Neuilly. [These English ladies were detained as hostages in part of their convent, and the rest of the building was used as a prison for women.—Tr.]

† 1794.

plate and my money—that is to say, 1500 francs in specie and 2000 francs in assignats—had been seized; that seals had been placed on my rooms, and two guards, who were each paid 5 francs a day, had been stationed, the one in the hall, and the other in the kitchen: moreover, that Blanchet had been taken—he knew not whither—and obliged to leave her son, who was only fourteen years old, in the street, in a state of destitution, and that the baker's wife had taken him in, so that he might not be exposed to the icy cold, which prevails at that hour of the morning. François had been told to be very careful not to say where I was.

You may imagine my consternation on learning this news. Mme. Dellebart, her daughter, and I were crying all day, and could eat no dinner, we did not even sit down to table.

I spent the next fortnight in fruitless efforts to find out to what prison she had been taken.

Now all this time, as I heard later, she was lying on a miserable mattress in a room of the Section de Bondy, in the parish of St Lawrence, weeping, and a prey to acute suffering. The shock she had received, when she awoke with a start and found herself surrounded by armed men, the horror at being dragged away, half naked, the freezing cold of the winter's night, the grief at being separated from her young son, the only one of her nine children who was left to her, all this so told upon her, that she fell seriously ill, and for three whole weeks her life was in danger. Notwithstanding her condition, these barbarians kept her continually in sight, as if she had been able to escape from them; and as she told me later, their continued presence was the worst part of her sufferings. They even went so far as to spy upon her, and question her, when she was asleep, in the hope of drawing from her some indication of my retreat; but she never allowed the least word to escape her.

At length her robust constitution triumphed, and her health returned, but only after a long convalescence.

[*Braun et Cie, photo., Dornach.*

"La Marquise de Champcenetz."

From the painting by Jean-Baptiste Greuze.

[*To face p.* 109.

There was in this Section de Bondy—which Blanchet called the Section des 'Bandits'—a Revolutionary Committee composed of abominable men; two of them, named Jerome and Baptiste, were especially notorious, two repulsive beings, natives of Auvergne. These wretched men, by their own individual efforts, brought about the death of some two thousand persons. They often came to question Blanchet. When she was tired of their presence, she would say angrily in the Provençal dialect which is nearly allied to that of Auvergne: 'Well! Yes, I know where he is . . . but thou wilt never know . . . he must live to have thee hanged, thou, and all like thee.' These words struck terror into the hearts of these ferocious men, and they went away immediately.

At last, being unable to get anything out of her, they resolved to put her in prison in the English Convent of the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor.

The poor woman, victim of her attachment to her master, and to the good cause, suffered many humiliations in this prison, where she ought to have received consolation and encouragement. They gave her a miserable bed, consisting only of a sorry mattress, in the room of Mme. de Champcenetz. Then, this lady, angry that the sans-culottes should act thus 'in my own residence,' as she expressed it, gave the warder 50 francs to take Blanchet away. The poor woman, however, deserved a better fate, and should rather have been treated with compassion.

Truth to say, however, her appearance was not calculated to inspire confidence, for she was just recovered from a painful illness, and her convalescence had not progressed rapidly in a prison, where she was destitute of everything. Besides, she was almost in rags, having been torn from her bed, as I have related, at four o'clock in the morning, and having only had time to take what clothing came to hand.

Thus, she was pitilessly driven out of Mme. de Champcenetz's room, and consigned to a garret, which

had only shutters in place of windows, where Blanchet was consequently exposed to the full force of the wind.

Seeing herself thus abandoned, destitute of everything, reduced to despair, she sought (without revealing the cause of her imprisonment, from motives of prudence on my account) to have an interview with Mme. de Soyecourt, née Princess of Nassau-Sarrebruck. This lady was under great obligations to me. I had known her when she was overwhelmed with debts. All her property had been sequestrated, and her creditors had even tried to seize her pension. She had then applied to the Parliament to reserve for her, at least, enough to live upon. I had been appointed to report on her case, and I treated her like a princess, for I caused a decree to be issued awarding her a pension of 4000 francs, which her creditors should never be able to touch.

Blanchet had seen her more than once at my house, and had witnessed the welcome I gave her. So now, she made bold to ask her for a little broth. Mme. de Soyecourt received her haughtily, saying: 'Citizen Blanchet, up to this time I have not had enough for myself.'

Blanchet was going away in tears when she met Dr Guastaldi in the Convent. He was my fellow-countryman and also my doctor. He passed close by her without recognising her, for she was little more than a skeleton. Blanchet thought he was avoiding her intentionally, and placing herself in front of him, she seized him vigorously by the arm, exclaiming: 'And you too! You forsake me!' Guastaldi recognised her then, and said: 'Why, Blanchet! You here!' After she had given him some explanations, he went back to the ladies, and said; 'You have a treasure in the house, and until now, you have despised it . . . . This Blanchet is the most estimable of women.'

Then they were eager to help her. Mme Champcenetz, herself, gave her fifty francs. Mme Duchillau never ceased to lavish the most touching attentions upon her, up to the time of her death; and if Blanchet

had not constantly refused to accept it, she would have given her all that she had brought to the prison. Mme d'Urtat* also alleviated her lot. Lastly Mme de la Rochefoucauld,† whose maid had abandoned her, treated Blanchet with great kindness. So Blanchet attached herself to this lady, tended the sores on her legs, and obtained for her, from the warder, a thousand little comforts—chocolate for instance.

Pardon my giving you all these details, Madame; they are trivial enough, and have little interest for you; but the story of Blanchet is so closely interwoven with mine, that I am obliged to mention them.

As I have already said, her imprisonment caused much grief to Mme Dellebart and to me.

We learnt also that, besides my plate, they had taken away from my house two handsome time-pieces, and the most beautiful of my books, to the number of 1,600, which they placed in the public libraries.

To resume the thread of my adventures, I went to see Madame de Senozan, the sister of Madame de Malesherbes, one of the most honourable and the best of women. They had placed sentinels at the door, to watch the approach to the house, but I was admitted by a secret staircase, unnoticed by anyone, except the concierge, who had been accustomed, in former days, to see me every day at the house. When I began to tell Mme. de Senozan of these sorrowful events, she interrupted me, saying: 'I know all . . . . I will even tell you that this poor woman's child has been taken to the Hospital (Hospice de la Charité) and has been lying for

---

* Possibly Mme. de Durtal.—Tr.

† From the *Vie de Madame de la Rochefoucauld, Duchesse de Doudeauville* we learn that she and her young daughter came to 'Les Anglaises,' as boarders, in order to be near her mother-in-law, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, and her sister-in-law, Mme de Durtal, who were imprisoned there. Soon after their arrival on March 8, 1794, Mme de Durtal was taken before the Tribunal and sentenced to death. Mme de Doudeauville remained at the Convent, until the Decree requiring the nobles to leave Paris, obliged her to part from Mme de la Rochefoucauld, who remained in prison. Evidently these three ladies were at 'Les Anglaises' at the same time as Blanchet.—Tr.

the last three days between life and death.' She added that she sent her servant, Comtois, every day to enquire after him.

I learned later, that he had died the next day, in delirium, crying loudly for his mother and his master.

This boy was a great loss to me, and I feel it still every day. He was very intelligent, and though so young, already acted as my secretary, even in my correspondence with Rome, for, although scarcely fourteen, he showed a discretion beyond his years.

Madame de Senozan also told me that her brother and her nephews and nieces, were all together at Port-Royal, which had been transformed into a prison, and called Port-Libre. I left her, expressing my sympathy, and it was our last interview.

In the evening I returned, feeling very sorrowful, to tell Mme Dellebart all this bad news. Afterwards I remained in the house for six days; at last, on the seventh, I resolved to go and see the Viscountess d'Allemane, who was then living at Versailles, and whom I knew very well. She also was under arrest in her own house, and guarded by two warders. She had been allowed to remain there, instead of being dragged to prison, on account of a medical certificate, that I had helped to procure for her from my doctor Guastaldi, of whom I spoke just now. I told her of my sad position, and begged her to send her man-servant to the baker's shop, opposite my house, to enquire if there were any letters for me.

I have heard since, that the commissaries of the Section de Bondy, having no doubt laid claim to my letters, had found out that they were left at the baker's, and had presented themselves there to seize them, at the very moment that the servant was carrying them away. The worthy woman showed no fear, and told them a stranger had come and fetched the letters for me. They became very angry and loaded her with insults; but her husband, who was a big man, six foot high, very strong and, moreover, very hot-

tempered, happened to come in at that moment, and turned them out.

Among the letters were two from Rome, and one of them contained a cheque on the Italian banker, Caccia, of the Rue St Denis; it was for 300 Roman crowns, which were to be paid to me in ready money, and in specie. I went there early the next morning, but the banker, fearing to compromise himself, refused to cash the cheque, which placed me in a very embarrassing position.

The other letter was from the Cardinal Secretary of State, and was full of consolation, encouragement and expressions of sympathy. I had, in fact, found means to make known to him my sad position. I had asked him at the same time to obtain for me from the Pope, a dispensation from saying my breviary, as I was not able to procure the necessary books. The Cardinal replied that the Pope granted me all the dispensations in his power, and only urged me not to allow myself to be taken.

I went the next day to the Rue des Saints-Pères to see the Duchess of Sulx with whom I had the honour to be acquainted. She was not in prison, because, having only lately come to that part, she was not known in the neighbourhood. I begged her to go to the prison of 'Les Anglaises' to enquire after Blanchet and to take her sugar, coffee, everything in short that she might need. The Duchess gladly accepted my commission, and went to the prison, dressed as a servant. As she was slender and active, she did not mind the distance, and besides, she was kind and charitable.

She went there many times, but at last, one day she told me that the door was closed to everyone, and that Blanchet had been taken away from that prison. I thanked her with all my heart, and it was not until fifteen years later that I saw this admirable woman again.

Thus, I knocked at every door in order to soften the hardships of my faithful servant's imprisonment. With this object I also went to the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, to see Madame d'Aulnay, a very charitable woman, who,

by extraordinary good fortune, was not imprisoned. I begged her to devise some means of conveying 200 francs to Blanchet. She undertook to do it, and succeeded, by means of one of those travelling hawkers who always manage to find their way everywhere.

CHAPTER IV

ACROSS PARIS

Mgr. de Salamon leaves Madame Dellebart's house.—His Hostess in the Rue de Paradis.—An ex-Abbé, Professor at the School of Medicine.—A deplorable Compatriot.—The Jacobin's fine linen Shirt and good Bordeaux.

I HAD been wandering about Paris for nearly a month, always returning to take my rest, and my meals, at Madame Dellebart's, when one day her daughter drew me aside, and said: 'François has been telling Mamma that two men have been to enquire if there were not a stranger here . . . but Mamma did not wish you to be told.' I thanked her for her confidence, remarking that I should profit by it. I said: 'It is one of two things: either it is true, and in that case, I ought to leave as quickly as possible; or it is a lie, which would mean that the servants are tired of my being here. Perhaps they fear—and for that matter, not without reason—that I may bring suspicion upon their mistress. . . . Who knows, if some day or other—without intending any harm—they may not draw attention to me, . . . in this case too, I ought to leave.' The nun was in despair at having told me, she was afraid her mother would scold her, but I made her listen to reason, and the same evening I spoke to Madame Dellebart, who began to raise all sorts of difficulties in the way of my project, and earnestly entreated me to stay.

It happened that one of her friends was spending the evening there with her husband. Having caught

some words of our conversation, they invited me to spend the night at their house. I accepted gratefully, and I must add, to the great annoyance of Madame Dellebart. I left at midnight with my new hosts. They went along the boulevard, and then took the Faubourg Poisonnière and brought me to the Rue de Paradis. It was not long before I perceived, however, that the good lady was more afraid than I was. She took me in with many precautions, and even then could not help murmuring, 'Oh! Mon Dieu! we have been seen.' Then she showed me to a very small room under the roof, where I could not close my eyes all night, as there was a continual noise going on in the house. So I went out very early, without telling anyone, and I have never seen my hostess again. It is a singular thing, that up to this time I had continued to spend the night in that very Section of Bondy which was persecuting me.

I began to wander about Paris. I did not know where to go, when as I went along the Rue des Cordeliers near the School of Medicine, I saw a young man coming out of it, whom I thought I recognised. I was not mistaken.

He was a priest of my native town,* the son of our apothecary, and I had known him in days gone by: his name was Audin Rouvière.

I went up to him, and said:

'I think, sir, I have already met you, somewhere.'

He replied: 'I am under the same impression with regard to you.'

'May you not be the Abbé Audin?'

He interposed quickly 'Ah, sir, do not use the word Abbé. . . . I am a Professor at the School of Medicine, and I live in the flat you see there.'

'I call myself the same,' I replied in my turn.

He begged me, in the most friendly way to go upstairs to his rooms. When we were seated, I said: 'I thought you were Chaplain to the Hospital.'

---

* Carpentras.

'Yes, indeed!' he exclaimed laughing heartily, 'where are there any Chaplains now? . . . but you, yourself, what are you doing then?'

'You know I was a *conseiller-clerc* of the Parliament, and I greatly fear they are trying to arrest me just now.'

'Then stay here with me . . . the devil himself would not find you here! We have only a concierge, who is a regular drunkard . . . here is a key, you can go in and out when you like.'

I took him at his word, and accepted his offer.

We were in a flat almost without furniture. There was no servant—man or woman. I said to myself: 'Come! here is a place where I shall be able to live quietly for a long time.'

He showed me a little room, where I found a straw mattress laid on two miserable benches, with one blanket, nothing more. 'I shall be very comfortable here,' I said. He brought me a large sheet, which I folded in two, and thought myself very happy to have some sort of place where I could lay my head.

However, after I had lain down, I felt the wind blowing around me on every side, and I was frozen all night, because I had not sufficient covering.

So I slept very badly.

But what awakened me altogether was my companion, who kept calling out, like a madman, now in Latin, now in French, and starting up in his bed.

At seven o'clock, he went out with a great clatter. He reappeared at half past eight, and said: 'I have just given my lesson.' Then, noticing that I was half dead with cold, he hastened to make me a nice little fire.

He asked if I had slept well. I replied: 'Ah! how can you expect me to sleep in the sad circumstances in which I am placed!'

We breakfasted on some walnuts.

Then he went out, and brought back some small fish which served for our dinner.

I went out in the evening, when it was dark, to

Madame Dellebart, to tell her of my new abode. She pressed me very much to go and dine with her every day, but from motives of prudence, I declined.

Returning to the School of Medicine, I found my young professor enthusiastic about his profession. He had fallen in love with a niece of Doctor Portail, who did not know he was a priest, and invited him to dinner once a week. He confided to me that he thought of marrying her.

'But you have forgotten then, that you are a priest?'

'Ah!' he replied, 'you are still imbued with those prejudices.'

'Do not speak in that way,' I answered . . . 'Portail will never give you his niece.'

'But I assure you the doctor thinks very highly of me . . . I dine at his house every Sunday, and as for the niece, I dote upon her.'

I thought to myself: 'I pity the poor girl, if he should marry her.'

I learnt afterwards that matters had gone a long way, and he was on the point of having her, but Doctor Portail found out that he was a priest, and he was rejected.

Thus my time passed quietly, though sadly, and I thought myself happy to have this little place of retreat, instead of being in prison.

My host himself cooked our meals, which consisted, for the most part, of broiled fish, and sometimes of a leg of mutton roasted in the oven, with plenty of garlic.

We spent the evening playing draughts. He was passionately fond of the game, while I knew hardly anything about it. However, I won fairly often, and he took me for a very good player. I concluded from this, that he was not very clever at it.

I thus, let myself be bored for two whole hours, but one must make oneself agreeable to one's host.

As for the nights, they were all much alike. He started and tossed about on his bed, in a strange way.

Now, he would declaim a sentence out of his lesson, at other times, words addressed to his intended.

As for me, being unable to sleep, I kept turning over and over on my bed, where, as I have said, I had scarcely any covering, and was exposed to the cold air on all sides.

I had already been living ten days with my deplorable compatriot, when a man arrived suddenly, and walked straight into our rooms. The porter had inadvertently left the door open, and I could not conceal myself quickly enough to avoid being seen. It was mine host's cousin. His first word to him was: 'Who is that man?' I did not hear their conversation, but mine host was weak enough to tell him all. His cousin replied: 'You are a dead man. If that gentleman should be found here, you will be guillotined with him.' At last, he went away, and when I re-entered the room I noticed that mine host was quite upset.

I enquired in my turn, who was that man, and I added: 'His arrival seems to have distressed you.'

'He is my cousin. . . . No, I am not distressed.'

'Oh! I beg your pardon,' I said, 'if you told him who I was, no doubt he would made you feel uneasy on account of my being with you.'

'Well! you have guessed rightly! . . . He even told me that, if you were found here, we should both be guillotined. . . . But, never mind, I am not afraid.'

I replied: 'He has only told you the truth, my dear fellow, and I have made up my mind to go away, for, without meaning any harm, he may tell one of his friends that I am here.'

I left the same evening, and went to relate my adventure to Madame Dellebart. She said at once: 'Then you must stay with us . . . now we have grown used to one another. . . . Besides nothing will happen to you . . . I assure you,' added this excellent woman, whom I had only known for a little more than a year, 'I assure you I have felt the house very empty since you went away.'

. . . I thanked her most gratefully.

But in the midst of these perpetual alternations of fear and hope, and the bitterness into which I was plunged, I had not the consolation of being able to accept the offers of my friends, for that would have been to imperil their lives. 'No, no,' I replied, 'there is nothing for me but to wander about at random . . . and you will see me no more, unless, perhaps, once a week, when that is possible.' When I said this, she burst into tears.

All the same, I consented to stay the night at her house, and I left the next morning at break of day.

However, I had received no news of Madame Blanchet, and I did not know to what prison they might have taken her.

So I went to the Rue Cassette, to find the husband of the poor woman, who had helped Blanchet to search for me among the corpses at the Abbey, at the time of the massacre. He was a Jacobin, and as such, I thought he might be able to obtain access to the prison, and find out where my faithful servant had been placed.

When I knocked at the door he was still asleep. He came at once to open it; he was in his shirt, and I noticed that the shirt was of the finest holland. Yet he was only a poor joiner, and besides a regular drunkard. His ill-usage had been the cause of his wife's death.

He received me cordially, and dressed hastily in order to talk to me. He began by offering me some refreshment. I answered, that I had not come with any thought of eating or drinking, but to obtain news of poor Blanchet, the friend of his late wife.

He said: 'Well, we will talk whilst we have somethink to eat'; and the tears came to his eyes.

I durst not refuse the breakfast he offered me, for fear of annoying him, but I was afraid he would give me some bad wine, a thing I cannot possibly take in the morning.

So I accepted his meal, and he immediately put on

the table a black bottle—well corked—it was Bordeaux! . . . then some beef, which looked most appetising. I ate more than I had expected, and also more than I should have wished. I found the wine very good, and said to myself, 'Surely, that shirt and that bottle of wine have been stolen.'

At last, I explained what had brought me to him. When he heard of Blanchet's arrest, he began to cry. 'Ah!' he said, raising his eyes to heaven; 'She was a friend of my poor wife! . . . only unfortunately she was an aristocrat.'

'Aristocrat or no aristocrat,' I replied, 'I want you to go to all the prisons, and enquire where she is now.'

He promised to do so, and made an appointment to meet me, in the evening, two days later.

I went away, feeling very happy to think that Blanchet would soon have news of me, and I have news of her.

CHAPTER V

IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE*

The Internuncio goes out of Paris.—'Excuse me, I made a Mistake.'—Nights under the Open Sky.—A Hermit Canon.—The Internuncio's Council, M.M. Joli, Le Moyne, and Girard, author of the Comte de Valmont.

I WALKED on, absently following the course of the Seine, as far as the heights where the Military School is situated, and came to the bastions erected on the side of the mountain, called the Montagne des Bonshommes or Montagne de Passy. The warden of the bastion said to me very politely: 'Unless you have the card of citizenship, I must ask you to go up near the barrier of the guard-house.' I thanked him and went down a narrow road which passes through the Princess de Lamballe's park.

I crossed the Rue Basse, and the Rue de l'Eglise,† and reached La Muette, a villa belonging to the King, without having any fixed purpose.

Then it occurred to me that the elder Madame Pasquier and her children, used to live in a flat hard by, where, some time before, I had given the nuptial blessing, in their presence, to the eldest son who was marrying a widow, Madame de Rochefort.‡

---

* As is well-known, the Bois de Boulogne only became a park under the First Empire. It was previously a real *wood*, even a *forest*.

† Rue Berton and Rue de l'Annonciation.

‡ M. Pasquier mentions this, and adds that the Abbé de Salamon gave the necessary dispensations required on account of the degree of relationship already existing between M. Pasquier and the lady. He says, the Abbé had secretly received from Rome the powers of the nunciature. *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. i, ch. iv, p. 90.—Tr.

I went there at once, but was much surprised to find a sentinel at the door, who called out: 'What do you want?' I turned back, answering quickly: 'Excuse me, I made a mistake.'

Then I began to wander through the Bois de Boulogne, to find a suitable place where I could pass the night. I found nothing better than the kiosk, where the people of Auteuil come on the Sunday to dance. I returned in the evening, when there were no longer any lights in the windows of the house of the forest ranger, which was close by. I slept on the planks, having first spread a little straw that I found in the pastures, and which, no doubt, had been brought by the people, who came with the cows, so that they might sit on it.

I slept there, but a very broken sleep. Once, I awoke with a start, thinking I might be discovered in this hospitable shelter.

Later, I found a convenient place beside the Villa Bagatelle, very near the Pyramid, and not far from 'Madrid,' where I had often been when M. de Rosambo lived there. This was, in fact, the reason why I chose the Bois de Boulogne, in preference to the other woods near Paris. I was already familiar with nearly every turn in it.

The next day, I returned to Madame Dellebart, who melted into tears when she heard how I had passed the night. She wanted to keep me the whole of that day, and even all night. I accepted her invitation, in order to be more within reach of my Jacobin, the next morning.

Accordingly, at the hour fixed, I was at the appointed place. He told me that Blanchet had not left the Convent 'des Anglaises' in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor. He also assured me that he had recommended her to the warder of the prison, and had asked him to supply her with soap and coal.

I went out of Paris, happy at the news, and made my way to Saint-Cloud, intending to take a little

nourishment—for I was very hungry—at one of the wretched inns of the village.

I slept that night under the arch of a bridge, on some straw left by the washerwomen.

In the evening of the fourth day, I returned to Mme. Dellebart. She had been very anxious about me, and when she saw me come in with a dejected air, and with a long untrimmed beard, she could not repress her feelings, and melted into tears. I told her how I had passed my time since my last visit, and what I had learned about Blanchet. She promised to send François, on the following day, to take her some sugar, coffee, and even money, in case she should need it. I told her that I did not think she would be in any difficulty as regards money, for when I left, I had given her 1500 francs in assignats and 25 louis in gold. I learned afterwards that the Section de Bondy had taken the 1500 francs from her, but had not found the gold, which she had concealed under her clothing.

I left Mme. Dellebart the same evening, in spite of her entreaties, promising to spend the day—from early morning until evening—with her every Tuesday. It was only on this condition that she would let me go. She gave me a bottle of Malaga, and filled my pockets with bread.

I purposely left very late. I did not wish to reach the barrier until the time when the washerwomen were going out of Paris. As I was wearing a *carmagnole*,* I passed for one of their men, and walked through safely after them, without being asked for my card of citizenship. I should have been greatly perplexed how to present it, for I had not one.

I continued to employ the same expedient for getting out of Paris, and it always succeeded.

---

* A style of dress much worn by the revolutionaries; apparently it consisted of a short close-fitting jacket and trousers of the same material. M. Pasquier thus describes it:—'Une carmagnole, c'est à dire une veste courte et un pantalon de même étoffe. Cette étoffe, telle que je la portais, était des plus communes en gros molleton brun foncé à long poils.' *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. i, ch. v, p. 99.—Tr.

[*Braun et Cie, photo., Dornach.*

"The Hills of Meudon from the Park of St Cloud."

From the painting by Louis-Gabriel Moreau (1740-1806).

[*To face p.* 125.

That evening, I returned to the kiosk of Auteuil where, not finding my straw, I lay down on a heap of dead leaves. It rained during the night, but I was not greatly inconvenienced.

The next day, I went to walk in the wood of Meudon. The weather was fine. In the course of my walk, I met a man collecting herbs. I entered into conversation with him, and was not long in finding out that he was disguised. I asked him if he lived near Paris. He replied: 'Yes . . . only I am like the Wandering Jew . . . I am not exactly liable to arrest, but I prefer to be outside Paris, rather than inside. . . . I have a room at Passy . . . I wander about this wood all day long collecting herbs, and I have just begun. . . . In this way I go over more than six leagues a day, and I have nothing to eat until I return to Passy in the evening.' As his confidence in me gradually increased—honourable men soon recognise one another—he told me that his name was Joli, he had been a Canon of St Geneviève and tutor to M.M. de Mégrigny. He was extremely witty, talked well on every subject, and especially delighted in talking politics.

As for me, at first, I only gave him half confidences, but, after I had put him to the proof, I told him who I was, and from that time he always treated me with great respect.

We were nearly always together, and I consulted him about various matters.

I am accustomed, indeed, to distrust my own strength and light to disentangle affairs, and I like to take counsel. No doubt, I readily see if the advice given me be good or bad, but, all the same, it clears my thoughts.

After some days, M. Joli and I had a long talk about ecclesiastical affairs. He, also, recommended certain priests, and even wished to introduce some of them to me. But I declined, and contented myself with giving him the dispensations he asked for, on their behalf.

I also gave him decisions with regard to certain cases of conscience, and the validity of certain marriages.*

Still, I could not refuse to see M. Le Moyne, Vicar-General of Châlons, and a relative of M. Thierry, the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King. I already knew M. Le Moyne by reputation, as a wise man of great merit, and one who might be useful to me.

I formed a little Council of these two gentlemen and the Abbé Girard, author of the *Comte de Valmont*, of whom I shall speak presently.

Entrusted by the Pope, as I have said, with all the ecclesiastical affairs of the kingdom; holding within my hands, so to speak, the plentitude of his power, I had the greatest need of help, and I have always congratulated myself on having given my confidence to these gentlemen, for they were excellent counsellors.

We met together, when necessary, in some corner of the Bois de Boulogne, or of the neighbouring woods, and sometimes even in the Abbé Le Moyne's rooms.

Thus, God the Sovereign Master of all, provides the means to serve Him, even in the most difficult times; and thus, too, it may be that religion was better attended to during this dangerous epoch, than it is now.

---

* One of the most complicated questions of Canon Law at the time.

CHAPTER VI

SEEKING A RESTING-PLACE

The Decree against the Nobles.—The Internuncio goes in search of a Lodging.—The Intruded Curé of Passy.—The Description of Mlle. Girard.—Madame Grandin's Attic.—Visit to Madame Dellebart, and sad Return.—A dreadful Mother and charming Daughter.—A worthy Hair-dresser.—A Lady of Avignon: La Marquise d'Eutelx.—An Alarm.

For three months I had thus led a wandering life, homeless, living solely on potatoes. I kept a supply of them with a poor old beggar woman of Boulogne, and she always had some for me ready cooked, in place of bread, which I was entirely without, being unable to go to a baker's without the card of citizenship. Every Tuesday, according to my promise, I went to see Madame Dellebart. I arrived at dawn, and rested until she was dressed. As before, we breakfasted together, her daughter and I, in my room, with excellent coffee à la crème, which was brought up to us.

However, the horrors of the revolutionaries continued to increase, the decree* which drove all the nobles out of Paris was carried, and I resolved to keep in still closer concealment.

Accordingly, I told Madame Dellebart that I should not come back any more. The news plunged her into despair, and we took an affectionate leave of one another, weeping, as if we were never to meet again.

I had come to the end of my assignats. Moreover,

* According to the *Moniteur Universel*, this decree was passed on 16th April 1794.

the banker, Caccia, as I have already said, had refused to cash me a cheque for three hundred Roman crowns. It would, however, have been to his interest to put into circulation in this way an enormous sum in assignats, but he said he should be obliged to enter my acknowledgement in his books, and would thus expose himself to the guillotine. His excuse was a good one; but, as we are always inclined to pass a severe judgment on others, I attributed his refusal to ill-will; and later, I complained of it, and he lost the advantage of being banker to the Court of Rome.

I should add, however, that he might easily have given me some ready money, as I begged him to do. He refused, and this led me to doubt the sincerity of his purpose.

I was, therefore, in a very critical position, not having a halfpenny, and not daring to let any one know my difficulty, not even Madame Dellebart, who had frequently offered me assistance.

The fact is, I have always acted on the principle never to borrow money from my friends, nor even to let them know my needs. Happily, I still had some potatoes left, and I ate them sparingly to make them last the longer.

At length, I grew weary of this wandering life, and these nights in the open air, during which I was sometimes exposed to the rain, and always to the cold.

Speaking of the cold, however, I must admit that I never suffered much from it, although my circulation is not good. The truth is, I was clad in a *carmagnole* of very thick material. Outwardly, it looked like camlet, but it was lined throughout—sleeves included—with fine, and extremely warm, fur. My *justaucorps* was the same. Lastly, I had trousers of the same kind, with warm socks on my feet, and shoes which at first were very uncomfortable when I walked, but to which I soon grew accustomed.

I asked M. Joli, if the people in Passy were very ill-affected, and how things were managed in that

village. He answered: 'They are much the same as everywhere else. . . . Moreover, they terrorize the inhabitants by coming from time to time to seize persons in their houses, and I know of two who lost their lives in that way. . . . The Revolutionary Committee is ill-affected . . . it is composed of working quarrymen.* . . . However, the municipality, although patriotic, is not fond of arrests, and no one may be arrested without their being informed. So once the meeting of the municipality is over, there is nothing to fear. They meet every evening, and hold their sitting until there is no more for them to do. . . . There is a lantern placed at the door of the hall; when the light is extinguished, it is a sign that they have separated.'

All these details suggested to me the idea of having, if possible, a room at Passy to which I could retire. I said to myself: 'At least I could rest there when the Committee is not sitting.' But I did not breathe a word of this idea to M. Joli.

I remembered that—when I went to Passy in 1793, to marry M. Pasquier, now Prefect of Police,† at the house of his parents, who had taken refuge there—Madame Pasquier (the mother), a very good and pious woman, mentioned it to an old maid, also very pious, Mlle. Girard, sister of the Abbé Girard, author of the *Comte de Valmont*. She said: 'The Pope's Internuncio is coming on such a day.' Mlle. Girard eagerly came to see me, and even asked my advice on some ecclesiastical matter. But I have so little curiosity, and am so little inclined to talk, that it never occurred to me to ask her name or rank, so that I was entirely in the dark about them.

Still, as I made my way to Passy, I said to myself: 'If I only knew the name of that woman whom I met

* There were many quarries in the neighbourhood of Passy. Traces of them still exist.

† This is the only passage of the Memoirs which fixes approximately the date of their composition.

at Madame Pasquier's, I am sure she would help me . . . those pious ladies are full of resources. . . .'

I went into Passy determined to begin my search. I passed through part of the Grande Rue, then took the Rue de l'Eglise and found myself at the beginning of the Rue Basse. As I was turning to the left, I saw a rather shabbily dressed man coming towards me, whom I took to be an ecclesiastic. I was not mistaken. He was the *Curé intrus* * of the parish. I went forward and bowed, saying : 'I venture to ask you, Sir, a strange question, but, as you belong to Passy, I am sure you will be able to give me the information. . . . I am looking for a lady, elderly, slightly hunchbacked, very thin, little, very ugly, with a yellow complexion and . . . very pious.'

He replied : 'You could not have made a more lucky hit. I am the parish priest, and the lady you are looking for is Mlle. Girard ; this is the very house where she lives.' I thanked him, and without further compliments, I went and knocked at the door he pointed out. The servant opened it, and I asked for Mlle. Girard. I was told that she was out, but that M. l'Abbé, her brother was in. I asked to be shown in. The Abbé, timid by nature, but more so on this occasion, on account of the times in which we were living, seemed quite taken aback, when he saw a man come in, dressed as I was. I need not say that I had not given my name. He confined himself to saying that his sister was out, and he did not know when she would be back. I was about to rid him of my presence, when Mlle. Girard suddenly returned. In spite of my disguise, she recognised me at once, and received me with much respect and kindness. Seeing this, the Abbé Girard, although he did not know anything more about me—for his sister had not paused to tell him who I was—hastened to apologise.

---

* Curé intrus—The priest who had been *intruded* into the parish, in place of the Curé who had refused to take the Oath forbidden by the Pope.

Mlle. Girard kept repeating: 'How glad I am to see you! What can I do for you?'

I took good care not to tell her, at once, of my cruel position; I should have frightened her, for in those days, a man flying from revolutionary *justice* was an object of terror.

I merely said: 'You know who I am . . . the nobles are expelled from Paris, and I am afraid of being arrested. . . . I should like to find a room—a room of any kind, if only a garret—to which I might retire.'

'I will gladly try to find you one,' she answered, 'but first you will dine with us. . . . Afterwards we will busy ourselves in the matter.'

At two o'clock precisely, dinner was served; it was frugal, but what there was, was good. I remember especially an excellent turkey pie, of which the Abbé Girard had already partaken.

In short, we had a good dinner, and sat a long time over it, but I was far from cheerful, and felt a little annoyed that Mlle. Girard was in no hurry to go and look for my room.

At last, she rose and said: 'Now I am going to do your errand.' An hour later, she returned delighted, and said: 'I have only been able to find a wretched room for you, a kind of attic, exposed to every wind, for there are only window frames, without glass. The arrival of the nobles has made apartments very scarce, and extremely dear. . . . They will charge you two hundred francs a month. . . . Only, if you are uncomfortable there, at least you will be safe. . . . The landlady of the house, a notorious gossip, is married to a municipal officer, a great patriot, otherwise not at all a bad man . . . He is very keen about money, and it will be necessary to pay in advance.'

I thanked Mlle. Girard warmly: I was so glad to have found a place, where I could lay my head! It was only the promise of payment in advance, that troubled me a little, for, as I have said, during the last month I had not had a halfpenny in my pocket.

But I paid with audacity, and said: 'I agree to all the terms . . . only let us go and see the room.' And, at once, taking leave of the Abbé Girard, I set off with his sister to the house of Madame Grandin, my new landlady.

I found a woman, fairly polite, but a gossip to the last degree. She began by posing to me as an *aristocrate*; she might have spared herself the trouble, for I made no reply to her advances.

The room selected for me was above the fourth storey, and could only be reached by a wooden ladder.

Although I was prepared to find a poor room, my heart sank when I saw where I was to lodge. It had no ceiling, but only the rafters. For bed, there were three planks on two tressles, with a wretched palliasse, and a very hard mattress, and the rest of the furniture consisted of a miserable wooden table and two straw-seated chairs.

However, I met my ill-luck bravely, and said laughing: 'I am really very well satisfied, I will come to-morrow evening about eight o'clock.' As we were going downstairs, Mme. Grandin said: 'I forgot to ask you, sir, to bring some sheets . . . as for the payment in advance, I shall not require it from you, as Mlle. Girard knows you.'

Once more, I had had a narrow escape, not having any money; but, without betraying any embarrassment, I said in an easy tone: 'Very well then, to-morrow!'

Then I took leave of Mlle. Girard, resolved to return at once to Paris, to inform Madame Dellebart of all that had taken place, as I had not seen her for some time.

I reached her house at eight o'clock at night. She was so overjoyed and surprised to see me that she fainted. Her daughter, too, had a nervous attack, but that was from fear. She was somewhat of a coward, and not at all like her mother. Madame Dellebart was delighted to hear that I had taken

a room at Passy. 'Oh! so much the better!' she said, 'now you will no longer live like a wild beast, you, the most sociable of men!'

She had dinner brought for me, and we sat up, as usual, until two hours after midnight: she had sent her daughter to bed at ten o'clock. I related to her at length, how I had lived since we parted. We spent the next day together, and without my asking her for anything, she said: 'Now you have a place of shelter, I should like to provide you with everything you need.' Accordingly, she gave me sheets, towels, two shirts that had belonged to her late husband, some ground coffee, some sugar, two neck ties and a bottle of Malaga wine. She made them all into a good firm parcel, which she wanted François to carry for me, but I refused.

It was now dark. I set off, with this rather heavy parcel, from the Rue Sainte-Apolline near the Porte St Martin, to go to Passy.

I was so little accustomed to carrying a parcel, that I was obliged to stop at almost every step, to put it now on my shoulders, now under my left arm, now under my right. Before I had reached the Place de Louis XV,* I was bathed in perspiration.

I made my way along the Seine by Chaillot, and passed the barrier, without even noticing it. I ought then to have turned to the right, on the side of the Montagne des Bons-hommes; but I was walking along in a dream, thinking of my sad plight, and the necessity of appearing cheerful, while I was broken-hearted, and without even a penny in my pocket; in a word, I was absent minded, and I went straight on.

It was raining, and the night was very dark.

The sides of this road are dreadful after rain, sometimes I plunged up to my knees in the mire. More than once, I nearly fell down my whole length in the mud, with my parcel.

---

* Now Place de la Concorde.

However, when I reached the steps of the Point-du-Jour, I saw that I had lost my way.

Fortunately, a laundry-man was passing at the moment. I called to him: 'Am I very far from Passy?'

'My word! You have passed it long ago. . . . Go back the way you came, until you come to the lamp . . . there you take the road to the left, which will bring you to the Montagne des Bons-hommes.'

I was so much exhausted, that when I found I had still half a league further to go, I broke down, and wept hot tears.

At last I reached Madame Grandin's house. It was after eleven, and I had been walking, laden with my parcel, since eight o'clock.

I found my hostess in a very bad temper. 'It is not the way to keep people waiting as you do. . . . You come to my house like a beggar . . . all be-draggled. . . . A carriage is not so very dear in these parts, especially when one has a parcel.'

I did not utter a word. I quite understood that my arrival at this late hour, and in such a garb, would give this woman a bad impression of me.

But her daughter, who was nineteen, and who afterwards showed me much sympathy, took my part: 'How you do treat this man,' she said to her mother, 'He seems to me more deserving of pity. . . . Rather let him warm himself, and offer him something to eat.'

'I thank you with all my heart,' I answered gratefully . . . 'I do not require anything. . . . Only beg your mother to let me be shown to my room.' She then turned to the servant, and I heard her say: 'Show him to his room, and make his bed . . . perhaps he is some poor émigré in disguise.' Our conversation ended there, and following the servant, I went upstairs, and was soon in bed.

I did not sleep much, and arose early.

As I crossed the hall below to go out, I found the girl again. She was tall, with very fine eyes,

but rather a cold expression. Seizing the opportunity, I said: 'I am glad to avail myself of the moment when you are alone, to tell you how much I have been touched by the marks of sympathy you showed me last night. I beg you to influence your mother in my favour, and tell her I will return in very good time this evening, and more respectably dressed than yesterday.'

As I was going out, I noticed a hairdresser's shop close by, and went in. They shaved me, and powdered my hair a little; I had put on a clean tie that morning —in short I looked a respectable man.

When I went into the shop, I had forgotten that I had not a halfpenny in my purse, and I only remembered it when my toilet was finished.

'Ah! Mon Dieu!' I exclaimed, 'I have forgotten my purse . . . but wait a moment, I live close by at Madame Grandin's, I will run across.'

'No, no, Sir, do not take that trouble,' said the hairdresser, 'it will do another time when you are passing.'

That day I went to the village of Neuilly, and then on to Courbevoie. As I was passing the Château of Madrid, I was agreeably surprised to meet one of my best friends, the Marchioness d'Eutelx, who was from Avignon. Her family name was de Graveson, and she was the daughter of the Countess de Vogüé.

She had taken refuge at Neuilly at the time of the decree against the nobles. She was very glad to see me, the more so, as she herself was leading a rather lonely life. Her husband was away as General in command of the army of the Republic. She actually wished me to take up my abode at her house. I declined firmly, but regretfully. It was well for me I did so, for I learned soon afterwards that the Committee of General Safety had caused all the nobles at Neuilly to be arrested.

I could not, however, refuse to dine with her, and only left a little before dark, in order to return to Madame Grandin's.

This time, my hostess was in a very good humour. She invited me to warm myself, and even to take some refreshment.

'No thank you, Madame,' I replied, then broaching the delicate subject, I continued: 'I have not forgotten that I ought to pay in advance . . . only I should like the citizen'—that was her husband—'to be here to give me a receipt.'

'Oh! Oh!' said Madame Grandin, 'the citizen is not at hand to come . . . he is at the Commune, drinking and enjoying himself with the *ragazze* . . . but you can pay when you like.'

At these words, I hastened to bid her good-night, and went to bed.

Still, the absolute want of money was a great trouble to me. I was afraid that if I did not pay what I had promised, I should be taken for an impostor.

The next day, I went to the Abbé Girard's house, to call and thank his sister.

She said: 'Madame Grandin likes you very much, but she complains that you are so unsociable, and that she never sees you, except when you are passing through the house. . . . It would please her if you would remain in the drawing-room in the evenings.'

'Very well!' I answered, 'I will not fail to do so.' All the same, I had quite made up my mind to do nothing of the kind. For, I repeat, Madame Grandin was a great gossip, and one of the most irritable of women. It was enough for me that Mlle. Girard should have told her that I was a priest.

However, I kept my promise for that evening, and remained for some time in Madame Grandin's sitting-room.

Her daughter was very pleasant. She told me that she had recommended me to her father, although I had never seen him; she had added that it would be a great grief to her if any harm came to me at their house. Her father had told her not to be uneasy,

that people who lodged at his house—he might have added, especially if they pay well—run no risk.

Madame Grandin asked me how I liked my room. 'Not very much,' I replied, 'but one must be satisfied with what one can get.'

'Well,' she said, doubtless rather ashamed of having made me pay so highly for such a garret, 'You shall have the first room that falls vacant on the third floor, at the same price.' Then continuing, in a mysterious tone: 'We had an alarm last night. . . . The Revolutionary Committee were making a search, especially at the Château of La Muette. My husband, as a municipal officer, was obliged to take part in it. They wanted to search our house, but Grandin showed them his tri-colour scarf, and exclaimed that he would not allow anyone to go into his house. . . . They are searching for an Abbé, who is a noble, and formerly held an appointment at the Palais.'

As I listened to Madame Grandin, I said to myself, 'Ah! it is for me, they are searching. I am lost,' and I asked her if his name had been mentioned, and if he had been found.

'No, happily he has not,' she replied.

I had not the smallest wish to sleep in my room that night, and I left the house as quickly as I could, merely asking Madame Grandin for a key. She gave me one at once, and added besides, that her house was never shut up, on account of the great number of lodgers,

This time, I spent a terrible night. Very anxious, on account of what I had heard, I did not go to bed, but went at once to the crossways of Mortemart at the corner of the wood, to see if the lamp of the Municipality were still burning. It was burning, nor was it extinguished until five o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER VII

A WEEK OF ACCIDENTS

Do you know an old woman named Marianne?—Citizen Grandin.—Monsieur de la Feuillade.—The Internuncio does his own cooking, and holds his Council in the thickets of the Bois de Boulogne.—A botanical walk among the pupils of M. de Jussieu in the Bois de Meudon.—M. Collet, former President at San Domingo.—Blanchet's witty reply to Madame de la Rochefoucauld.—A rascal of a Grocer's Assistant.—The Thunder-bolt.

Still, the absolute want of money in which I found myself, was a real torment to me. Happily, I had informed my Swiss correspondent, who lived at St Maurice in the Valais, that the banker, Caccia, had refused to let me have any money, and that I was in a position of the greatest difficulty. In reply, he told me to go from time to time to see his old nurse, whose address he gave me.

She was a certain Marianne, seventy-five years of age, a good woman, entirely devoted to God. She lived near the Rue Bertin-Porée, in a narrow street near the Place de Grève, but he had forgotten to tell me the number, or else it had escaped my memory.

As it was still early, and a wet day, I thought I could do nothing better than go in search of this good woman.

It took me a long time to find the street; but, when I had succeeded, it was quite another matter to find the house. To each enquiry: 'Do you happen to know an old woman named Marianne?' I was invariably answered: 'No, we do not know her.' At last, I took

the course of entering the houses and going up to every storey.

Then, as usually happens when we look for anything among a number, I only found my old woman after having gone up all the stair-cases, one after another, until I was exhausted.

I came eventually to the last house but three, on the right-hand side. It was closed by a wooden door in the garden-wall. I believe I went up to the fifth floor and then found myself in front of two worm-eaten doors, almost touching each other. Mechanically I knocked at the first. An old woman came to open it. I asked if it were she who was called Marianne. She answered: 'Yes,' and, after looking earnestly at me, she said: 'Come in.' Then she went quickly up to an old side-board, opened a drawer, and drew out a large letter which she gave me. I asked her if she were in need of anything, and she answered that she was not.

Then I thanked her, and ran at once to Madame Dellebart's in order that I might not go out of Paris before night-fall. The fact was, I found it easier to come in than to go out.

I found Mme Dellebart ill. My presence seemed to do her good, and she enjoyed listening to the account of my latest adventures.

I opened my letter at her house. It contained two assignats for a thousand francs each. I thanked Providence, Who did not forsake me, and now, my one wish was to return to Passy, and pay Madame Grandin.

After a hearty dinner, I took my way home at night-fall. When Madame Grandin saw me, she said; 'We have been anxious about you; it is two days since we saw you.'

'That is true, Madame,' I replied, 'but I had business in Paris, and I have been there. . . . Perhaps,' I added, 'you were also anxious about your money. . . here it is,' and I threw down two assignats of a hundred francs on the table.

Just at this moment, M. Grandin came in. He was a burly man, blunt, and rather coarse in manner.

'Ah! It is you, Citizen,' he said. 'I am sorry not to have seen you before. . . . I am so busy at the Commune, that I have not a moment. . . . By the way, you have been some days at my house, I must present you to the Commune; we will go there to-morrow evening.'

I was overwhelmed by this news.

I knew well that everybody was obliged to present himself, and show his card of citizenship, but I thought Mlle Girard had procured my exemption.

Taken by surprise, I answered that I was very tired, and, besides, my papers were in Paris; in short I asked for two days.

I left the house immediately, and went to complain to Mlle Girard. I said: 'I only agreed to pay two hundred francs a month, on the understanding that I should find myself free from all persecutions. . . . If it is not so, I will go away, and am sorry I have paid my two hundred francs.'

Mlle Girard tried to reassure me. 'Do not be uneasy,' she said, 'I will arrange all that.' And, in fact, the matter was never referred to again.

In consequence of the decree against the nobles, a great number of persons had taken refuge in Passy. This brought with it some anxiety for me, as I ran a greater risk of being recognised. So I determined never to show myself in the village during the daytime, and to return only at night, after I had seen that the lamp of the Municipal Council was out.

I had not yet reached the end of my troubles.

Madame Grandin, who had a keen eye to her own interest, forgot altogether that she had promised me a better room, at the same price. One day she even went so far as to remark: 'It is very annoying that I have let you my garret; I could get three hundred francs for it now'—And, as I did not answer, she added: 'Besides you are very fortunate . . . you are not obliged to have your name entered at the Commune, like the other nobles, and to attend there every evening

at seven o'clock, because you came here before the decree.'

'But who told you, Madame, that I was a noble?'

'No one told me, but I guess it from seeing you . . . under your coarse garments, you have manners that betray you.'

'Then, I beg you to keep your suspicions to yourself,' I answered. Her daughter, who had noticed that her mother's remark had embarrassed me, interposed at once: 'What does it matter to you, Mamma, whether the gentleman be noble or not? . . . Take care you do not say anything about it to Papa . . . You know he dislikes the nobles, and is always quarrelling with M. de la Feuillade.'

M. de la Feuillade, in fact, occupied a room in the same house, but I had avoided meeting him. He had a worthy fellow for a servant, who used to watch for the moment when I was alone in my garret. Then he would come to ask if I wanted anything. And yet, he did not know me at all.

However, I missed my soup very much. So I got a very small stove and a little saucepan, which I carried fastened together by the handle. I bought what I needed, salad, carrots, celery, and all kinds of vegetables, from the market-women who came through the village with their baskets. Then, when in any of the districts I passed through, I saw butter being distributed, I joined the *queue*, and received half a quarter, or even a whole quarter of a pound. Sometimes, too, after waiting for more than an hour, I returned empty-handed.

Then, I used to settle myself in a remote part of the Bois; I lighted a fire with a steel and some small sticks; I cooked all these things together, and, at no great expense, my soup was excellent.

Only three years ago, some one broke my stove, and I was very sorry about it. As for the saucepan, I have it still, the handle only is wanting. Later, when I was more free, I bought a small cruet for oil,

so that I might have some salad, a dish I am very fond of; I treasure this cruet also. These two objects remind me of my misfortunes, and the distress into which I had fallen, and they prove to me, that man does not require much in order to live.

I did not, however, neglect the grave interests that had been entrusted to me. From time to time I called my little Council together, which now consisted only of the Abbés Le Moyne and Girard. I no longer called M. Joli to it. Although he had great talent, he had not a thorough mastery of ecclesiastical matters; moreover, he was too scholastic, and for my part, I only wanted moral theology; and lastly, I did not wish that we should be too numerous. Still, I consulted him occasionally.

One day when I was in the Bois de Meudon, I met M. de Jussieu with all his pupils, among whom there were even some women. I followed him, listened with interest to the whole of his lesson, and dined with them all at Sèvres. We had a good meal; we had some coffee—it was a very long time since I had tasted any—all for a modest assignat of five francs. During the whole of the time, no one took the least notice of me.

In the evening, I felt very tired, but, much as I wished it, I could not return to my garret until eight o'clock in the morning.*

The next day, while passing near Auteuil, I saw a very old man coming towards me, who seemed to recognise me.

He was, in fact, M. Collet, formerly President at San Domingo, and the grandfather of that lady whom Madame de Cheuheuse received at her house. He was eighty years old. I used to know him very well.

As I came up to him, he said: 'You are the very person I was looking for . . . . I have been to my cousins' to dinner, as I do every Tuesday, and there

* On account of the lamp of the Municipal Council, which remained burning.

[*By permission of the Rev. Mother-General of the Dames de Nazareth.*

MADAME DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, DUCHESSE DE DOUDEAUVILLE,
Foundress of the Society of Nazareth.

[*To face p.* 143.

I met Madame d'Aulnay. She told me that you were in the Bois de Boulogne . . . She also asked me to tell you, that everything is going on well, with regard to the charge against the Parliament, and you need not be uneasy.'

As all the relatives of this lady were in prison on the same charge, I thought she would be well informed, and I gave credence to her message. And yet, in reality, things were going on worse than ever.

I ought to have distrusted her. I knew that Madame d'Aulnay always looked on the bright side of things.

However that might be, I was cheered for the moment. I availed myself of this meeting to beg the old man to go to the Prison of 'Les Anglaises,' to visit Blanchet, whom he knew well, and of whom I had not heard for a long time.

He gladly consented. When I saw him again, he told me that no one was allowed to communicate with her, but that she was in good health.

Afterwards I learned other details from Blanchet's own mouth.

The length of her imprisonment wore out her patience, and moreover, she was still subjected to humiliations and mortifications.

So, the Duchess d'Anville * La Rochfoucauld rallied her saying: 'Citizen Blanchet, you will be guillotined like us.'

'I know it,' replied Blanchet, 'but there will be a difference between us. I shall die for your cause, which you have abandoned . . . and you will die, in spite of having espoused the cause of the patriots. . . . It will be much more degrading to perish thus . . . no one will pity you, but all honourable people who hear of my sad lot, will weep over me. . . . As for me, I have always been an 'aristocrat!' . . . and as for you, you have always been the friend of that despicable

* Probably the Duchess de Doüdeauville.—Tr.

Condorcet, about whom I could tell you some fine things.'

Meanwhile, having occasion to send an important message to Rome, I went to the Abbé Le Moyne's rooms, wrote a letter, and ventured—for I was less anxious and more hopeful—to take it myself, by night, to the General Post Office. I threw it into the box at the moment when the sentinel's back was turned.

Then, I took my way by Chaillot, and re-entered Passy by the barrier St Marie, which I knew to be less carefully guarded; in fact, on that particular night, the sentinel was asleep on his bench.

Happily, I found the lamp was out, and could go straight to my garret, where I slept until ten o'clock in the morning.

That day I walked to Suresnes. The authorities of this village were so kind, that they did not even require the nobles to present themselves before the Commune. So I was glad to turn my steps in that direction. I even ventured to enter an inn, and ask for something to eat. They brought me a fricassee of fresh pork, potatoes, some bread, and a little white wine.

The day following, I had a terrible adventure. I had gone into Paris to make some necessary purchases, at the first grocer's shop as you come from the Roule. I remember, among other things, I bought some sugar. It was seven o'clock in the morning. By way of payment, I threw on the counter an assignat for five francs, a 'corset' as it was then called.

The young man who had served me, exclaimed, 'It is a forged one. . . . Come with me to the Section . . .: people who carry about false assignats ought to be punished.'

To go to the Section, or to go to death, it was all one to me. I answered: 'Citizen, I am not obliged to take your word for it . . . but as I have not time to go to the Section, here are some other assignats . . . take which you like, and tear up the false

one. . . . If I have been deceived, it is for me alone to bear the consequences.'

But nothing would do. The scoundrel was determined to take me to the Section. I opposed it strongly on my side.

At last, a servant, who was sweeping the kitchen, took pity on me, and turning to the young man: 'What in the world does it matter to you?' she said, 'whether it is a false assignat or not, as the gentleman gives you another? . . . Let him go, or I will call the Master. . . . Would you like to be taken to the Section against your will?'

At these words he decided to let me go.

I went away terrified. I cannot describe the fright it had given me. Even after I had passed the barrier, I was still trembling in every limb, at the thought of the danger I had incurred.

The next day, I took a walk in Meudon. The weather was very fine. It was the middle of April, or a little later.

I went into a café, and asked for some beer and a biscuit. I had taken off my hat on account of the great heat, and was walking about the room, drinking my beer.

Suddenly, a citizen burst into the room, exclaiming joyfully: 'Good news! It is the Parliament's turn to-day . . . they are all in the dock . . . there is only that rascal de Salamon missing.' Had a thunder-bolt fallen close to me, I should not have been so terrified as I was by this news.

I hastily seized my hat, paid for my beer and biscuit, and made the best of my way to Passy. I went like the wind.

When I reached the village, I called at the house of one of my friends, who also was living there in retirement, M. Fournier de la Chapelle, formerly Intendant of Auch. I told him what I had just heard about the Parliament, and added: 'It is exactly the reverse of what Madame d'Aulnay informed me, not many days

ago, namely, that the case of the Parliament was going on well. . . . I beg you to go and find out the truth.'

He replied: 'You see it is getting dark already . . . if things are as you say, there is no help for it, and it is better to sleep one more night in uncertainty. . . . I will go to-morrow at six o'clock, and at eight I will be at the Pyramid in the Bois de Boulogne, near Bagatelle . . . . meet me there.'

I did not close my eyes the whole night, and before daybreak I was at the appointed place. M. Fournier came at the hour fixed. He looked dismayed. 'They are all dead!' he said in a low voice. He added: 'Here is the newspaper! You will see that you yourself are condemned to death, judgment against you having gone by default.'

CHAPTER VIII

TWO FUGITIVES

In the depths of the Wood—'Be silent, whoever you are.'—A roundabout way.—Groping in the darkness.—Sappho.—'Pardon me, Mademoiselle.'—Visit to Marianne.—Letter from Cardinal Zelada.—Curious details concerning the diplomatic correspondence of the Internuncio with Pius VI.

From that day forth, I durst not return to Passy, and remained plunged in deep dejection.

I did not know what to do.

I kept continually in the densest part of the Bois de Boulogne.

It seemed to me that everyone I met could read on my face that I was outlawed, and was hastening to give me up to the executioner.

One night, I was aroused from my dreams by the piercing cries of two women, who started back in affright, when they saw me through the darkness.

They were a mother and daughter, who also were flying from a warrant of arrest.

I called to them: 'Be silent, whoever you are. You have nothing to fear.'

Just then the daughter said: 'I seem to recognize this gentleman, as one whom I have seen several times going down the street at Passy, and into Grandin's house.'

As they asked me what I was doing in the wood so late, I answered: 'Doubtless the same thing that you yourselves are doing.'

An understanding was quickly established between

us, but you will readily imagine that I made no confidences.

The mother invited me to go with them, as it was beginning to rain. She added, that she had a flat in a retired part of the town.

I said: 'But how can you trust yourselves, Madame, to a man whom you do not know.'

She replied: 'It is because you seem to be in misfortune like us . . . besides, we have nothing to fear from our connection with you, and your presence will give us more courage.'

'If that is the case, I am ready to go with you. . . . Where are we going?'

The mother answered: 'Besides our flat at Passy, we have another, more concealed, some distance from here . . . come with us.'

In order to get there, they led me a long way round. It looked almost as if they were trying to make me lose my way, for, to reach the Faubourg du Roule and the open ground near the barrier, we passed through the Place de Louis XV instead of taking the shorter cut by the Porte Maillot. This made me think that, after all, they had not entire confidence in me.

When we had nearly reached the house, they asked me to wait a little.

Then the mother went forward in the most mysterious way, and without any light, to open the door.

I confess, at that moment, I repented—I hardly knew why—having followed these women.

Nevertheless, I went in, the daughter leading me by the hand, for it was very dark, and I found myself in a very beautiful and well-furnished entrance hall. We passed on into a large room, where they pointed out to me a long sofa, saying: 'This is your bed . . . we are going to bring you some sheets.'

But, first, they would take me over the whole flat, and especially show me the rooms where they slept. They were rather a narrow suite of rooms, approached by a staircase situated near the dining-room. In order

to make this inspection, they decided to light a torch, and it was only then, that I was able to see them.

The mother, who was about forty, was very pleasant and very lively. The least thing made her laugh, and she was continually joking me about my carmagnole.

The daughter, who might be nineteen, although very kind, was fearfully plain, but she gave me a more favourable impression than her mother.

They invited me to have something to eat, and when I declined, they began, themselves, to prepare my bed.

I said: 'I do not feel as if I could sleep much . . . if I might only have some Italian book to read.'

'Oh! Then you know Italian?' exclaimed the mother, 'so much the better, you will be able to teach us.'

'But, Madame, I cannot remain long with you.'

'Why not, Monsieur? We shall be here as much as we like. . . . As for you, you seem to me to be in trouble . . . and your appearance betokens a man of good birth.'

'It is very kind of you to say so, Madame, but I am obliged to leave you to-morrow.'

Upon this, they brought me *Sappho** in Italian, and we went to bed.

It would be about two o'clock in the morning.

I fell asleep reading, with my candle still burning; and, at dawn, I was awakened suddenly, by the sound of the street door being shut.

'Oh! Mon Dieu!' I said to myself, 'what is the meaning of this? They are going away, and leaving me alone . . . who knows? Perhaps they are women of bad life, who intend to play a mean trick upon me. . . . And yet,' I added to reassure myself, 'they did not look like bad women.'

Feeling very uneasy, I dressed myself quickly, and

* A novel by Verri.

only waited until there should be a little more light before going out.

But, above all, I wished to make sure whether these ladies were still in their rooms.

I ran upstairs, and went straight to the mother's room. I found it empty. Then I turned to that of the daughter; she was in bed. . . .

'Pardon me, Mademoiselle,' I said, 'for coming to your room, but I was naturally startled by hearing some one go out of the house so early.'

She replied: 'It was Mamma. She has gone to be present at the marriage of one of her relations in the Rue de Grammont; but she will be back to dinner. She particularly charged me to beg you to remain and dine with us—we have a very good turkey.'

I thanked her gratefully, but insisted on leaving at once.

She let me go, calling after me: 'Very well! To-night, then, at six o'clock!'

Finding myself in Paris, I took the opportunity of visiting the woman who was my providence, the old Marianne.

She gave me a packet that had come from Switzerland. This time I opened it at her house, and I found another thousand francs in assignats. For once, I insisted on the good Marianne accepting twenty francs.

The Cardinal Secretary of State, Zelada, signified to me again that the Pope granted me all necessary permissions, if I could only manage to escape. 'For His Holiness is always afraid,' he added, 'that his little Jacobin'—this was what Pius VI called me—'should fall into the hands of blood-thirsty men.'

The fact is, when I wrote to the Pope, I sometimes borrowed the language of the Jacobins. It was a means of getting my letters through, in case they should be opened.

When I announced a defeat to him I used to say: 'Pardieu! Long live the Republic! There has been a great battle and these rascals of Austrians have made a

great many of our brave patriots lick the dust, but we will soon be revenged on these vile soldiers of tyranny.'

I used to write to the Cardinal under the pseudonym of *Giuseppe Evangelisti*,* and he answered me under that of Citizen Blanchet, taking the name of my poor faithful servant, or sometimes he would address the letter Eysser, which is the name of one of my Italian ancestors.

In this way, thanks to the goodness of God, my correspondence with Rome was never interrupted, even under the Terror.

---

* It was the name of the Secretary of Legation whom Pius VI associated with Pierracchi to carry on the negotiations with the Directory in 1796. [The Christian name was, however, *François*, not *Giuseppe*. *See* the introduction to the '*Correspondance Secrète*' *Vte. de Richemont.*—Tr.]

CHAPTER IX

MEETING AGAIN

Fall of Robespierre.—The Internuncio writes to Citizen Legendre.—The Baroness de Courville and her Daughter.—Blanchet in search of her Master; their meeting in the Ranelagh Road.—The Internuncio visits Bourdon de l'Oise.

From this time, I had no more sad adventures. Chaumette, the Procureur of the Commune, and the other scoundrels perished on the scaffold.* Robespierre, himself, met at last with the same fate.†

His fall restored my courage, which had sunk very low since the death of my esteemed friends, and I, at once, resolved to write to the Committee of General Safety, and claim liberty for Blanchet.

I wrote the most touching letter that I could, and set forth in detail, all the horrors she had been compelled to suffer under the Section de Bondy. Especially, I dwelt on the death of her child, whom they had barbarously abandoned on the pavement of the Rue des Augustins, half naked, without shelter, or means of support, at four o'clock on a January morning, so that he died three days later in the Charity Hospital of the Rue des Saint-Pères. In conclusion, I asked for her immediate release, since she had nothing to reproach herself with, unless it were that she had been a most excellent nurse to the last, and shown herself faithful

* April 10th 1794. † July 28th 1794.

to her master, whom she had brought up from his tenderest youth.

Then I went to meet President Collet as he was going, according to his custom, to dine with his cousins at Auteuil, and I begged him to take the letter to the niece of my Secretary, and ask her to send it to its destination.

She kept an underlinen shop in the Rue de Seine, and knew Legendre, as she was a friend of his sister.

Everything was carried out to the letter. My request was entirely successful. Blanchet left the prison that very day, so that President Collet came to tell me the next morning: 'Blanchet is free! She has already returned to your house. . . . The seals are left on the rooms you occupied, but the rest is free.'

This good news was a great relief to my mind, and feeling less depressed, I went back to the house of my two ladies, whom I had not seen for a long time.

I ought to say, however, that I went to share the turkey, as the daughter had begged me to do.

My suspicions had been dispelled, and I was delighted to have made their acquaintance, for they were ladies belonging to the best society.

The name of the elder lady was the Baroness de Courville, and her husband was Commandant of Saint-Dizier.

When she told me her name, I was struck dumb for the moment, for I remembered a certain Baroness de Courville, who had gravely compromised herself in the trial of Cardinal de Rohan, in the matter of the celebrated Necklace. But I soon found that it was not the same person.

This lady is still living, but her amiable daughter died at the age of twenty-three. She was already a widow.

She died during the trial that I underwent for the Pope,* and I have been told since, that when she was

* See Part III.

in her agony, she asked: 'Is that gentleman saved? They answered: 'Yes.' 'Then when you see him, tell him that I am very glad.'

It was not until some time after I met them, that these ladies knew my name; so, when they spoke of me, they used to say 'that gentleman.'

Meanwhile, Blanchet had begun her search for me, two days after her release from prison; she went through the Bois de Boulogne, accompanied by her friend, who kept the baker's shop, and who had given shelter to her child.

At last, she met me in the road 'du Ranelagh.' I did not recognise her in the distance, she was so pale and thin.

She came towards me trembling, without speaking a word, for fear of drawing suspicion on me.

To reasure her, I told her that there was not so much danger now as in the past.

Her first care was to give me three hundred francs, which she still had in hand.

She had earned them by washing the linen of the lady-prisoners at 'les Anglaises.' She was very skilful, and preferred to work rather than be supported by the nobles, as the patriots had ordered.

But she owned to me that she was not at all satisfied with most of these ladies. So, she charged them very highly, and as she could wash and iron extremely well, the ladies, who kept their coquetry even in prison, would have no one else for their laundress.

However, as I have said, she devoted herself to old Madame de la Rochefoucauld, whose legs were covered with sores, and who had been forsaken by her maids.

Blanchet took leave of me weeping.

I told her to come and see me without fear in my garret at Passy, and I pointed it out to her, as we returned together, along the main street of Passy.

She also informed me that the Section of the Unité, where I lived, and which was favourable to me, had

removed from my house the two guards, who had each cost me five francs a day for two months, and who had burnt up four cart-loads of firewood, and all my candles, and eaten my oil.* Happily, they had not touched the cellar, thanks to Blanchet, who had had the presence of mind to have seals placed on it.

I was careful not to speak to her of her son, but my silence was enough to remind her of her sorrow.

I told her to leave the Rue des Augustins, and take rooms in the Faubourg du Roule, so that she might be nearer to me, and to Passy, where I kept a foot-hold for about eight years.†

Up to the 9th November, it was still necessary for me to remain in concealment, because the Terror re-appeared for a moment.‡

At last, I resolved to take steps to have the seals removed from my rooms; and my books, my two clocks, and my plate given back to me.

With this aim, I sought out Bourdon de l'Oise, who had been Procureur to the Parliament, a bad man, but one who had always thought well of me. He lived in the Rue des Saints Pères.

Although eight years had passed since we last met, he recognised me at once, and said bluntly:

'Why if it is not you! . . . Come in. . . . What do you want?'

'Look here!' I replied, 'You know me to be a man frank and true.'

'Yes,' he returned warmly.

'And as for me,' I added, 'I know you to be a man frank and true, wrong-headed, perhaps, but good-hearted. . . . So, I ask a favour of you.'

'But did you not sign the Protest of the *Chambre des Vacations* of the Parliament?'

---

* Those who know the excellent oil of the South will not be surprised at this detail. The oil is eaten with bread, like butter in the North.

† Apparently until he was sent into Normandy, or perhaps even longer. —Tr.

‡ No doubt after the 13*th Vendémiaire*.

'Well, Bourdon de l'Oise, and if I did? No one knows better than you, that in the Parliament, the minority were obliged to rally to the majority, and to sign with them. This was how I came to sign the Protest, though I was opposed to it.'

'I am glad of it! . . . Well! What can I do for you?'

'Get the seals taken off my rooms, and the things that have been taken from me, restored to me.'

'Come to the Committee of the Section this evening, and I will do it for you.'

'But I am condemned to death by default . . . and besides the decree against the nobles has not been revoked. . . . If I go to the Committee, I shall be arrested.'

'Have no fear,' he said, 'You will make use of the name of Bourdon de l'Oise. . . . Look here! You have seen in a newspaper that I am nothing but a drunkard, spending all my time in drinking Bordeaux. Here is a basket of it left; will you have some?'

'No, I thank you very much,' I replied, 'but I see some very fine grapes on the table; I would gladly have a few.'

'Take them, if you like.'

I took three or four grapes and went away, eating them as I walked along. In the evening I went to the Committee, where they passed a decree in my favour. The seals were removed, without any expense to me.

Only, they never gave me back what they had taken from me.

EPILOGUE

DEATH OF BLANCHET, AND OF MADAME DELLEBART

Thus I end, Madame, the story of the second period of my misfortunes. There are many other little incidents, but these would only weary you. Still, your heart, so

full of feeling, has doubtless led you to take an interest in my faithful servant, and in my most true friend, Madame Dellebart, and, perhaps, you would like to know what became of them.

The former died six years ago*, after having been the victim of a terrible malady for four whole months. I could not save her, as she had saved me, but I had the consolation of showing her, that I exhausted all human means to prolong her life.

For the nine and a half months that she kept her bed, I nursed her, by turns, with a servant, whom I had provided to assist her some years before. I regularly passed three nights a week by her bedside, and on the other nights, I was often obliged to get up more than once, for this poor woman could not endure anyone but me. It was I who gave her her medicines, and I rendered her all those services that are rendered to the sick—even the lowest—as much from affection as from gratitude.

She died with great courage. Seeing her end approaching, she did not speak to me of her death, for fear of grieving me too much, but she asked to see her confessor, and my notary, M. Colin. I brought them at once, and she gave me back by will, all that I had given her, for she had no near relations. Just before she died, she looked earnestly at me, without speaking, and yet I could see that there was something she wanted to say. Then I said: 'What do you want, Blanchet? Tell me. I will do everthing you wish.'

'To embrace you,' she murmured.

'Very well, my dear friend, embrace me, why did you not tell me so at once?'

Seeing her in the agony of death, I myself recited the prayers of the Recommendation of a Departing Soul. She died in the morning, peacefully, as if she were falling asleep. I arranged that she should be

---

* About 1805, according to the probable date of the Memoirs. Hence it is not surprising to meet with her again at the Trial of the Internuncio.

suitably buried. A solemn Mass was sung in the Church of the Roule, and I followed her to her last resting-place, with her friends whom I had invited.

I had also the consolation of rendering the last tokens of respect to Madame Dellebart.

The Revolution had profoundly affected her, besides having deprived her of part of her property. She fell ill. Her daughter wrote me a note, to tell me that her mother's state, already very serious, was much worse, and that she was complaining that she had not seen me for a long time. Although this message only reached me at eleven o'clock at night, I hastened immediately to the Rue Sainte-Apolline. I found her very ill. No one had, as yet, dared to speak to her of the Sacraments. It was not that she was irreligious, but she was not pious, and thrust away from her the thought of death with all her strength.

Not knowing very well how to approach the subject, I talked to her of my own troubles, and the consolation I had drawn from religion.

I said: 'It was that, which sustained me in my distress; it is thanks to my prayers that my life was spared, and I obtained real miracles, since I came through the midst of the massacres safe and sound. . . . It was God, Who, quite recently, saved my life when I was about to fall into the hands of the executioners, who had just condemned me to death.* . . . But you, people of Society,' I added, 'never raise your eyes to Heaven, you never have recourse to religion. And you, yourself, dear friend, you who are so kind and charitable, you do not ask God to cure you, you ask your physician, who is powerless to relieve you. . . . You are weak, no doubt, but full of good feeling. . . . Ask God to restore your strength, and you will be cured . . . I will pray with you, and you will be heard. . . . But first you must purify your soul, for it

* There is no allusion to the happy issue of his Trial which took place in 1796. Madame Dellebart therefore died in 1795, shortly after the events which form the subject of Book ii.

is a long time since you have been to confession. Well, you must do that, and all the rest will follow. . . . Say the word, and I will fetch you a confessor to-morrow.'

She was silent for a moment, then holding out her hand to me, a hand already greatly emaciated, but still beautiful—Madame Dellebart had been very beautiful—'I thank you, my friend. . . . God has spared you to render me this service. . . . Do not fetch anyone . . . a man as kind as you, must be a confessor full of compassion . . . and I need forbearance.' 'Very well,' I answered, 'go to sleep now, for it is one o'clock in the morning . . . I myself, will take a little rest, but I will not forsake you; to-morrow morning, I will be with you.' I left her, without telling her daughter a word of all this, for she would have worried her, by urging her to make a good preparation. As I have said, the daughter was a tiresome, scrupulous woman, exact about rules as a nun should be, but otherwise, letting her mind dwell on things of this world. Her poor mother, who knew her well, used to say to me sometimes: 'You do not know how much my daughter tries me!' Madame Dellebart, as usual, sent me my coffee to my room, with a message asking me to come down at ten o'clock.

As I went in, she said: 'I have had a very good night, and I am indebted to you for it . . . now finish your work.'

After I had heard her confession, I explained to her, that as I could not remain long with her, I was going to the parish of Bonne-Nouvelle, where I knew a priest, to fetch the Blessed Sacrament. When I returned, I saw that she had herself told everyone of the good deed she had just done. Her daughter was kneeling by her bedside. In order that I might not excite her feelings too much, and as I had already prepared her well, I did not make any exhortation. I contented myself with saying the *Confiteor*, which she said with me, and after the usual absolution, I gave

her Communion. All was joy in the house and, what consoled me greatly, she was better the next morning; she was even able to get up for two hours during the day; but it was only one of those passing gleams, which are a presage of death.

I returned to Passy, and came back on the following day. Her weakness was extreme, and the doctor told me she had not long to live. I thought then: 'How happy she must be to have received the Sacraments!' When I asked her if she would like me to say the prayers, adding that it was better to say them too soon than too late, she murmured: 'Yes, I should like it very much.' I hastened then to recite the prayers for the dying. When they were finished, she asked me if I would accept a souvenir of her affection.

'Most willingly,' I replied, 'and I will keep it as a treasure.' Then she gave me a ring, set with diamonds, one of those rings, which are called, I think, 'keepers.' Afterwards, she said: 'I used to be very fond of the works of Voltaire and Rousseau . . . do you want them?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'and indeed, it is a sacrifice which you ought to make, for those two philosophers have done much injury to religion, and I should not wish you to keep these books any longer.'

She died, at last, piously, but after having wept much. I left the house, promising her daughter that I would return in the evening, and say the Office for the Dead. The next morning, I said the prayers, gave the Absolution, and, indeed, carried out in the room all the customary ceremonies before the earth is thrown upon the body; for, at this time, priests did not appear, as such, in public.

I followed the remains of Mme. Dellebart as far as the cemetery of La Barrière Blanche, and since that time, I have never ceased to mourn for that good and charitable friend.

[*Rouargue frères, del. and sc.*

ANCIEN COUR DES COMPTES.

[*To face p.* 161.

BOOK III

MY TRIAL UNDER THE DIRECTORY

CHAPTER I

PIUS VI AND THE DIRECTORY

*A backward glance over the Internunciature of Mgr. de Salamon.—Project of Concordat between the Pope and the Directory.—MM. del Campo, Pierracchi, and Cardinal Busca.—A Reception at the house of a Flemish Banker.—Prince Belmonte, Neapolitan Ambassador, and the Prince of Reuss.—M. Cochin, Prefect of Police, arrests the Courier sent by the Internuncio to Pius VI.**

The last part of my adventures took place after the Revolution.† While as dangerous as the others, it was even more humiliating to me. It was then, in fact, that I found myself thrown into a dungeon, lighted only by a narrow aperture, placed high in the wall, and guarded by iron bars, and where I had only straw for a bed.

It was then, also, that I was transferred to the Grande Force, in the midst of thieves, and, at last, incarcerated in the Conciergerie, that doleful prison, whence, as a rule, one goes forth only to death.

I lay under a *capital* charge, and, for about five

---

* See Introduction with regard to the historical details contained in this chapter.

† Mgr. de Salamon ends the Revolution at the Directory.

months, I had for my prosecutor the terrible Directory, which had resolved to send me to the scaffold.

According to it, I was the head of a most skilfully devised plot, and twelve portfolios, found in my rooms at Passy, contained proofs of the most criminal conspiracy.

In short, I was in such a critical position that I found myself abandoned by all, even by my best friends.

In 1790, after the departure of the Nuncio Dugnani, I had been appointed by the late Pope, Pius VI, Internuncio at the Court of Louis XVI.

Obliged, in this capacity, to fulfil all the duties of Apostolic Nuncio, I received officially all the Papal Briefs * against the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, and transmitted them, *in canonical form*, to the Metropolitans, many of whom were still in France, in order that they might forward them officially to their respective Suffragan Bishops. It was in this way that the Acts of the Holy See were published.

For my own part, I gave these Briefs the widest possible publicity; I caused them to be translated into French, and printed, in spite of the decree of the National Assembly, pronouncing the penalty of death against all who should 'publish, print or distribute' † any Brief or other Act proceeding from the Court of Rome.

When the interests of our holy religion are at stake, no human consideration ought to keep back a true Christian, least of all, a man who, like myself, was the organ of the Holy See.

I may add, that God rewarded me for my zeal and fidelity, for the printers and publishers who were prosecuted on this account, never denounced me.

The sad duty also fell to my lot of informing Cardinal de Brienne, Archbishop of Sens, of the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Cardinals, removing him

---

* See Appendix A, and also *Correspondance Secrète—Vicomte de Richemont*.—Tr.

† Tous ceux qui publiaient imprimaient, ou colportaient,

from the Sacred College, and forbidding him to wear the robes of a Cardinal.*

I accepted the Internunciature in compliance with the wish of the Pope, but it was the cause of my being led to the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd September, from which by Divine permission, and contrary to all expectation, I came out safe and sound.

After these sad scenes, I received an unequivocal mark of the esteem of the Supreme Head of the Church.

The Sacred Congregation for the Affairs of France—which was composed entirely of Cardinals—appointed me, by decree, Vicar Apostolic of the whole Kingdom and also of Brabant.

In this capacity, I kept up an active correspondence with the Nuncios of Brussels, and of Lucerne in Switzerland, and with the Vice-legate of Avignon, who had taken refuge at Nice.

Alarmed at the heavy responsibility which weighed upon me, and distrusting my own powers, I formed a little Council.

My immense correspondence also required extreme prudence.

I ought to say, that my success throughout, was due to the help of several good priests, and of many pious women, always full of resource in the service of God.

They furnished me, especially, with safe means of sending my letters, and with equally safe addresses to receive those coming to me. Thus it was, that I fulfilled my mission, without being disturbed, and almost without interruption, until 1796.

The Directory seemed, at that time, to wish to come to an understanding with the Pope, and with this view, they made certain overtures through the Marquis del Campo, the Spanish Ambassador.

Cardinal Busca, Secretary of State, and the new Minister of the Pope, charged me to have an interview

* Decree of September 26, 1791. [With regard to the letter informing the Cardinal de Brienne of this decree, see *Correspondance Secrète.—Vicomte de Richemont.*—Tr.]

with M. del Campo, and sent to me, as my assistant, an Italian ecclesiastic named Pierracchi.

We had several conferences with the Minister for Foreign Affairs.* It was a question of concluding a Concordat between the Pope and the Directory.

The latter made many concessions, with the view of inducing His Holiness to sanction the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. Half of the former Bishops were to be recalled, and reinstated in their sees, and half of the Constitutional Bishops, to be retained. In case of a vacancy, the Directory should present three candidates, from among whom the Pope should choose one, to fill the vacant see.

Such was the basis of the Concordat, offered by the Directory. It was already *in print*, but a new oath was demanded from the Bishops and priests. This oath displeased Pius VI, who indignantly refused the terms offered.

The Directory immediately broke off all negotiations; the Abbé Pierracchi received orders to leave within twenty-four hours; and it was hinted to me, that I should do well to go away for a time.

Meanwhile, General Bonaparte was making rapid progress in Italy. The Legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Urbino had already been invaded, and, in order to preserve the rest of his States, the Pope found himself under the sad necessity of sending Cardinal Mattei, and his own nephew, Duke Braschi, to sue for peace.

On condition of receiving a contribution of some millions, the French General granted an armistice, in order to furnish an opportunity for negotiating peace.

These conditions were hard. Pius VI had only consented to them to gain time, and save his Capital, but his secret intention was to ally himself with the King of Naples, and obtain from him reinforcements.

With this view, he secretly gathered together a little

* In 1796 the Minister for Foreign Affairs, 'le ministre des relations extérieures,' as he was then called, was Ch. Delacroix. He was succeeded by Talleyrand.

army, and entrusted the command to an Austrian General,* who had been sent to him by the Emperor.

Moreover, he concluded a treaty with the King of Naples, by the terms of which, the King bound himself to send a considerable army to the Pope.

This news had reached me a short time before, and had allayed some of my fears, when, having been invited to spend the evening at the house of a Flemish banker, who frequently entertained foreigners, I noticed that the Neapolitan Ambassador, Prince Belmonte, looked radiant.

This excited my suspicions, and I began to watch him more closely. I noticed, also, that he had recognised me, and had immediately turned his eyes away.

As for me, I kept him in sight, and as naturally as possible, contrived to get near him, so that we were almost back to back, and if the occasion arose, I could hear anything that he might say or answer.

Chance served me better than I had dared to hope.

A German Prince, the Prince of Reuss, whom I had formerly met in society, came up to the Ambassador, and after the usual greetings, asked him if there were any news. 'Yes,' he answered, 'peace has been concluded between the King of Naples and the Directory. . . . I signed it this very morning.'

You may readily imagine my surprise and consternation at this intelligence, which I had not in the least expected.

I was all ears to learn something more, but I could not gather any further information.

So, as soon as I had an opportunity, I went up to the Prince of Reuss, and asked him to tell me frankly what the Neapolitan Ambassador had said to him.

The Prince had always been friendly to me, and he knew my mission, having met me more than once at the Court of the Tuileries, when I attended as Internuncio.

---

* General Colli.

He answered without hesitation: 'The King of Naples has made peace with the Directory, and it is certainly a grave event, which will have its influence on the future of the Pope.'

Without replying to this last remark, I asked him if Prince Belmonte had given any details. 'No,' he replied, 'all that I know is that his courier is ready, and on the point of starting.'

I said to myself: 'The Pope is betrayed! He is lost! . . . High-spirited by nature, and believing himself supported by a strong army of Neapolitans, he will break the armistice; the French General will invade Rome, and take him prisoner.'

In a moment, the idea came to my mind, to send a courier to His Holiness to inform him of this event, and to counsel him not to be the first to break the armistice.

The Pope kept a confidential courier, named Guillaume, always at my disposal. I went out, at once, to send him off. Naples being more than one hundred and fifty miles further from Paris than Rome, the Pope might be informed of the Conclusion of Peace before the King of Naples himself, and have time for consideration.

My courier was always provided with a passport for Switzerland, in order to be able to leave at any moment: so, an hour after midnight, he was already out of Paris.

But, whether he had said some word, or had been 'shadowed,' he was pursued by order of the Minister of Police, who was then M. Cochon, and arrested at Pontarlier, just as he was taking some slight refreshment.

They seized his despatches, but let him go free.

He had acted very wrongly, in not continuing his way for another half hour: he would then have found himself in the Valais, a foreign country, he would have executed his commission, I should not have groaned in chains for five months, and the Pope would have been saved.

However, I had sent a copy of my despatch, at the same time, by post, using a fictitious address according to

my custom. This despatch was duly received, but it arrived too late.

I had concluded it by saying that, if the armistice were broken, the only course open to the Pope, to avoid being taken prisoner, would be to withdraw, with his most precious possessions, to a place of safety.

Pius VI had decided upon this step, and orders had been given to leave Rome the next day. It was Pius VII —the Pope now reigning—who told me this. He, himself, was to have formed part of the Pope's suite, as a relative, and one who was under an obligation to him; for from a monk, Pius VI had made him Bishop of Tivoli, and afterwards, Cardinal.

But two Generals of Religious Orders, the General of the Dominicans, and that of the Camaldolese, and also two Cardinals, persuaded the Pope to change his resolution during the night, and when Cardinal Chiaramonti—now Pius VII—presented himself at the Quirinal in the morning, he found everything quiet, and was told that the Pope was still asleep.

Pius VI had cause to regret having followed this advice. So, when later on, these same Cardinals came to see him, at the Chartreuse at Florence, he aroused himself from his lethargy, and said angrily; 'If I had followed the advice of the Abbé de Salamon and of my nephew, I should not be here.'

It was Duke Braschi, himself, who afterwards related this anecdote to me.

CHAPTER II

THE INTERNUNCIO'S CONSPIRACY

Unexpected visit of the Agents of the Police to the Internuncio's Domicile.—Mgr. de Salamon and Madame Blanchet are arrested.—The Dungeon of the Prefecture of Police.—Madame Colin.—Search of the Internuncio's room at Passy: Madame Grandin once more.—A tragic night.

After this short digression, I return to my subject.

I was already congratulating myself on having sent a courier to the Pope, and thinking that he had made his journey safely by way of Switzerland, when Mme. Blanchet suddenly came into my room—we were then living in the Rue Saint-Florentin—and said: 'There are three agents of the police, Sir, asking for M. Eysseri Blanchet.'

My only reply was: 'Show them in.'

They at once put the same enquiry to me.

I said: 'I do not know that individual.'

'In that case we have orders to search your papers.'

'As you please. . . . Here are my cabinet and writing desk.'

They found absolutely nothing, except some letters relating to a kind of commercial transaction in Switzerland.

The fact is, I used to send a number of books of devotion, and all the new periodicals, to the Valais, in order that they might be forwarded from there, to the Pope.

For Pius VI was of a very enquiring mind. He had asked me to send him all the caricatures, and all

the books recently published, if they contained attacks on his person.

In return, I received chocolate from Italy, and the agents even found the invoice of the price and carriage of a certain Gruyère cheese, that had also been sent to me; but, enraged at not finding anything else, they ransacked my rooms from top to bottom.

During all this time, Blanchet had not ventured to say a word; she was trembling all over. At last, seeing that it was past my usual meal-time, she said she would go and fetch some soup.

'And as for me,' I added, 'I will go and finish my work, for I have begun to tap a cask of wine, and I cannot leave it so.'

'Hold, Citoyenne,' they called to Blanchet; 'You cannot go away from here.'

'Have you an order to arrest this woman? . . . Show it to me. . . . She can neither read nor write, and is only here as my servant.'

'We are going to fetch one; but, meanwhile, we take it upon ourselves to arrest her.'

One of the two then went out, and returned an hour later, with a warrant for the arrest of the widow Blanchet.

I remember there was an abominable man, named Bertrand, among these agents of the police; but he is dead, do not let us speak of him. God has Himself undertaken to avenge me. As for me, apart from it being forbidden by God, I naturally disdain revenge.

The agents drew up a *procès-verbal*, which I refused to sign, and they led us, Blanchet and me, between four men, to the Police Station.

It was eight o'clock in the evening.

When we reached this ill-omened place, they made us wait a whole hour, and during all the time, people kept passing in and out, and after looking at us with curiosity, they would go away, murmuring: 'They are *conspirators*.'

Finally, I was taken into what was practically a

dungeon, for it could only be reached by going down some steps.

There I found nothing but a wretched straw-mattress, very hard, a well-worn coverlet, and no sheets . . . and then, there was nothing to sit on. . . .

The warder went away, drawing the bolts upon me, and left me alone, without food, and without so much as asking me if I wanted anything to eat, and yet I had had nothing but a little soup, since the evening before.

The next morning, I learned that they had taken Blanchet into the prison, and thrown her among thieves, and women of bad life, who linger about the streets.

As for me, I could not close my eyes, for I was devoured the whole night long by fleas, and tormented by fat mice, creatures that I have always held in horror. I was continually thumping my mattress to drive them away.

Daylight, which I was still awaiting with impatience, had come long ago. The dungeon had, in fact, only one little window; and this was very high up, and only received light itself, through a second, somewhat similar, window. Thus, it was so dark that, if a book had been given me to read, I could not have used it.

Towards ten o'clock, the door opened with a great rattle, and they brought me a pound of very black bread, which was still quite warm, one of those wooden dishes that are called porringers,* containing broth and green cabbage, cooked with a little very rancid butter, and lastly, a pitcher of water, and a wooden drinking cup.

It was only by the daylight coming in through the half-open door, that I saw all this.

I ate up the whole of the crust of the bread, tearing it off with my fingers, but I could not eat the crumb, which was still quite warm, and only half-baked. I threw it into the pitcher of water, so that the mice

* 'Gamelle.'

should not get it, but I made a mistake in doing this, as they left me the same water for two whole days, and in the end, I was obliged to drink it. . . .

I had been eight days in this horrible dungeon, abandoned by the whole world, when I suddenly heard my door open with a great noise; it was towards mid-day.

As soon as it was open, I saw a woman come to the threshold, without venturing to enter, so dark did the room appear to her.

I was not long in recognising Madame Colin, the wife of my notary, whom I had known well for many years. She was a tender-hearted and compassionate woman, a true friend, as well as a good mother, of ready wit, and with a very pleasing expression.

I said: 'So there is still some one left who cares for me! . . . I have no seat to offer you . . . rest yourself on the steps of my prison.'

She sat down, and gazed earnestly at me, and at the sight of me, utterly dejected, with a beard of eight days' growth, my linen almost black, and my clothing untidy, she burst into tears, exclaiming: 'Ah! Mon Dieu! My friend, in what a state do I find you! . . . I have stormed the prison to get at you. . . . They threatened me, wrote me down on the register as a "suspect": no matter, I insisted on seeing you. . . . I was bold, I redoubled my importunities, I even forced myself to joke with these men . . . and you know,' she added, smiling, 'a pretty woman generally gets her own way in the end. . . . Here I am at last, my dear friend. . . . But what have you done then? Everyone looks upon you as a criminal, who is going to have his head cut off. All your friends leave you, and you are treated as if you were already dead. . . . Tell me the truth. . . . You are represented as the head of a conspiracy: a report has been spread on all sides, that twelve portfolios have been found in your house, containing correspondence with the enemies of the State.'

I let her go on as long as she liked, for the good lady was very voluble. I endured her reproaches without a word, and when she had finished, I said: 'Is that all? . . . Well! the whole of what has been reported to you, is nothing else than one long tissue of lies, and abominable malice. . . . I have never even been informed of the cause of my arrest. . . I am not a conspirator, and neither portfolios, nor letters, have been found in my house.'

At these words, she sprang up, and seized hold of me, exclaiming: 'Is what you tell me really true?'

'You know my frank disposition too well, to think I would deceive you, least of all, at a time when you are exposing yourself to danger by coming to my help . . . Besides, of what use would it be? You will soon know the truth. . . . No, I repeat, I am not guilty.'

'Then do not be uneasy, my friend; I am going away to work in your cause. . . . Meanwhile, I will send you some clean linen, some bread, a few bottles of good wine, and one of those turkeys that, as you know, my cook dresses to perfection.'

I thanked her most gratefully.

Her visit, which I had not at all expected, brought me great consolation. It was as if God had sent an angel to revive my drooping courage.

I begged her, however, not to come again until after I had been interrogated; as I feared to draw suspicion upon her, and besides, I thought she might be refused admission.

From that moment, the good woman, who was full of ingenuity and self-sacrifice in the cause of her friends, never ceased going hither and thither, heedless of the danger to herself, to say that the rumours about me were false, that no letter had been found in my house, and that I did not even know why I was imprisoned.

My friends now breathed again, and I learned afterwards, that from this time they began to speak in my favour.

The Police having learned that I had also a room

at Passy—I kept one in that village for eight whole years—resolved to make a search there; and the same individuals, who had arrested me in the Rue Saint Florentin, returned, on the tenth day of my imprisonment to fetch me, that I might go with them to Passy, and be present at the search of my papers.

They offered to take a carriage, so as not to fatigue me, but I saw clearly that they made this offer for their own sake, and not for mine; so I answered that I would do without one, that they might take one for themselves, if they liked, but I should not pay for it.

Then we took the road to Passy, following the Seine by Chaillot.

I saw, at a distance, the kind and greatly respected Madame d'Aubusson, who was so friendly to me. I would not look in her direction, but she recognised me, and called out fearlessly: 'Good morning! I shall be back to luncheon . . . I shall expect you soon.' As for me, I was afraid of compromising her, and turning to the myrmidons* who were with me, I said: 'To whom is that woman speaking?' They made no reply.

When we reached Passy, they asked permission, from the *Juge de paix*, and from the Mayor, to search my rooms.

These gentlemen, who had known me for a long time, were surprised beyond words, to see me arrested, and answered: 'Citizens, there must be some mistake. . . . This citizen is a very honest man, and since he has been in the Commune, he has never given the least cause for complaint.'

However, they gave permission, which, for the matter of that, they could not refuse, but they carried their goodwill towards me so far as to come themselves, to be present at the search.

My warders made it most minutely; but having found absolutely nothing, they seized a notebook of

* Sbires.

comic verses, which I had composed by way of recreation, and a letter from my saintly mother.

I drew their attention to the fact that this letter had no interest for them; that it was the letter of a tender mother, pouring out her troubles to her son, and that it would be an unpardonable proceeding to tear this precious souvenir from me.

They would listen to nothing.

However, I was hungry, and as I never lose my head in the midst of my troubles, I lighted a fire on my hearth, and sent Madame Grandin to fetch some bread and biscuits. She was the virago at whose house I had lodged at the time of the Terror. Whether from curiosity, or from attachment, she had hastened to me.

In this way, I made two good cups of chocolate, which I drank in the presence of my warders.

Seeing this, one of them said to me:

'Upon my word, it is time for lunch, and I should like to do the same. . . . This drudgery takes a good while, and I am hungry.'

I answered: 'It rests with you, whether you follow my example or not. There is an excellent eating-house close by, kept by the brother of Monsieur le Juge de paix . . . and,' I added, drawing myself up proudly: 'The times are past, when victims paid for carriages and refreshment for their executioners.'

We returned from Passy on foot, in the same way that we went; it was about four o'clock in the afternoon.

When I reached my cell, I threw myself on my palliasse. I felt very tired, for I had been up since seven o'clock, and had walked more than two leagues. I did not even find, on my return, the wretched black bread and soup, which they gave me for food, and when I asked the reason, they replied: 'We noticed that the door of your cell was open; so we concluded you were not coming back any more . . .; but we will go and order some.'

Nothing appeared, however, and for twenty-four hours, I had to content myself with a single roll.

Fortunately, I had had my two cups of chocolate.

Night came, I slept more soundly than usual; it was because I was tired, and also, I was getting used to the mice.

But suddenly, I awoke with a start: they were opening the doors of my cell.

The grinding sound of the bolts being withdrawn always makes a great impression on prisoners.

At the same moment, I saw a man come in, very slovenly in dress, with hair all dishevelled: he seemed to be drunk, for he was supported by two gendarmes.

He rolled on the ground, and did not move.

I felt horror-struck, and asked who the man was: they replied: 'He is an assassin, who is put here for the night.'

A feeling of uncontrollable dread came over me.

I begged, I entreated that they would take the man to another cell. I became very angry, and tried to prevent their shutting the door, but they were deaf to my cries, and several men, uniting their strength, pushed me back into my cell, where I was left alone with this assassin.

You may imagine the horror of my situation.

I was continually in fear lest the man, who was dead drunk, should, without knowing what he was doing, throw himself upon me, and assassinate me, and I had nothing to defend myself with.

My only resource was to keep on shouting and knocking against the door, until my voice and strength were exhausted, and I sank down on my mattress.

Happily this horrible man did not stir the whole night long, and at five o'clock in the morning, they came to fetch him.

CHAPTER III

PREPARING THE CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION

A Letter from Cardinal Busca.—A Curious Type of Juge d'Instruction.—Presents of food from Madame Colin.—'I am not worthy to sleep beside that angel.'—The Internuncio before the President of the Jury of Accusation.—He meets Blanchet again.

THE next day, the eleventh day of my detention, I was sent for, to be subjected to my first interrogatory.

Thus, in my case, they violated the law, requiring that every prisoner should be interrogated within twenty-four hours.

The delay arose, no doubt, from the fact that they had not a sufficient case against me, and hoped, by means of the post, to find out from my correspondence some new reason for condemning me. But, by a sort of Divine permission, the postman, who knew my servant,* met her in the street, and gave her two letters. However, they seized a third, but it was entirely to my advantage. It was from Cardinal Busca, the new Secretary of State. He announced his appointment, and requested me in future to correspond with him. He added: 'The master likes you, has an affection for you, and bids you continue your work.'

It was I, myself, who was accustomed to use the words 'master' and 'work,' and the Cardinal had only borrowed them from me. This letter, as will be seen presently, proved rather useful than harmful to me.

---

* The assistant given to Blanchet. (Book II, Epilogue)

On entering the room, where I was to be interrogated, I saw a little man come forward, dressed in black, with a powdered wig, and with a hard expression, although he tried to look pleasant.

He made me sit down near his desk, and asked my name, surname, and rank.

'What is the use?' I said, 'You know them.'

'Certainly, Citizen, it is a mere formality.'

Then I gave them.

Whilst he was writing, he kept muttering between his teeth: 'Conspirator! . . . To betray his country! . . . To correspond with the enemies of the State!'

At that moment, I noticed on the corner of his desk, a folded letter, of which the heading was visible. The date—I always date my letters at the top of the page*—was in my handwriting; it was a gleam of light. 'Ah!' I thought, 'my courier has been arrested, and here is my letter! . . .'

The man went on writing, however.

This individual, whose name was Simon, and who, unhappily for honest men, is still engaged at the Police Office, did not appear a very ready writer. When he had finished, he desired me to sign the papers that had been seized in my rooms, and especially my poor Mother's letter. 'No,' I replied, indignantly 'I will not sign anything! . . . How can you have the atrocity to offer me this dear letter, which your dreadful satellites have torn from a son's hands, this letter which is my sole consolation, the only one left to me, and which I treasure as a relic! . . . What do you propose to do with it? To make it an article of accusation against me? Undoubtedly it breathes nothing but devotion and tenderness! . . . No I will not sign it.'

Then taking up the letter I had noticed, he handed it to me saying in a tone of irony:

---

* The letters in the Appendices are dated in this way.

'And this one? . . . Is this equally cherished? . . . Do you recognise it? . . .'

I replied: 'Citizen, before answering you, I would ask if it rests with you to release me.'

'No, it rests with the Court and the Jury, before whom you will have to appear.'

'Ah! The Court and the Jury? . . . Then write down that I have nothing more to say to you.'

'But, after all, Citizen, you must recognise this letter?'

'I have no answer to give you.'

My resolution seemed to baffle him. His manner softened. He tried a thousand different ways. He could learn nothing more.

I added: 'I see plainly that you are determined to find me guilty. . . . You insult my misfortunes with a laugh of contempt. . . . You talk of conspiracy, treason, of correspondence with the enemies of my country. . . . This is not the behaviour of a humane and compassionate judge. . . . I repeat, you shall learn nothing.'

Then he tried to turn the conversation.

'What are your relatives? and friends?'

'I no longer have any; they have all died on the scaffold.'

'Where do you take your meals?'

'At the eating-house.'

Then he returned anew, to the intercepted letter:

'Well now, you cannot help recognising your own writing. . . . This letter is certainly from you.'

'No doubt, but it cannot form an article of accusation against me. . . . If it has fallen into your hands, it is because you, yourself, have committed a breach of the law; it is because the laws of the Republic, which protect the secrecy of correspondence, have been violated; it is because International law has been violated, for this letter is addressed to a Sovereign, of whom I am the Envoy. . . . Two years' imprisonment, that is the penalty incurred by the violators of these laws, which

have never been infringed, either under the Republic, or under the government of the terrible Committee of Public Safety.'

Nevertheless, he insisted upon reading my letter to me, and asking for an explanation of certain passages.

My reply was always the same: 'I have nothing to say to you.'

He was quite beside himself. His naturally pale face became as red as fire; beads of perspiration stood on his brow, while he continued to speak hotly and indignantly.

As for me, I remained cool. Far from daunting me, danger as a rule, gives me new energy, and it is in critical moments, that I show the most firmness.

Not being able to get any information from me, he said at last: 'Let him be taken back to prison.'

'What!' I exclaimed, 'to the dark dungeon I have come from! How can they have the cruelty, to shut me up so long, in a place where the atmosphere is poisonous, where there is no light, and no air except from the door, and a door, only opened once in twenty-four hours?'

'You will soon come out of it,' he answered, saying these words in a gentler tone.

Notwithstanding this promise, I remained there for ten long days more. However, the next day, the door of my cell was opened earlier than usual; a servant came from Madame Colin, bringing me everything that she had promised. The kind lady had obtained permission to send me these things.

There was a turkey, two bottles of white wine, one of Malaga, some bread, and some linen.

I knelt down in my prison, and thanked God from my heart, that there was still some one, who thought of me.

I asked the servant, who had brought the provisions, to take half of the turkey, and a bottle of white wine to Madame Blanchet.

Blanchet thanked me, through the warder of the

prison. She added, that she was better off than I was, but she was with women of bad life, and found it very wearisome; besides, these women were very distant towards her.

There was one among them, who had a pretty little girl. This woman said to Blanchet: 'You seem to me a respectable woman. . . . I beg you, do me the favour to let this little child sleep with you. . . . As for me, I am not worthy to sleep beside this angel.'

Blanchet raised difficulties at first, as she felt very reluctant to comply with the request, but, at last, she agreed.

From that time, these women offered her the best of everything they had—I may mention that they often had very nice young turkeys.

At last, on the twenty-first day of my detention, I was told that I must appear before the tribunal, charged with examining the indictment.

It was in December, and might be about seven o'clock in the evening.

I met Madame Blanchet in the vestibule. It was a touching scene. She threw herself at my feet, exclaiming, 'I am told that I shall never see you again. . . . I am not anxious about myself, but about you. . . . This time I cannot save you, Sir, but, at least, I will die with you. . . . My poor child being dead, I shall no longer have anyone in the world to regret.'

You will readily imagine how much I tried to conceal my emotion. But the self-sacrifice of this poor woman overpowered me, and tears came to my eyes. I raised her with great difficulty, and said, in a voice which I tried to steady: 'Do not be anxious, you will soon come out of prison. . . . It is impossible that they can inflict the slightest penalty upon you, for you can neither read nor write, and there is no charge against you. . . . As for me, I shall die with honour, without having to reproach myself with any base action.'

At this moment, they took me to the Court

The name of the President was Legras: I had known him formerly. He turned to me immediately, and said: 'Here are your letters.'

He pointed out two: one to Cardinal Antonelli, the Dean of the Sacred College; the other to Cardinal Frangini, Patriarch of Venice—the latter was an intimate friend of mine; I had made his acquaintance in Paris, while I was still Auditor of the Rota.

Legras continued: 'You will be tried for your despatches. . . . At present, I do not wish to subject you to an unpleasant interrogatory; so you will be transferred to a legal prison, where you will await our decision.'

I replied: 'Sir, you have known me formerly, and you know the position I hold. . . . I could never have believed, that they would go so far as to transform me into a suspect, and to prevent a priest from corresponding with the Supreme Head of the Church. . . . I make no request for myself, but I earnestly beg you to release Madame Blanchet. This woman can neither read nor write, and if I have assumed the name of her son, who is no longer living, it was without her knowledge.'

Legras made no answer, and I had to go away.

CHAPTER IV

THE INTERNUNCIO AT LA GRANDE FORCE

The Internuncio is transferred to La Grande Force.—The galley slaves and their great consolation.—Letters of the Internuncio to M M. del Campo and Balbo, the Spanish and Sardinian Ambassadors: their cowardly conduct.—M. Racin, founder of the 'Spectateur' newspaper.—The Infirmary at La Grande Force.—The Adventures of an eccentric Revolutionary from Montmartre.—The Prison-van.—Release of Blanchet.—Farewell to La Grande Force.

I WAS taken to La Grande Force. It was the most important of the prisons assigned to thieves and assassins. As for Blanchet, she was transferred to the Madelonnettes, near the Temple.

Escorted by three agents of police, I reached my dreadful prison. The doorway was very low, and as it was dark, and I was absent-minded—for however brave one may be, one is still only a man—I could not judge of the height of the door, and struck my head with great violence. The force of the blow seemed to shake my whole frame, and I could not help exclaiming: 'Ah! I am fainting . . . support me!'

During the three following days, I felt intense pain, but it did not occur to me to take any care of myself.

I went into the registry, and they entered my name in the jailor's book, as one accused of conspiracy, and of corresponding with the enemies of the State; then the jailor said a word to one of the warders, and he led me to my cell.

It was larger than the one I had just left, but it was

lighted in a similar way, that is to say, by a window with iron bars, high in the wall. Only, the sash could be opened by means of a cord.

The bed was placed on two benches. It consisted of a straw mattress, quite flattened, a coverlet, worn into holes and almost into rags, and two sheets which looked like sail-cloth.

I found in the cell two men, condemned to twenty years' penal servitude. They had been placed there, until the galley-slaves were ready to leave. It was about nine o'clock in the evening.

I lay down, dressed as I was, between my two sheets, after having taken the precaution to spread my handkerchief over the pillow.

I was numb, like a block of stone, and half dead with the cold. Still I fell asleep. It seems as though trouble had sometimes a calming effect, and produced sleep.

But I awoke with a start, at a sound as of someone striking fire with a steel. 'What is that?' I exclaimed.

'It is nothing, sir, . . . we are striking a light, so that we may smoke.'

'Smoke! . . . but the night is for sleep!'

'We have been in the habit of smoking for two hours every night . . . We dare not do it by day, for they do not know we have a steel. . . . If it annoys you, we will only smoke for one hour. . . . '

'Certainly it annoys me. . . . I shall not be able to sleep.'

I had hardly spoken these words, when I was enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke. . . . It was a poisonous smell, for there was no outlet by which it could escape.

I said: 'Really I am very much surprised that they allow prisoners, who are condemned to the galleys to have fire.'

'Do not distress yourself, Sir: we will open the window very early, and you will not be inconvenienced.'

'Very well! Do so . . . . Certainly, I have good

reason to complain of your detestable habit; all the same, out of compassion and charity, I would not deprive you of the only pleasure left to you in the world.'

About this time my old servant* was allowed to come and see me, and henceforth, the poor woman did little else, but go from the Rue St Florentin to La Grande Force, and from there, to the Madelonnettes. She, also, executed the commissions which I entrusted to her. As for my food, it was the same as at the Prefecture of Police.

Five weeks passed in this way, without any new incident, except the strange visit, which I received from a member of the Bureau Central. This personage, wearing his tri-colour scarf, examined me from head to foot, as if I had been some strange animal; then he went away, without having spoken a word.

However, I sent for the Criminal Code, from which I saw plainly that the offence with which I was charged, was punishable by death. Nevertheless, I considered how I should defend myself, and began to compose a memorandum. I also wrote to the Marquis del Campo, the Spanish Ambassador, to whom I had been recommended by the Court of Rome.

The Minister of the King of Sardinia for his part, had written to M. Balbo, who discharged the duties of Ambassador to the Directory. He had told him to fly to my assistance.

But I have since learned, that neither the Marquis del Campo, nor M. Balbo, were willing to have a part in this good deed. They even wrote to their respective Courts, saying it was a very serious matter, with which they must be careful not to interfere.

I was indignant, especially with M. Balbo.

So, when these gentlemen called upon me, after my release, I sent a message declining to see them, and saying, that I had informed the Pope of their conduct.

Meanwhile, an official from the Minister of the

---

* The one engaged to help Blanchet.—Tr.

Interior came to visit our prison.—Like all the other prisons at that time, it was placed under the charge of this Minister.

This official was the founder of an important newspaper, entitled the '*Spectateur*,' in which I had published my articles on Roman affairs.

As soon as he came into my cell, he recognised me, and exclaimed: 'What! You here! . . . and who has put you here? . . . If you had only written a word to me, you should not have been here a quarter of an hour.'

I greeted him warmly, thanked him, and said:

'Everybody forsakes me . . . I did, indeed, think of you, but was afraid of compromising you. . . . I wish to be the only one to suffer.'

Then, addressing the warder who accompanied him:

'You will take this gentleman to the Infirmary. . . . He needs particular attention; I will take all the responsibility.'

Accordingly, I was at once transferred to the Infirmary.

It was like a house belonging to one of the middle class, in the midst of this frightful prison. There were neither bars to the windows, nor bolts to the doors, and one could visit all the wards, and walk about in them. Further, the food was better, and one had the privilege—by paying for it, be it understood—of ordering whatever one wished.

My sojourn here also gave me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with several émigrés, and especially with M. de Gacecourt, who remained there a long time.

As for my bed, it consisted of two good mattresses resting on straps, white sheets and suitable blankets.

When I went into the Infirmary I found six persons. They were journalists who had been condemned, by default, to death in Vendémiaire, and who had given themselves up as prisoners, to expiate their contempt of court.

They were all released shortly afterwards. They showed great sympathy with me, and wished to under-

take my defence in their papers; but I strongly urged them not to do so.

While upon this subject, I will mention that M. La Devèse* who was then proprietor of the *Journal des Debats*, as well as M. Nicolle, editor of another newspaper, persisted, in spite of my express wish, in reporting my trial, not only very accurately, but very favourably; and by thus enlightening public opinion on the points under discussion, they brought it round to my side.

It was only an ex-Benedictine monk, named Poultier,† a notorious supporter of the Convention, who declared himself against me, and always took part with the Directory. But this kind of opposition did me rather good than harm.

I had asked M. Racin to inform Madame Colin of the happy change in my circumstances. She hastened to me at once, and from that time, continued to visit me, as often as three times a week, from the Place Vendôme where she lived. She used to take chocolate with me; for since I had been in the Infirmary, I had begun to take it again.

Lastly, my old servant came too, with great regularity, and bought me everything I required.

Among those whom I met in the Infirmary, was a Frenchman, who had been imprisoned as an émigré. He had been house-steward to a rich English nobleman for thirty years, and had saved sixty thousand francs in guineas.

He was an enthusiast. He was so eager for the abolition of royalty in France, that, out of horror of that form of government, he had changed his real name

---

* The narrator refers to Ladevèse and to the *Journal des Débats*, where there is neither Ladevèse, nor any report of the Trial. I ended by discovering that Ladevèse wrote in the *Courrier universel*, a journal of the cameleon type which changed its name twenty times, and which in 1796 was called *le Véridique*. From this journal are quoted the passages in Appendix D.

† Editor of *l'Ami des Lois*.

of Leroy * into Montmartre, the name of the faubourg in which he was born.

Suddenly, he learned that a Revolution had broken out on the Continent. He was so much delighted, that he threw up his situation, drew out all his money, left his wife, and made his way to France. Scarcely had he landed, when he was taken for an émigré, seized by the police, and thrown into the prison of La Force. While there, he wrote to his wife, to tell her of his mischance.

'Oh! my dear,' she replied ironically, 'is it possible that you should have fallen into slavery, at the very moment when you set your foot upon the land of liberty!'

Apart from this, he was a very worthy fellow.

He had travelled a great deal with his master, and knew several languages. Among others, he spoke Provençal, and—a difficult thing for a Parisian—with the right accent. He enjoyed my society, and by way of showing his friendship, he would provide me every day, for my dinner, with a dish of his own cooking: this dish was always delicious.

He also would make me drink a glass or two of very good Bordeaux, and when I remarked that it was very expensive, he answered: 'Do not be uneasy, my friend, but drink it. . . . I have a few guineas left.' Moreover, he would never sit down to table with me.

I sincerely liked him, and spared no efforts to console him, for he was often much depressed.

I received news of Madame Blanchet daily; she had everything she needed in the prison, but she still felt the time pass heavily.

At last the day came, for me to appear before the Tribunal appointed to examine the indictment.

They brought me down into the court-yard, and when I reached the prison door, I saw a kind of tradesman's van, in form somewhat resembling a mail-coach,

* King.—Tr.

but with three little windows with iron bars, and the door fastened by an enormous bolt. It was drawn by two post-horses.

I recoiled in horror from the sight, and when they asked me to get in, I exclaimed: 'I would rather go on foot.'

They replied sternly: 'It is impossible to grant that request.'

They were obliged to lift me, and put me by force into this kind of prison on wheels, which looked to me like the vestibule of death. I felt greatly humiliated to find myself conveyed in this way. I was treated just the same as the greatest of criminals, for three of the latter were already installed. We set off, escorted by four mounted gendarmes, and the carriage rolled rapidly along, as if the horses were quite fresh.

As we went on, I reflected upon this manner of conveying prisoners, and I considered it a way of exposing them to derision, and a refinement of cruelty. Then, bringing my thoughts back to myself, I felt overcome by fear, and the tears came to my eyes.

We soon arrived at the steps of the Palais de Justice. A great crowd had assembled on each side, and every time one of us got out of the coach, there was a movement of curiosity.

I was among the last to alight, and I distinctly heard some one say in a low tone: 'That man, at all events, does not look a rogue.'

To tell the truth, I had shaved, and powdered my hair, for, since I had been in the Infirmary, I had returned to my daily habits.

I was brought before the President, who, after having put a few unimportant questions to me, said: 'You may withdraw; to-morrow you will know your fate.'

This time I did not see Madame Blanchet anywhere, which seemed to me to augur well for her.

They drove me back to La Force with the same escort.

I slept little that night, and could not even take any food before going to bed. I felt my courage failing, and found it impossible to drive away the sad thoughts which beset me.

The next morning, I had just taken my chocolate, when an usher came to inform me of my sentence.

It was to the effect that there was a true bill against me, and that I should be transferred, the next day, to the prison of the Conciergerie, adjoining the Palais, there to await my trial.

I learned, at the same time, that the Court had declared there was no case for the prosecution of Citoyenne Blanchet. Consequently, orders had been given for her to be set at liberty at once.

This news filled me with joy. Now, at last, I saw my faithful servant released from prison, and henceforth in safety.

I felt so happy about it, that I forgot to tremble for myself, and the idea of going to the Conciergerie—that is to say, of taking the road which usually leads to the scaffold—had no terrors for me.

In the evening of this day I paid my farewell visits to the émigré prisoners. They were all deeply moved.

I also saw my dear Montmartre, and embraced him affectionately. He began to cry, when he heard I was leaving the Infirmary.

Many of these gentlemen, whom I had occasion to meet later, have told me that they never expected to see me again, so dark were the rumours floating about concerning my trial.

I confess it was a real grief to me, when, the next day, I left this prison, to which I had become accustomed. Those who are unhappy, quickly become attached to places and people.

CHAPTER V

THE CONCIERGERIE

The Internuncio's name is entered in the Jailor's Book at the Conciergerie.—The good Richard.—The Abbé Brottier and M. de Cani, Curé of Bonne-Nouvelle.—Richard's Cook.—Anecdotes of Marie Antoinette.—The Internuncio's Fellow-prisoners.—The Queen's Pug.

I WAS taken to the Conciergerie in the same horrible coach, in which I had been driven two days before; only, this time I was alone.

I arrived at the office of the Clerk of the Court, where I was enrolled in the jailor's book in the same terms as at La Force, that is to say, as a conspirator, and accused of correspondence with the enemies of the State. These rather lengthy formalities being over, the Commissary, delegated by the Public Prosecutor, who was present, said to the jailor, whose name was Richard:

'You are now answerable for this prisoner, so put him in a safe place.'

Richard replied: 'I have known this prisoner for a long time. . . . I have seen him come here very differently from to-day. . . . Then, he was visiting the prisons as Judge Delegate,* and now, I see him come in as a criminal . . . but I will answer for him . . . I will not lose sight of him for a moment.'

---

* The Parliament of Paris had, every year, appointed three of its members to visit the prisons, and receive the complaints of the prisoners. M. Pasquier relates that in 1788 he had accompanied his father in making this visitation. *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. I, p. 4.—Tr.

Accordingly, this worthy man said to me: 'I shall be obliged to lock you up at night, but, by day, you will be in my house, you will take your meals with me, and you can see anyone you like, provided you tell them to apply to me. . . . Besides, you shall have a stove in your room, and you shall sleep on the two mattresses of that poor woman'—he spoke of the Queen —'who died on the scaffold . . . ' he added: 'I paid a high price for them; it was for buying them that I was imprisoned for six months in the Madelonnettes.'

I thanked him from my heart.

We agreed upon four francs a day for my food. He also told me that I could invite any of my friends I liked, to dine with me, and that he would do his best to provide a very suitable dinner, with coffee and liqueurs, at three francs per head.

Many of my friends, in fact, hastened to see me. Some ladies also came. I will mention, among others, the Countess d'Aubusson, Madame d'Aulnay and the Viscountess d'Allemane. I held a kind of reception, from seven to ten o'clock in the evening, when advocates, procureurs, publishers, and ecclesiastics met together. Among the latter was the much respected M. de Cani,* now parish priest of Bonne-Nouvelle, who, although I was a stranger to him, placed his purse at my disposal. I also received great marks of sympathy from high personages. The Abbé Brottier, whom I had scarcely known before, came to offer me assistance on behalf of the Princes.† He acted as their agent, and on this account was transported to Guiana, where he died.‡

I refused all these offers, and was, indeed, greatly surprised that the news of my arrest had reached such distant countries.

Richard had for his cook, a woman who deserved to

---

* It appears M. de Cani was at Bonne-Nouvelle from 1799 to 1826.

† The exiled Royal Family of France.—Tr.

‡ After the conspiracy of La Villeheurnois (March 1797) in which the Abbé Brottier was implicated. He had been arrested on the 31st of January of that year.

live in a better place. She had such noble thoughts and such good manners, that I, for one, expressed my surprise at finding her a servant at the Conciergerie. She explained the matter to me.

She told me, she had been an old friend of Richard's wife. The latter, who was full of kindness to the prisoners, had been killed * by a villain who was leaving for the galleys, at the very moment when she was consoling him, and giving him some money. As she was bending over him, to bid him good-bye, he plunged his knife into her heart, and she fell down stone dead; no one was ever able to discover the reason of this dreadful ingratitude. 'And I stay on with M. Richard,' added the servant, 'for he has trouble enough already in his position here.'

She had, herself, rendered the most touching services to the royal victims.

It was she who cleaned Her Majesty's shoes, . . . and she related to me that the noble prisoners, detained in the Conciergerie, would come, every morning, during their walk, and kiss the shoes of this unhappy Princess.

It was, also, this same servant who, seeing the Queen going to the scaffold bare-headed, and with no covering for her shoulders, placed on her head a linen cap, which was quite new, as she had received it, that morning, as a present; and threw her own kerchief over her shoulders.

I had the happiness of being of use to this admirable girl, when her master died. I got her into the service of the Marchioness de Créqui—not the mother, but the daughter-in-law—the niece of Count de Muy, Minister of War, and one of my oldest friends. But this lady died, and I, myself, have travelled about a great deal since then, so that I have not been able to learn what became of her maid.

This good servant took the greatest care of me. When I received my friends in the evenings, she used

---

* A very accurate detail, which the Memoirs of the time place in Messidor (20th June to 19th July) 1796.

to regulate the number of candles for lighting the room, by the number of guests. Sometimes there were as many as four burning at once. She used to say that I was not intended to live in obscurity, and that, besides, candles cost us nothing.

In short, if the sad thought of my approaching death had not come often to my mind, I should have been almost as comfortable as at home.

Truly I have much cause for thankfulness to God, for having given me such gentleness of disposition, that those who knew me, quickly conceived an affection for me, as I have experienced in all the sad circumstances of my life.

In the evening, I often remained tête-à-tête with M. Richard, and we even took our meals together. He was most attentive to me, and took care that there should be always some good fish on the table, especially fried haddock, also salad, for he had noticed that I liked those two dishes, as well as potatoes fried in butter.

The good Richard was so happy in my company, that we used to sit at the table talking, until two o'clock in the morning. He only left me for a moment, at ten o'clock, to go the round of his prisoners.

He told me a thousand things that were really astounding about these rascals. Above all, their attempts to escape kept him in continual anxiety. Although entirely without tools, they made keys of lead, which opened the doors without making any noise. Once, he seized as many as six of these keys, which worked perfectly; there was only one missing, that of the street door. He showed me all the six.

I asked him how he managed to find it out. He replied that, in prisons where many were detained, there was always a spy,* who was very highly paid.

The wives of the prisoners were also a source of anxiety. In vain were they searched, when they came

* *Un Mouton*, as the police called him. [M. Pasquier also mentions these spies in describing his imprisonment at Saint-Lazare—*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. I, p. 108.—Tr.]

to see their husbands, they always found some means of bringing them what they wanted in the way of tin, lead and plaster.

I prolonged the conversation as much as possible, for so great was the repugnance I felt to going to my room, where I was shut up with heavy bolts and large keys, that I would rather not have gone to bed at all. Still, when I did go to my room, I found it very warm, thanks to the fire in the stove; sometimes it was even too warm.

When once I was there alone, I gave myself up to the most gloomy thoughts. It was impossible for me to sleep until dawn, and then, I was awakened by the scoundrels I had for neighbours, who began to make a terrible racket before sun-rise, sometimes singing, sometimes talking together.

Once, I noticed a prisoner walking about the court-yard in the icy cold. He had nothing but his shirt over his shoulders. He was reading the charge against him, smoking his pipe all the time. '*Pardieu*,' he kept repeating, but in language too strong for me to reproduce—'*Pardieu*, I am lost!'

This led me to the conviction that these unhappy men are often less to be pitied than we think.

However, I had privately confided to Richard's servant, how much I dreaded entering my cell, and above all feeling myself locked in. She had hastened to tell her master, and induced him to have the door opened at break of day.

The first morning that I benefited by this arrangement, I saw a pug come into my room, as the door opened; he jumped on my bed, went all round it, and went away. It was the Queen's pug; Richard had given him a home, and took the greatest care of him. He came in this way to sniff his mistress' matresses. I saw him do it every morning, at the same hour, for three whole months, but, try as I would, I could never catch him.

THE MEN'S COURTYARD IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

[To face p. 194

CHAPTER VI

THE CRIMINAL COURT

At the Office of the Clerk of the Court.—The Trial.—President Gohier.—The Charge.—Boulanger, the Commissary of the Directory, intervenes.—The Editor of l'Ami du Peuple.—*Richard's Granddaughter.—More Anecdotes about Marie Antoinette, the Duc d'Orléans, and the Princess Elizabeth.*

I HAD already been five weeks at the Conciergerie, and but for being deprived of my liberty, I should have been very happy. I had good food, and the privilege of receiving visits from my friends.

At last, one day, I was told I must go to the office of the Clerk of the Court, at the Palais de Justice, to take the list of my jury.

They brought me down a dark staircase, made in the thickness of the wall; by means of this staircase and a subterranean passage, the Prison is connected with the Palais.

All the thieves who were to be tried that month came too, and I had again the humiliation of finding myself in such company. I had to resign myself to it, however, and await my turn in a large room, extremely damp and close, and nearly dark.

At last, I was called, and they gave me the list of my jury. They were twelve in number. I was told, I had twenty-four hours in which to decide whether to accept, or to challenge them, but, in the latter case, they would only name others at the end of a month, as the jury were only drawn by lot once a month.

Although I did not know them at all, I replied that I wished to be tried, and therefore would accept them, at the risk of finding them unfavourable to me.

The next day, I was brought before the Court. The case was an exceptional one, so they had called a special Court, as is done when it is a question of trying the greatest crimes.

This measure was not calculated to reassure me, nor was the dismal procession in the midst of which I was brought in. It consisted of the jailor of the Conciergerie, then two warders and two *huissiers*, and lastly, two gendarmes with their muskets.

It was between these two gendarmes, in the very dock of the criminals, on the 'sellette,' as it used to be called, that I was compelled to sit, and that, in the same room, in which, a few years before, I had sat 'on the fleurs de lys,' and dispensed justice to the King's subjects.

Once seated, I looked around the Court. It was full, and the crowd even overflowed outside. I saw on a bench, near that of the Counsel, the civil authorities of the village of Passy, who had come of their own accord, to give evidence in my favour. I noticed, also, that a great many of my friends were present: many of them even bowed to me, and I returned their greeting.

I had regained my courage, and in spite of this threatening array, which should have frightened me, I felt perfectly calm. It is God, Who makes us feel, in these supreme moments, the peace of a good conscience. I had, in fact, been to confession, and had put my small affairs in order.

Soon the Judges took their seat. They were presided over by the celebrated Jacobin, Gohier, who was afterwards one of the five Directors.* The twelve jurymen were opposite to me. Then, at the right of the Judges, was the Public Prosecutor and his officials,

* In 1799.

and at the left, but a little lower, the Commissary of the Directory, whose name was Boulanger.

It was truly a trial without precedent, for there was neither charge, nor adversary, nor witnesses, nothing in fact, except a formidable power which was persecuting me, the Directory.

But I was fighting for our holy religion; and God, Whose providence watches over the innocent, is stronger than men.

Everyone being seated, Citizen Legras read the indictment, which he had drawn up against me. This man, who had seemed to treat me with gentleness and courtesy, when I came from the Prefecture of Police, had drawn up the most abominable indictment, such as one would not have dared to bring against a villain, loaded with every crime. The reading of the charge, therefore, gave rise to a prolonged murmur in the Court.

When Legras had finished, the Commissary of the Directory rose, and said: 'The Commissary reporting the case, has not seized the exact point, and has not clearly characterised the crime of the prisoner. It is not a question of a conspiracy, but of correspondence with the enemies of the State. Consequently I demand that the indictment be quashed, and that another be drawn up on a different basis. I ask that the prisoner be now taken back to La Force, and detained there until the time of his trial.'

I did not wait for the Judges to give their decision, but asked to be heard.

The President replied: 'Prisoner, you have leave to speak.' I then said: 'The Directory is not actuated by any feeling of pity or of justice; it wishes me to resume the chains that are about to fall from my hands, and continue to languish in prison. It sees clearly that I am about to be released, for the more odious is the indictment, the more is it manifestly false.

'For my part, I demand that the case be tried at once; at least, I shall have a jury worthy of all

respect, to pronounce upon my guilt and decide my fate.

'Besides, they will not find any charge against me. For, certainly, in order to be guilty of conspiracy there must be accomplices. Now where are they? . . . What conspirator has betrayed the secret? . . . Who accuses me? . . .'

Everyone kept a profound silence: The Public Prosecutor himself did not dare to speak.

'No doubt, Monsieur the Commissary of the Directory, wishes once more to enjoy the spectacle, of my being dragged through the streets of Paris, shut up in a kind of iron cage, like a wild beast exhibited to the curiosity of the passers-by. . . . No, it shall not be; I oppose his request, I demand that the indictment be maintained in its integrity. I undertake to defend myself against no matter what charge, however grave it may be, and I make bold to say that I shall do it successfully, if justice be not banished from this Court. . . .

'Besides, here is my Counsel who will undertake to support my claim.'

He was M. Bellart. I had chosen him, to guide me amidst the new forms of criminal procedure, with which I was unacquainted, and also to help me in my defence; and I had not hesitated to engage him, for he was a man of great ability.

But all our efforts were in vain; we were obliged to yield. My indictment was quashed; I was taken back to the Conciergerie, and the Clerk of the Court told me that I was to be transferred to La Force.

I asked M. Richard if it were not possible for me to remain with him.

'As far as I am concerned,' he replied, 'I should like it very much. . . . I will go and ask the Public Prosecutor.'

He was fortunate enough to succeed, and I remained under the guardianship of this worthy man.

The next day was the Epiphany.* I gave Richard a louis, to treat all the warders, who were very kind to me.

So it was a Feast at the prison, and especially, in M. Richard's kitchen. I have noticed that, in prisons, people are very fond of eating and drinking.

Then, the authorities at Passy, having come to see me, I invited them to go to my house in the Rue Saint Florentine. They were received by Madame Blanchet, to whom I had sent word to prepare a dinner for them.

Thus, everyone was happy, except me.

Lastly, M. Louis d'Aulnay, came at my invitation, to dine with me. In this way I sought to divert my mind and to forget, for I felt deeply the postponement of my trial.

In the evening of the same day, as I was walking up and down the sitting-room, I suddenly saw a little man, with a very brown complexion, come in; he said:

'Citizen, everybody is indignant at Legras' indictment and at the conduct of the Commissary of the Directory. . . . I am the defender of the oppressed. . . . Will you allow me to undertake your defence in my newspaper? for I have one, and, although I am detained in prison, owing to the intrigues of my enemies, I still continue to edit it.'

'I am very grateful to you, Citizen. . . . And what is the name of your paper?'

'*L'Ami du Peuple.*' †

'*L'Ami du Peuple*! Oh! then, be careful not to plead my cause. I thank you all the same, but I wish to defend myself only before the Court.'

Upon this, I took leave of him politely.

I passed the second month like the first.

Madame Colin continued to come and take chocolate

---

* Jan. 6th.

† The *Eclair* of the 23rd December, 1796 says '*L'ami du peuple* Lebois has been arrested, for the third time, for having treated the Directory as it deserved.'

The *Moniteur* adds: 'He was released on the 9th January.'

The agreement is striking.

with me several times a week. Often, she even came back to see me before her dinner. As she is kind and good, and very lively, she knew how to brighten my mornings. I may add, that I was always very neatly dressed to receive her; I was freshly shaved, and my hair well powdered.

In short, I lived in prison, as I should have done if I had been free.

M. Richard was the grandfather of a beautiful girl of twenty-two, who was an angel of gentleness, and whose manners showed her to have been very well brought up. She came to see me nearly every morning, and we even dined together, when—as often happened—she asked her grandfather to let her dine at his house.

It was this gentle and compassionate girl who saved the life of old President Angrau. Every time she heard that they were coming to take him before the Revolutionary Tribunal, she made him go to bed, and answered the messengers: 'What do you want to do with this old man? He is not able to get up, and may, perhaps, die in the course of the day.'

She continued to put them off in this way until the death of Robespierre.

Moreover, she brought him a delicious cup of coffee à la crème every morning, all the time he was in prison. This good old man, who was then eighty-six years of age, came to see me while I was at the Conciergerie, and meeting the young girl in my room, he embraced her, saying: 'This is the girl who saved my life.' I answered: 'And it is she too, who lightens the weariness of my imprisonment.'

I still passed the evenings with Richard, and we continued to talk far into the night. He told me a multitude of very curious anecdotes about the victims, whom he had seen go to the scaffold.

It would take too long to relate them here; besides I have forgotten a great deal. I remember, however, hearing him say, how the gendarmes used to play a game of piquet every evening in the Queen's presence.

[*Neurdein, photo.*

MADAME ELIZABETH OF FRANCE.

Musée de Versailles.

[*To face p.* 201.

She would watch them, leaning on the back of a chair, or sometimes she would be occupied in mending her black taffeta pelisse.

Richard often went to see this Princess, to ask if there were anything she wanted. She never failed to thank him; only, according to Richard, she did it a little too formally.*

One day, she asked him if he had ever been steward in a gentleman's house. 'Oh! no, indeed, Madame,' he answered, 'I was almost born in prisons.'

'Because everything you give me to eat is so good.'

'I will own,' said Richard, 'I go to the market myself, and buy the best of everything I can find there.'

'Oh! how kind you are, Monsieur Richard!' replied the Queen.

Richard added that the Queen's favourite dish was duck.

He had seen the Duc d'Orléans and Madame Elizabeth successively pass through the prison, and occupy his room. As he showed me his bed, he remarked: 'There is where vice and virtue rested by turns.'

Before going to the scaffold, the Duc d'Orléans asked for a fowl. It was refused, on the ground that he had no money to pay for it. He was reduced to making an omelette for himself; then he drank a bottle of champagne, that had been brought to him the day before, and walked bravely to his death.

The saintly Madame Elizabeth was at the Conciergerie for twenty-four hours. She enquired with great interest after the Queen, whom she called her 'Sister,' and asked Richard if it were long since he had seen her. He replied: 'She is very well, and is not in want of anything.'

All night long, Madame Elizabeth was very restless. Every moment, she asked Richard what time it was.

---

* This mannerism of hers, so unfortunate in one of her station, becomes very marked in later life, as readers of her biographies are aware.—Tr.

He was in bed in a dark little room, very near the alcove where she was resting. She rose early ; Richard was already up. She again asked him the time. Richard took his watch to show her the hour, and made it strike. She said : 'My Sister had one rather like it ; only she did not wind it up. . . .'

She took a little chocolate, then towards eleven o'clock, she went to the entrance of the prison. Many high-born ladies, who were going with her to the scaffold, were already assembled there. Among others, was Madame de Senozan, sister of the Minister Malesherbes, the King's defender, the best and most charitable of women.

Madame Elizabeth charged Richard to give kind messages from her, to her Sister. Then, one of the ladies, whose name I forget, I think she was a duchess, interposed, saying : 'Madame, your Sister has already suffered the fate which we ourselves are to suffer.'

These are a few, out of a great number of things that Richard told me.

CHAPTER VII

THE INTERNUNCIO AGAIN BEFORE THE COURT

A bad Jury.—A Second time before the Court.—Boulanger again intervenes.—Vigorous Protest on the part of the Internuncio and his Counsel, M. Bellart.—'These men are resolved upon my death at any cost.'

ANOTHER month, and even five weeks passed by, and I was again informed that I must go down to the Palais to take a list of my jury.

This time, they conducted me through the hall, which used to be used as the Chapel. It is a very large room, with a high vaulted roof, which is now nothing but a dreadful prison. I noticed seven or eight prisoners, lying there on wretched mattresses, and seemingly in the most complete destitution. The room was so damp that I felt quite chilled with merely passing through it. The sight of these unhappy men filled me with pity, while it brought back my thoughts to my own lot, for I said to myself: 'That is where I too might have been, but for Richard's kindness.'

Having received the list of my jury, I returned, as quickly as possible, in order to examine it, and to consult with Richard.

He read the list, and remained for some time without speaking.

At last, breaking the silence, he said: 'This makes me uneasy; this jury is not so good as the first.'

'Never mind,' I said, 'I must take them as they

are. . . . The suspense is killing me. . . . I wish to be tried . . . come what may!'

In spite of this disappointment, I preserved my composure. Those who came to see me were even surprised to find me so calm, and so little affrighted by the thought of death. When they expressed their astonishment, I replied: 'It is not that I ignore the danger that threatens me; but I am resolved to die bravely and with honour. It is the cause of the Pope that is at stake. . . . At least, I will leave an honourable memory.'

The Court was held the next day but one. Again, I went down by the narrow staircase, constructed within the thickness of the wall, and again, I sat down on the shameful 'sellette,' reserved for criminals.

When everyone was seated, and the Court opened, the Commissary of the Government rose, as on the first occasion, and said: 'I ask that the case be put back until next month.'

At these words there was a great sensation in the Court, and the crowd began to utter loud cries of dissent.

Then, without asking leave to speak, I addressed the President:

'Citizen, what reason can the Commissary of the Directory assign, for again asking that my case be put back, when even the Public Prosecutor, whose duty it is to punish crimes, thinks well to remain silent. Is Citizen Boulanger, the Commissary of the Directory, my prosecutor? Then let him speak openly; but instead of that, he is silent.

'Citizen President, am I then to defend myself against a phantom? . . . No, no, Citizen, this opponent, who conceals himself in the shadow, is the Directory, the Ministry of Police. . . . Then let them come forward themselves, in person, and say, wherein I am guilty; let them attack me openly, who am but a weak reed, forsaken by all, with no other defence than the goodness of my cause. . . .

'Oh! how can I hope to escape from enemies so powerful, above all, when they have resort to such treacherous devices? . . .

'But I am wrong . . . I am here in the midst of the Sanctuary of Justice, and she will cover me with her shield. . . . Most just Judges, you who are incorruptible as the Law itself, hold out to me a helping hand. . . . Do not, under any pretext, allow my cause to be sent back for another month.

'As for me, I oppose it with all my power.

'Without doubt, the case against me is not strong enough, and so, not being able to secure my conviction, they would leave me languishing in prison, they would have me die there of misery. . . .

'Well then! I declare to this honourable jury, who are to-day the masters of my fate, that there will never be any more evidence against me than there is now. . . .

'Do they then look forward to another massacre at the prisons, as in September, 1792, so that—less fortunate than on that ill-fated day—I may then end a life, which for ten long years has been full of sorrow and bitterness, a life which has been truly an agony, because of the sword of death, ever hanging over me? . . .

'Ordain then, Citizen Judges, that all delay be put aside, and that, disregarding the request of the Commissary Boulanger, I be tried at once.'

My Counsel spoke after me, with all his natural eloquence. But what can right do, against weakness and ambition?

There is no doubt that the judges were frightened by the formidable power of my adversaries, for, after deliberating for a long time, they put back my case to the following month.

I remember that this decision filled me with indignation. I forgot, for the moment, that I was a prisoner; and starting suddenly from my seat, I escaped through a door, and began to run towards the room

adjoining the Court, and looking out upon the gallery, where the shops are. Some one tried to stop me, but in vain; I was hastening on, not knowing where I was going, when I heard Richard, behind me, calling to me: 'Where are you going? . . . People will think you are trying to escape.'

'No,' I replied, 'I do not want to escape, but I do not know where I am going.'

'As we are here,' returned Richard, 'let us go by the great hall, and return to the Conciergerie by the main door.'

I laid my hand on his arm, saying: 'Forgive me, Richard; I am quite beside myself. . . . Those men are resolved upon my death at any cost.'

Thinking to console me, the good fellow said:

'You made everybody weep.'

'Pshaw!' I answered, 'What good will those marks of sympathy do me? . . . it all leads to nothing.'

Returning to my prison, I ran and threw myself on my bed, in that very room that I dreaded so much.

Soon afterwards, I was told that the Abbé de La Boissière, a friend of my childhood, was asking to see me.

I answered, rather roughly, that I would not see him; then, the next moment, repenting of having made such an ungrateful return to his friendship, I told them to show him in; but it was too late.

The Abbé de La Boissière had already left, and I have never seen him again, for he retired into the country.

Nevertheless, having got up to dinner, I was able to eat a little. Afterwards, a great number of people came to see me, but they wearied me.

In short, without knowing why, I wished to be alone.

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

From a drawing in the Carnavalet Museum.

[*To face p.* 207.

CHAPTER VIII

A COUP D'ETAT

A very bad Jury.—Richard's Suggestion.—M. Marchand.—The Internuncio writes a Speech for Madame Colin to read in Court.—M. Bellart's forebodings.—The general appearance of the Court.

THE end of the month came, without any special incident, and I went, for the third time, to the office of the Clerk of the Court, to obtain the list of my jury. When I showed it to Richard, he said:

'It looks as if it were done on purpose. They are worse than the others, and you must have ten for acquittal. . . . You ought to challenge them.'

'I will not, and besides, I cannot; for it would involve another month's delay.'

Since we had lived together, Richard had become singularly attached to me. After a moment's reflection, he said:

'Look here! . . . I know the usher, whose duty it is to summon the juries. I will ask him what course we ought to take, and if it would be possible to have another jury.'

'Oh! pray do,' I exclaimed, 'and do it as quickly as you can; for you know what it is to an unhappy man, to hold out the least hope; he thinks everything gained.' . . . I added: 'You must invite the usher to dinner, and provide something very good, above all, some good wine. . . . And then, you might give him to understand that I will reward him generously.'

Richard told me he was going to arrange it all, and

he gave orders to the cook to procure some poultry and game. The good servant said to me: 'Take courage. This usher is a very influential man.'

I was to appear before the Court on the next day but one. I waited impatiently until four o'clock. Just then, Richard came back, and said: 'M. Marchand will come.'—That was the name of the usher.

Accordingly, he arrived soon after. He gave me, from the first, the impression of a grave and well-bred man.

We sat down to table: there were only the three of us, and Richard had told the servant not to admit anyone. The dinner was excellent, and we had got as far as the dessert, before touching on my case. Then a bottle of Malaga was placed on the table, and Richard began:

'The day after to-morrow will be a very important day for Monsieur the Abbé, for it is the day of his Trial. . . . Only, I am not too well satisfied with the jury. . . . Such and such a one,'—he mentioned them by name,—'is detestable . . .; that other is a Jacobin.'

'Well, you must challenge them,' said Marchand.

'Impossible,' I exclaimed in my turn, 'I do not wish it on any account, for that would send me back here for another month.'

Upon this, Richard poured out for Marchand a large half-glass of Malaga, as if it had been vin ordinaire.

As he was dinking it, the usher paused for a moment, and said: 'Let me see, I can help you, and I should like to do it. Pass me that list of the jury that you object to.'

Richard handed it to him, and as Marchand read it, he said under his breath: 'Upon my word, they are not very good names. Those men never miss sending anyone to death.'

When he had finished, he drew a pencil from his pocket, and said to me:

'Put a mark over the names of those you do not like.'

'M. Richard will do it for me,' I replied, 'for, as for me, I do not know any of them.'

After we had marked the bad ones: 'Now,' he said, 'whom would you like to have?'

I found myself again in the same difficulty. Richard once more drew me out of it, and after hesitating for a long time over certain names, we decided on a list which offered us a reasonable guarantee.

I remember we wrote down among others, General de Tolosan, M. Charet, jeweller, Cadet, a private gentleman, Charpentier, a notary, Leblanc de Varennes, procureur, and Le Couteux-Lenormand.

When everything was arranged, the worthy usher said to me:

'I am going to try a bold stroke, which will cost me my post, if found out. But there is nothing I would not do to save an honourable man like you. . . . I am going to summon these jurymen, as if their names had been drawn by lot. . . . I hope it will not be noticed, for the President does not know all the jurymen by sight.'

I overwhelmed him with thanks, and when we had taken coffee and liqueurs, he left us, carrying with him the list we had agreed upon.

In the meantime, I sent Blanchet a copy of the list to give to our friends, so that they might canvas the jury in my favour, in the course of the following evening.

Accordingly, Madame Colin, Madame de Grabourtra, and my poor Blanchet went about a great deal.

I was also supported by Vigier, formerly Procureur to the Parliament, and proprietor of the baths of the Seine, who went to see Gohier, the President of the Tribunal.

'I am very sorry,' said the President, 'that there is no intermediate penalty . . . there is nothing for him but death or liberty, and that is our difficulty.'

As if he had said: 'We know very well that he is not guilty, but we must inflict some punishment upon him, in order not to displease the Directory.'

At last the decisive hour approached. It was the 3rd of March [1797] and the Court was fixed for eight o'clock in the morning.

I was dressed by seven, and according to my custom, I was shaved, and my peruke powdered.

I was waiting, sitting in front of the fire in the kitchen of the Conciergerie, and talking to Richard's kind servant. She was just saying: 'M. Richard sympathises with you very much, and this makes him anxious,' when Madame Colin came in, and said:

'I cannot be present at your trial, for I have a civil case of my own, it concerns my children, who are not yet of age. . . . There is a furious cabal against me; even my Counsel shows an unaccountable indifference, and will not address the Court . . . and yet, it is a question of eighty thousand francs, and I have a strong opponent in the notary Raguideau, who bought my poor husband's office.'

'Listen to me,' I said, 'Suppose the Court gave you leave to speak, do you—although a woman—feel capable of pleading your cause?'

'Yes,' she answered, without hesitation.

'Very well. Give me paper and ink. I have three-quarters of an hour before me, and that is enough.'

Then, taking the case from the beginning, and following her own instructions, I composed for her a long defence in two sheets quarto, that is to say, of eight pages. The peroration was most pathetic, for the subject inspired me. In truth, what is there that calls forth sympathy more readily, than the sight of a mother, still young and beautiful, appealing to her judges on behalf of her four children, as yet under age; and who, deprived of all assistance, finds herself alone, with all the forces of a powerful and treacherous enemy arrayed against her?

This admirable woman marvelled greatly at the calmness I showed, in composing a speech for her, at the very moment when I was about to be called upon to defend my own life.

'You astonish me,' she exclaimed, 'and I am quite touched, to see you working for me, at such a critical moment for yourself. I am astounded at your courage and presence of mind.'

I answered: 'It is because every other feeling in me gives way, before the happiness of being of service to you, Madame, and of making some return for the unwearied kindness you have shown me. . . . As for me, I have made my sacrifice, and henceforth, I will think no more of my own person, until the time comes when I must throw myself into the arms of my God.'

I gave her the paper, and passed into the sitting-room, without continuing the conversation, for I was afraid of being overcome by emotion.

Madame Colin went out, to go to the Court.

She obtained leave to speak, she wept, she read my defence with such touching pathos, that the opposing Counsel was ordered to reply at once;—in short, she won her case.

How great is the power of a sympathetic woman over the hearts of men!

A moment later, my Counsel, M. Bellart, came in. He was pale, with a long face, and everything about him betokened sadness.

'What is the matter, M. Bellart?' I asked, 'I can see you have nothing good to tell me. . . . I was counting upon you to sustain my courage.'

'Alas!' he answered, 'What would you have me say? When you have only weak and prejudiced men for your judges, there is everything to fear.'

At this moment Richard called me to the Court

I followed him, accompanied by my Counsel, and preceded by the huissier and two gendarmes; and I walked in the midst of this dismal procession, in profound silence—like a criminal led to execution—down that subterranean passage, which always caused me such invincible terror, and came, at last, to the entrance of the Court.

It was so crowded, that it was with difficulty that

I could make my way to the bench of ignominy. As only one of the gendarmes could find room at my side, some one called out:

'There is only one gendarme! There ought to be two.'

At this, there were repeated answers from part of the hall:

'No, no, there is one too many already.'

The whole of the Chamber of Judges of the old régime were present, being that which was called 'La Bazoche.'

When I was in the Parliament I had been very hospitable to these gentlemen, and in return, they bore me much good-will.

So true is it, that we always reap the fruits of our kind actions.

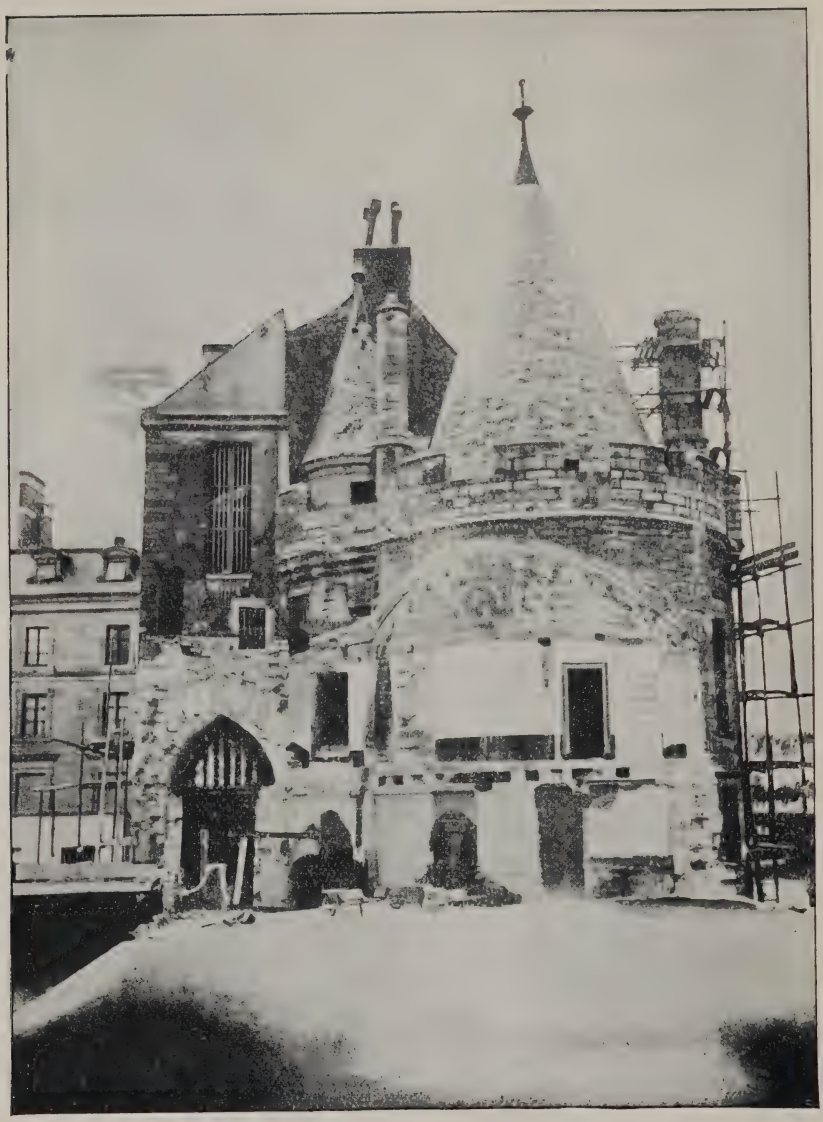
I noticed too, as I looked around the room, that nearly all those, who had been present on the two former occasions, were there, as well as many whom I had not seen before.

The jury were in their places, and my usher's trick had not been discovered. I noticed, however, that one of the jurymen whom I knew, M. Le Couteau, was missing; his place was filled during the sitting.

I learned afterwards that M. Le Couteau * de la Norai, who was under great obligations to me, had obstinately refused Blanchet's entreaty to come to the Court, alleging that he feared to render himself suspected by the government. In vain, did one of his sisters remind him, that I had gained many lawsuits for him, he was not to be shaken in his resolve; and thus, he showed the blackest ingratitude to me. But I will not dwell upon it. It rests with God to punish him, for he is dead.

---

* The name is written sometimes Le Couteau, sometimes Le Coûteux.



THE TOUR BONBEC.

[*To face p.* 213.

CHAPTER IX

AT LAST

Boulanger again!—Vigorous Replies on the part of the Accused and his Counsel.—A point raised by President Gohier.—The Interrogatory.

The Judges being seated, the Trial began with the reading of the indictment. It was couched in much more moderate terms than the first; for the matter of that, it was not Legras who had drawn it up. I was no longer represented as chief of a conspiracy, but only as guilty of corresponding with the Minister of the Pope.

Scarcely had it been read, when the Commissary, Boulanger, rose, and once more, requested that the Trial be postponed for a week. It may readily be imagined, what an uproar these words excited in the Court.

At the same time, one of the jury, M. Leblanc de Varennes, rising from his seat, asked in a loud voice, if they were mocking the jury, in making them come in this way, to no purpose.

As for me, I was stunned to such a degree that I could not utter a word. But M. Bellart spoke with indignant eloquence, and opposed the adjournment.

The Judges, obliged to deliberate on the spot, and under the eyes of the public, durst not grant what was asked by the Commissary of the Directory.

They decided, therefore, that, disregarding the request

of the Citizen Commissary, they should proceed to try me during the present sitting.

This decision was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the audience.

But when silence was restored, this same Commissary of the Directory rose anew, and in a second requisition, asked that I be transferred to the hands of a military commission.

According to him now, it was to a military commission and not to this Tribunal that my case belonged, for, strictly speaking, I was neither a conspirator, nor guilty of correspondence, but simply a *spy*.

This unexpected demand seemed at first to throw the audience into a kind of stupor, but immediately afterwards, there arose such violent outcries against the Commissary, that the President could not obtain silence. Some said: 'They want to assassinate him;' others, 'We must prevent his being delivered over to a military commission.'

But I made a sign with my hand, that I wished to speak. Silence was immediately restored, and, addressing the President, I said:

'Yes, Citizen, yes, I am a spy! But a civil spy, the Minister of a Foreign Power, and recognised as such for more than ten years. I am here under the safeguard of the laws, and but a little while ago, although not invested with any public character, I treated with the Ministers of the Directory themselves.

'Such spies as these! Why, you have them in every Court of Europe. Are they imprisoned? Are they prosecuted as criminals? Are they given over to a military commission? No, the law which you invoke against me, refers only to armed spies, taken in the midst of camps, and, as for me, I am a peaceable citizen, and you arrested me in my house, without cause or reason! . . .

'Beyond this, I am not sufficiently versed in your new laws to be able adequately to defend myself, and

my Counsel will do it for me with that eloquence which is natural to him.'

Then M. Bellart, turning to the Commissary of the Directory, said: 'Will you kindly hand me the text of the law of which you speak; I do not know it, but I am going to examine it point by point.'

Accordingly he discussed it in the clearest manner, and ended with an eloquent peroration:

'In conclusion, remember, Citizen Judges, that if you have not had the happiness of being appointed by the people, now is the time to show yourselves worthy of it.'

It was a fact, that my judges had been appointed, in a revolutionary way, by the Directory, and we were on the eve of the 'Primary Assembly,' where new elections would take place.* So the closing words of M. Bellart, while calling forth loud applause, made, at the same time, a deep impression upon the Judges themselves.

Obliged to come to an agreement, and decide on the spot, and intimidated, no doubt, by public opinion which was in my favour, they ruled, after a deliberation of an hour and a quarter, that they were competent, and that, without taking account of the opposition of the Citizen Commissary, they would enter upon the main point of the debate.

This decision gave rise to endless applause. The President was quite beside himself. He gesticulated, and shouted with all his strength, that the law expressly forbade all marks of approval or disapproval.

At last, calm was restored. The indictment was read a second time, and as there were no witnesses for the prosecution, the municipal officers of Passy gave their evidence as to my morality and good conduct. They were then dismissed.

After this, the President, seizing my despatches, said:

'Prisoner, you will be tried with regard to this letter.'

---

* They took place in April, 1797.

'And since when,' I replied immediately, 'has justice admitted such evidence? Above all, when there is nothing to corroborate it. How can a document, which is my private property, serve as an article of conviction? . . . And, besides, with regard to this letter itself, you have only been able to obtain it by violating all existing laws, by violating the secrecy of correspondence, the rights of nations, by taking it by force from a courier on the high road. How can you, therefore, use it against me? . . . It is I, who should be the prosecutor in this case. . . .

'Recall to your mind that celebrated decree of the Parliament of Paris. It concerned a woman, accused of the greatest crimes, but against whom, there was not sufficient evidence. A detailed avowal of all the crimes with which she was charged, was found in her room, written in her own handwriting. The Procureur-general, having offered this to the Court, as a document to which no exception could be taken, the Parliament of Paris rejected it, and ruled it inadmissable, on the ground that a prisoner cannot accuse himself.

'Observe how scrupulous were those Judges with regard to the choice of evidence, when the life of the accused was at stake!'

My Counsel also made great efforts to secure the rejection of my letter, and that it should not be regarded as evidence against me. The question led to a long debate among the Judges, and I was almost repenting having raised it, for they were on the point of referring the decision to the Corps Législatif, which would have thrown me back again for a long time.

So, I told the President that, to avoid all difficulty, I consented that the case should be opened by the examination of my letter, and my proposition was agreed to.

Then followed a kind of dialogue between the President and me.

He put many questions to me, to which I replied with more or less warmth, according as they excited

in me more or less indignation. Here are the most salient points of this interrogatory, as far as I can remember them.

Q. 'Why have you corresponded with the enemies of the State?'

A. 'I have not corresponded with the enemies of the State. If, by the enemy of the State, you mean the Pope, I will tell you that the Pope is not the enemy of France. As Supreme Head of Religion, he bears France in his heart, as well as all the other Catholic nations; it is true he is the enemy of your government. That shall never prevent my corresponding with him, and with his ministers. I was born his subject, and I am a priest; by this double title I have the right to correspond freely with the Sovereign Pontiff.

'Observe also, that a formality is necessary to indicate that one Power is the enemy of another, it is necessary that there should be a declaration of war.

'Now, has war been declared against the Pope? . . . The law requires that, for this, there should be a decree of the Corps Législatif. Where is that decree? . . . . It is you, who have attacked the Pope, and that without previous warning. . . . It is you, who have entered his States. As for him, he has not even offered resistance.'

Q. 'What is the meaning of the cyphers you use?'

A. 'I do not remember. The key used to be in my room, but I have lost it, through the fault of those agents of the police, who have turned everything upside down in my house.'

Q. 'Prisoner, you appear to say in this letter that the French desire a chief, that is to say, no doubt, a King. Who told you this?'

A. 'Not having on that occasion sent the newspapers with my despatches, I told the Pope, by letter, what I had read in them. Besides,' I added warmly: 'It is not I only, who say that. Everybody says it.'

It must be noticed in passing that this took place before the 18th Fructidor, when one could still express one's self freely.

Q. 'You are an enemy of the Republic; you have never taken any oath.'

A. 'I am not an enemy of the Republic. But I have not yet attained to the degree of heroism commanded by the Gospel, to love our enemies from the bottom of our hearts. All that I can do, is not to wish them ill. Now, I have never excited anyone against the Republic, for I disdain revenge. . . . Besides, read my letter to the end, and since you are reading what is against me, read also what is in my favour. You will see that I counsel the Pope to make peace with General Buonaparte, and not to trust to the promises of the Neapolitan General, any more than to those of the King of Naples himself, for they are betraying him. . . .

'As for the reproach that you make me, that I have not taken any Oath, I will tell you, first, that I have the right to refuse to answer, for this is a question of conscience. But I do not wish to leave the large and distinguished audience who are listening to me, in any doubt as to my religious and political opinions.

'I reply then, that, not holding any public office, I was in no way bound to take an Oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.

'I ought to add, however, as a matter of conscience, that, if I had held a public office, I should still have refused to take it. For this Constitution destroys the rights and authority of the Pope, as well as of the French Bishops, and overthrows the ecclesiastical Hierarchy. Lastly, the Pope has forbidden the taking of this Oath. . . .

'As for the Oath of Liberty and Equality, I have not thought it my duty to take it. In all ages, French citizens have been equal before the law. Legal proceedings could be taken against the King's Brothers, against the King himself, and everyone has at heart his personal liberty. If by liberty, you mean that liberty, which is only licence, and engenders anarchy, I reject it together with all good Frenchmen.'

'As for the Oath of Hatred of Royalty, I proclaim

before all the world, that my attachment to the Royal cause forbids me to take it, and besides, there is only one thing that a Christian should hate—sin. Finally, if you refer to the promise of fidelity to the laws of the Republic, I answer that I obey those laws faithfully ; that is all you can ask of me.'

Each of my answers was received with loud applause.

Q. 'Prisoner, how can you be the enemy of your country ; you, a former Conseiller-clerc of the Parliament of Paris ; you, who live here under the protection of the laws ?'

A. 'Citizen President, I am by no means an enemy of my country, and I do not live under the protection of the laws.

'Torn from my house without a shadow of reason, I found myself led to the scene of the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd of September 1792 ; and I escaped from them only by a miracle, after sixty of my companions in misfortune had been slaughtered before my eyes.

'Later, placed under a decree of arrest, I was compelled to wander for nine long months, without a resting-place, without shelter, without food, a prey to the deepest misery, living like a wild beast, in the woods that surround your Capital. Meanwhile, although I had committed no crime whatever, I was condemned to death, in default of my appearance. While to-day, thanks to the violation of all law, I find myself seated on the criminal's bench. And you tell me that I am living under the protection of the laws ! No, Monsieur le Président, No !'

He put many other questions to me, which it would take too long to relate, and to which I replied boldly and firmly.

Then it was my Counsel's turn. He made an eloquent defence,* enlarging upon my answers, and

* It is mentioned—but unfortunately not quoted—by Billecoq. v. *Œuvres choisies de Bellart.* Paris, 1827.

bringing out the points of my letter that were favourable to me.

It may be readily imagined what an effort it had cost me to defend myself. So, when I had finished speaking, I felt completely exhausted.

Besides, I had only taken a cup of chocolate since seven o'clock in the morning, and it was now eleven o'clock at night. In short, I was almost fainting from fatigue.

Happily, at last, the President rose from the bench, adjourning the Court until nine o'clock the following morning.

CHAPTER X

ACQUITTAL

Last hours at the Conciergerie.—M. Bellart's happy auguries.—Sitting of the Court resumed.—The Abbé Champagne.—Verdict.—Freedom.—Conclusion: the Internuncio is appointed by Pius VII, Administrator of the Dioceses of Normandy.

SEEING how exhausted I was, the good Richard took me by the hand, and instead of leading me up the dark staircase, he made me go round the Square of the Palais, opening a way for me through the serried ranks of the crowd. Some people, who were strangers to me, noticed me, as I passed, and said:

'Take courage, Sir! You made us all weep, and have won everybody over to your side.'

Then I said to Richard: 'I am recognised, let us pass quickly.' We went in through the main entrance.

A good supper, with some fish, was already served and awaiting me. We dined alone, Richard and I.

This worthy fellow, who well deserved to fill a better place, wept with joy, and said:

'You spoke like an angel. During all the thirty years that I have been in the prisons, I never heard anyone defend himself like you! . . . They will never dare to condemn you.'

I answered: 'I would rather the verdict had been taken at once.'

'You are right,' returned Richard, 'but, never mind, what you have said will make an impression on the

jury during the night, and when they relate all that has happened, their wives will take your part.'

My council came early in the morning, and greeting me, said: 'Take heart!'

'Ah! You did not say that yesterday,' I replied, 'and yet, then, I needed it more.'

'Because, yesterday I was almost certain that you were lost. One of the judges had told me, in the most categorical manner, that you would be sent before a military commission, and that was why I was so sad. I saw that all our means of defence would be of no avail. They did not dare to do it, on account of the unanimous sympathy shown you by the audience, and it is to the favour of the people that you owe your life.

'I must also add that you spoke eloquently and said just what you should have said.'

We went out to the Court punctually at nine o'clock. The worthy Richard had already been ten times down to the Palais, to hear what was said about me. He came up again, shortly before the Court opened; he was radiant, and said in a low voice to his servant: 'He will be saved . . . I have seen the questions.'

M. Bellart and I concerted together the course to be taken, and we were very daring.

Taking our stand on all the laws ordaining the secrecy of letters, we claimed that the penalties, fixed by the legislature, should be enforced against the officials who had violated those laws. Consequently, we demanded that the Minister of Police should be condemned to two years' imprisonment, and that, after I had been released, and set at liberty, I should be accorded damages, the amount of which should be expended for the benefit of the poor.

The Public Prosecutor, on his side, pronounced a violent speech against me, and concluded by demanding that I should be condemned to death.

Then the President put the usual questions to the jury in the following terms:—

Has there been correspondence with the enemies of the State?*

Is the accused guilty of this crime?

Did he act with a malicious intention?

The jury deliberated for a long time.

Many of them had been impressed by the word *spy*, used by the Commissary of the Directory.

Happily, as I have already mentioned, the government had intercepted a letter from Cardinal Busca, the Pope's Minister. It was in Italian.

Now, among the jury was the Abbé Champagne, who knew that language well; he was a married deacon, and master of the College de Navarre. He translated the letter to the other jurymen, and said:

'They would have us take the accused for a *spy*, but he is not a spy . . . he is the Pope's friend; the Pope writes to him, through his Minister, that *he likes him, and continues to have an affection for him.* A sovereign does not speak in that way of a spy. Taking it all together.' he added, 'I can only look upon the prisoner as the Pope's Envoy, and I am in favour of acquitting him.'

General de Tolosan also displayed much zeal, and after two hours' deliberation, the jury returned their answers: they were affirmative as regards the first two questions, and negative with regard to the third.

The President was thus obliged to pronounce my acquittal and restoration to liberty.

The verdict was received with enthusiastic applause.

But I was to drink the chalice to the dregs. Instead of setting me at liberty at once, as is the custom with regard to real criminals, they made me remain another twenty-four hours in prison.

My Counsel came the next day, about noon, and

---

* It should be 'with the agents of a Foreign Power.' v. *Ordonnance qui acquitte Louis-Joseph Salamon.—Correspondance Secrète.* Compare also Memoirs Book iii, ch. ix, 'I was no longer represented as chief of a conspiracy, but only as guilty of corresponding with the Pope's Minister.'—Tr.

asked Richard if the Public Prosecutor had sent orders for me to be set at liberty at the end of twenty-four hours. As Richard replied in the negative, M. Bellart informed him, that in that case, the law authorised my Counsel himself, to set me at liberty at the end of twenty-four hours, and he therefore, asked Richard to let him do so.

As you may imagine, the good Richard did not need to be told twice, and opened the door immediately.

* * * * * *

Thus, Madame, I have reached the end of my sad story. Doubtless, many things have escaped me, for all this happened long ago.

Since that time I have lived in peace, and continued to fulfil the spiritual mission entrusted to me.

In 1801, I was sent to Normandy to administer the whole province, and there it fell to me, to govern five of the most important dioceses of France, notably that of Rouen, which is the Archiepiscopal See.

I took up my residence in that town, but, during the winter, I visited all the other dioceses, and appointed in each of them Vicars-General to act in my name.

This province had been much divided on the question of the Oath of Fidelity and Submission to the Laws of the Republic. I succeeded in bringing about reconciliation and peace in spite of the obstacles raised by the intruded priests.

The Cardinal Legate was so well pleased with the success of my mission, that he wrote me several letters in the name of the Pope, in which he informed me of the satisfaction of His Holiness, and assured me that I had even surpassed his hopes.

[*Neurdein, photo.*

THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE AT ROUEN.

[*To face p.* 224.

APPENDIX A

LETTER OF MGR. DE SALAMON TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'AMI DE LA RELIGION.'

'I HAVE read, Sir, in your paper of the 17th of this month, No. 750, that an ecclesiastic of the diocese of Besançon had refuted M. D——, who had attacked, in a pamphlet, the authenticity of the Briefs, which Pope Pius VI, of immortal memory, had published against the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. Allow me, Sir, to support the statements of this ecclesiastic, and to add positive testimony to the evidence which he has adduced.

'Although a *conseiller-clerc* to the Parliament of Paris, I was born a subject of the Pope. In 1790, on the departure of M. Dugnani, the last Nuncio of His Holiness in France, and afterwards Cardinal, I was nominated by Pius VI his Internuncio at the Court of Louis XVI. *I was recognised as holding that office*, and I exercised it until the 10th of August.

'In March 1791, I received from His Holiness, through His Eminence Cardinal Zelada, the original Briefs in the legal and customary form, together with a little letter, on very fine parchment, for each of the Metropolitans. I forwarded them, at once, to Cardinal de La Rochfoucauld, Archbishop of Rouen, to the Archbishops of Cambrai, Toulouse, and Arles, who were still in France, and even to Cardinal de Loménie.

'These prelates acknowledged the receipt of the Briefs and letters to me, with the exception of the Archbishops of Toulouse and of Sens. As I complained of this silence to the Abbé Godard, Vicar-General of Toulouse, I received soon afterwards the reply of the Archbishop.

'I myself arranged for the translation into French and printing of these Briefs by M. Cropart, although there

were very severe penalties against anyone who should publish Acts emanating from the Court of Rome.

'The authenticity of the Briefs referred to cannot therefore be called in question.

'I can say as much with regard to the Brief of 1792, which conveys the Canonical Monitions against the Constitutionals.

'You can make what use you think well of this letter.

'I have the honour to be . . . '

LOUIS DE SALAMON,
Bishop of Saint-Flour

SAINT-FLOUR, *Oct. 30th*, 1821.

APPENDIX B

EXTRACTS FROM THE 'ANNALES CATHOLIQUES' WITH REGARD TO THE MASSACRE AT THE ABBEY*

. . . The venerable Curé de Saint-Jean en Grève addressed these words to his honoured companions:

'My dear Confrères! To-day is Sunday. If we were free, we should all say or hear Mass. Since we cannot have this happiness, let us unite ourselves to the Sacrifice now being offered by some minister of Jesus Christ. There is a great likelihood that this will be our last Mass, and that we shall say it no more until we are in heaven. Everything foretells that this day will be our last.'

Immediately all the priests knelt down, and the reverend Curé began the prayers of the liturgy.

Further on, Confession is spoken of.— . . . At these words (of the Curé), M. de Charnois threw himself at the feet of the priest to make his confession.

All the priests went to confession to one another. They all, with one accord, begged the venerable Curé to give them a general absolution.

Picture to ourselves sixty priests kneeling around the revered minister.

Further on, the Author relates the escape of the prisoners through the window.—An order had been obtained from Manuel for the release of one of the priests imprisoned in this room [the Chapel of the Guild of Artisans]. They called him at the very moment when the assassins were breaking into the room. The door gave way under repeated blows, and in order that the priest claimed by Manuel

* See *Annales Catholiques*, vol. i., Account of the Conversion of M. de Charnois, a literary man. There is the following note: 'This account has been communicated to us by M. G—— . . . ' This M. G—— can only be the Abbé Godard.

should not be involved in the general massacre, the assassins suspended their rage for a moment, and allowed the priest to be called. He had escaped by one of the windows, and was no longer with his companions. They called him several times, adding that it was by order of Manuel and with the view to save him. The priest who was summoned was not known to any of those who were calling him. Anyone might easily take advantage of their ignorance. M. de Charnois most easily of all as he was of the *same height as the priest* whom they wished to save.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE ABBÉ SICART *

. . . While all this was going on, the prison door was opened with a loud noise, and a new victim thrust in. What a victim! Great God! It was one of my fellow-prisoners at the Mairie, † whom I had believed to be dead (M. l'Abbé S.) ‡ He had been transferred on the 1st of September with sixty others; and by an inconceivable prodigy, dragged with these unhappy men, into the midst of the court-yard to be massacred with them, he had found himself without knowing how, in the ranks of the assassins surrounding the victims; and, taking advantage of the confusion that prevailed on this execrable occasion, he slipped into the Committee Room, where he pleaded for his life, with that accent of despair which penetrates the hardest hearts. They only answered by imprisoning him with us.

What a meeting! What a moment for us both! . . I had learned from the jailor that all the prisoners, among whom I knew he was, had been massacred. I had heard them sentence sixty to death. He was one of the sixty. Each of us had wept over the death of the other. In seeing him, I seemed to see all my other friends again.

It was he who told me of the heroic and glorious end

---

* See *Annales Catholiques* 1796, vol. i.

† The narrative of the Abbé Sicart on the *Dépôt of the Mairie* is equally in agreement with that of the Internuncio. But one would have to quote the whole of it.

‡ This can be none other than the Internuncio. The Abbé Sicart even makes an allusion to his high rank when he exclaims: 'What a victim!' If he does not mention him by name, it was because Mgr. de Salamon did not wish to be named, which accords perfectly with certain passages in the Memoirs.

of the revered Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, of that venerable old man, who answered his executioners with so much courage, when they questioned him about his faith, and chose death, rather than the oath which was proffered to him, who asked only one favour, on account of the weakness of his age, the quickest death, and who obtained it.

They were preparing to strike off his head, when he addressed these touching words to his executioners :

'What are you going to punish me for, my children? What have I done to you? What have I done to your country, whose avengers you believe yourselves to be? The oath, which I have not been able to take, would have cost nothing to my conscience, and I would take it this very moment, if, as you believe, it were purely civil. I am as submissive as you, to the laws of which you claim to be the ministers. Let me leave out from this oath, that you offer to me, all that concerns religion, and I will take it with all my heart, and no one will keep it more faithfully.'

The fiercest of the troop seized the old man by the hair, threw him against a post, and struck him on the head with a sabre ; another severed his honoured head from his body.

Thus began the massacre of that crowd of victims, to whom Manuel had come, ten days before, to announce their freedom.

Such was the narrative of my former comrade, who had escaped by a miracle from this bloody tragedy.

. . . . . .

Towards three o'clock in the morning, when there was no one left to be massacred, the assassins bethought themselves that there were some prisoners in the 'Violon.' They began to knock at the little door which opened on to the courtyard. Every blow was for us a sentence of death. I knocked gently at the door which opened into the Committee Room, trembling lest I should be heard by the assassins who were trying to break in the other door. The Commissaries kept answering that they had no key. We could only, therefore, patiently await our frightful destiny.

There were three of us in this prison.* My two

* According to the Abbé Sicart this happened before the arrival of S. . .—that is, de Salamon. This anecdote recalls what the Internuncio says in his Memoirs. Either there were two successive attacks on the 'Violon' . . . or it is the same scene, altered by one or other of the narrators. . . .

companions thought they saw a loft over our heads which offered a means of safety. Only one could reach it by mounting on the shoulders of the other two. One of them said to me : 'Only one of us can escape up there. You are of more use in the world than we are, it must be you. We are going to make a ladder for you with our bodies.'

Then followed a generous strife among the three prisoners, similar to that described by Coppeé in 'L'un ou l'autre.' *In the end, the Abbé Sicart climbed on to the shoulders of the first, then on to those of the second, and thanks to this ladder—and also to his agility—he disappeared from view.*

After the assassins had gone away, he came down again, and his deliverers were not called upon to sacrifice their lives to their generosity.

APPENDIX C

FRAGMENT FROM THE BIOGRAPHIE MICHAUD (Article *Salamon*)

'A new *décret d'accusation* having compelled him to fly, he (de Salamon) lived for a long time in the neighbourhood of Paris, concealing himself among the high trees of the Bois de Boulogne, when he slept on a bed of leaves, only going into Paris to dine at a restaurant kept by a royalist like himself, who knew him, and helped him to elude the search of the revolutionary police. He returned every evening to his place of refuge in the forest, and lived there until the fall of Robespierre. . . .'

Further on we read that 'he was brought before a Court of Justice in 1798 and was threatened with banishment.' *These two errors*—for he was tried in 1796 and was never threatened with banishment—*together with those in the preceding passage, lead me to think that* DASSANCE, the author of the article, had received these details from an imperfect oral tradition.

APPENDIX D

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DAY ON THE TRIAL OF MGR. DE SALAMON

The *Véridique* or *Courrier universel* of the 17th Nivôse of the year V of the French Republic (Sunday, 1st Jan. 1797).

. . . Three interesting cases have drawn crowds to the Palais de Justice during the last few days. . . .

The third case was that of the Abbé Salamon, accused of correspondence with the Pope. In order to have a pretext for depriving him of his liberty for some time longer, the President caused an amnesty to be applied to some of the crimes of which the Citizen was accused, and consequently quashed the indictment, and he is remanded on the other charges before the *jury d'accusation*.

Ibid. the 5th.

From Mgr. de Salamon to the Editor.

The Conciergerie Prison.
14*th Nivôse* (4*th Jan.* 1797).

In the depths of my prison I have learned, Sir, that the papers have resounded with the decision given in my case, on the 8th of this month. They have only given a very imperfect account, and I beg you kindly to correct the statements in your paper, which justly deserves the confidence of the public.

It is said that an *amnesty* has been granted to me, with regard to part of the offences imputed to me.

An amnesty is for crime, and not for one who is pure and innocent. We pleaded most strongly against this judgment. The document to which they sought to apply it, did not admit of it. This document was the draft of a

letter written during the Terror, when I was wandering in the Bois de Boulogne, forgotten among my old papers in the country.

An amnesty is only applicable to a delinquency; now, the draft of a letter is not a delinquency; it is an indication, an evidence of a delinquency, but a piece of evidence is not subject to an amnesty.

We wished the case to be tried as it stood, relying upon the goodness of our cause, and the enlightened justice of the jury. We were defeated, but it is not therefore to be inferred that I consented to the amnesty being applied to me, nor that I insisted upon this being done.

(Signed) L. G. Salamon.

* *l'Ami des Lois.* 25*th Dec.* 1796.

The Abbé Salamon, *ex-conseiller* to the Parliament, accused of having conspired with Our Holy Father the Pope,† will be tried on the 8th before the Criminal Tribunal of the Seine. We have before us the list of the jury who are to give their verdict on this case, and we can confidently predict that the Abbé Salamon, and the Pope his accomplice, will be acquitted.

There is nothing in the paper on the 8th Jan., and I can only find, in this newspaper, the following other extract, the meaning of which is not very clear:

Ibid. 5*th Jan.* 1797.

'The Abbé Salamon has no doubt taken advantage of the amnesty to go and renew his intrigues at Avignon. But he is being watched: let him be prudent.'

The *Véridique* or *Courrier universel.*—25*th Jan.* 1797.

M. Salomon, formerly Conseiller-clerc to the Parliament of Paris, charged with having carried on correspondence with the Court of Rome, appeared to-day before the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of the Seine. If we may judge of the intention of the Government, with regard to the accused, by the conduct of their Commissary at this Tribunal, it cannot be denied that the Directory takes a very great interest in the condemnation of M. Salomon,

* I expected to find fuller details in the *Ami des Lois* of Poultier (Note to the Introduction).

† He should have said, 'with the Court of Rome.'—Tr.

for every possible point was raised by Citizen Desmaisons.*

Before the opening of the case, the Commissary, fearing no doubt a favourable verdict from the jury, and counting upon greater subservience to the government from a military commission, wished that the accused should be transferred to such a commission, to be tried as a spy. But the Court treated this ridiculous demand as it deserved, and declared itself competent.

After the indictment had been read, an indictment based entirely upon intercepted letters, the Counsel for the Defence, Citizen *Bellard*, raised a point of the highest importance. He demanded that all these letters be ruled inadmissable, because they had only come into the possession of the government by means of a breach of the law, namely the violation of the secrecy of letters.

We wish we had been able to follow the orator through all the arguments, which he developed with equal clearness and eloquence, to prove that the Directory had not the right to take possession of letters, the secrecy of which it had violated, and to constitute them a crime to an individual brought before the Court. He showed that, in this instance, the moral law was in accordance with ancient and modern legislation and jurisprudence, in withholding this right from the government.

We think the Tribunal would have done itself honour, if it had upheld by its decision the principles laid down by Citizen Bellard. But it judged otherwise, and ordered that the Trial be continued in the same way as before. This case will be definitely decided to-morrow.

Ibid. Thursday, Jan. 26th 1797.

After having suffered all the delays of a Trial as disquieting as it was troublesome, M. Salamon was to-day acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seine.

The sympathy felt for the accused, and the talent of his Counsel, had attracted a great concourse of citizens, who testified by applause their joy and satisfaction at the verdict.

---

* Mgr de Salamon calls the Commissary *Boulanger.*

Annales Catholiques. Jan. 1797.
(the day of the month is not stated).

M. Salamon, formerly Conseiller-clerc to the Parliament of Paris, accused of having carried on a criminal correspondence with the Court of Rome, has just been tried and acquitted by the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of the Seine, to the great satisfaction of a crowded Court, which was manifested by loud applause.

It is to be noticed that the jury, in finding that M. Salamon had been in communication with the agents of a foreign power, but without criminal intention, found at the same time that this communication had not taken place with the enemies of France. The jury have therefore recognised that the Pope is not the enemy of France, but only a foreign power.

Moniteur (28*th Jan.*)

'*République Française*—Verdict acquitting the Abbé Salamon, accused of conspiring with the Pope.'

APPENDIX E

TO MADAME DE CAPELLIS,* IN RELIGION SISTER HENRIETTA THERESA OF JESUS, CARMELITE NUN AT THE CONVENT OF CARPENTRAS.†

ROME, 10*th Dec.* 1814.

MY GREATLY REVERED SUPERIOR AND FRIEND IN OUR LORD,—

I have received your much valued letter of the 14th November. As I thought that, in consequence of your change of Convent and Altars, your indulgences, and those applied to your privileged Altar, would become null, I applied immediately for the renewal of all the indulgences of your Order, and of your Convent, and privileged Altar. You will find enclosed the Pope's Rescript, signed by Cardinal Galeffi, Prefect, which I send you franked by the intervention of the Minister of State, my friend, the Post-master General.

---

* Henriette-Thérèse de Jésus de Capellis was a warm-hearted and intelligent woman, and at the same time a holy nun, as the Internuncio calls her.

She remained in the country in spite of the Terror. There, she learned one day that the property of her brother, who had emigrated, was to be confiscated, and sold as property of an émigré.

Without hesitation, she went to Paris, found Robespierre, told him her name, and protested energetically against the warrant, which fell unjustly upon her, as she was her brother's heiress, and she had not left France. Robespierre yielded to her importunity, and caused the decree to be revoked.

After the Peace of Amiens, her brother returned to France What was his surprise to find his property again, which he believed to have been lost! His sister said: 'You owe it to me, and to my courage, but I ask you to spend part of your revenue in buying back the Convent of Carpentras, which has been sold as national property.'

And the brother carried out her wish most gladly.

† I owe these letters, and in particular the last, to the kindness of Madame the Superioress of the Carmelites at Carpentras. Certain passages have only a local interest; but as they are everywhere intermingled with reflections on political events, and help to develop the singular character of the Internuncio, I give them in full. Moreover, they tend to the honour of the Venerable Mother de Capellis.

In this readiness to please you, I think you will see a proof of my zeal for you, to whom I have long been sincerely attached, and in memory of our dear kind friend.

Pray to our Lord, on the contrary,* that I may have no opportunity of receiving the hat, which you desire for me. God is my witness that I do not desire it, having no ambition. You see, God does not forsake me, and He has inspired the Most Christian King to reward me for my fidelity, and my constant adherence to good principles, by giving me a post, which I did not ask for.

You did well in coming to the help of the persecuted, but do not look for remembrance of it, or recompense for it, except from God. These gentlemen seem to have forgotten all that has been done for them, and the one, whom you know, thinks of nothing but becoming Archbishop of Milan, where he is a Canon.

The two Cardinals Ruffo are much more grateful. So I often see them, and they come to my house.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples is a saint. He lost five hundred thousand *livres* of income, by refusing to take the oath to Murat.

You have no need of anyone, Madame, your place of refuge belongs to you, and will remain yours; besides, if you should need the illustrious Archbishop of Rheims, you will apply to me.

The Pope is taking measures to recover his sovereignty, but the restoration is slow. The revenues have been diverted, and before anything else, one must live.

Do not undertake any building: Providence is great, and will provide for everything. You must fill all the empty house: you take up so little room.

I am very sorry your dear Curé is so ill. Present my compliments to him, as well as to the honourable Demoiselle de L——. I wrote, some time ago, to dear Henriette; we are good friends, and I love her because she bears your name.

Do not worry any more about the cost of 'expediting' † the Indulgences. Enough has been said, and there they are. I am very glad that you and your holy Community should be pleased. Pray for me: I still need more fervour,

---

* Apparently Madame de Capellis had heard a rumour that the Internuncio was to be made a Cardinal, and had said she would pray that it might be so.

† A technical term for obtaining them.—Tr.

but God will take account of my zeal for Religion and for His service.

I have a cold, that is all; we have had a great deal of rain. But let us talk about your health which is much more precious than mine; saints like you should never die.

Yes, you shall have a bishop at Carpentras; I will endeavour to obtain that, and then we will think of M. l'Abbé Choisy. Be careful not to employ your Bishop of Avignon in anything.

Adieu my most honoured Superioress, believe in my respect and entire devotion in your service.

✠ The Bishop of Orthosia.

To the Same

Rome, 15th March.

Your valued letter of the 17th Jan., my venerable Prioress and Friend, only reached me on the 8th of this month, the King of Sardinia having thought well—under what pretext I know not—to detain the courier from France for six weeks.

I am delighted to hear that you keep well, and have been pleased at receiving the Rescript, confirming the indulgences granted to your Convent. I will always do anything in my power to second your efforts. I do not know what you asked the Archbishop of Rheims, the Grand Almoner, for. I might, perhaps, have supported your request. I have the honour to correspond with him, and he looks upon me with friendship and kindness. He is a prelate full of virtue, and the King likes him.

I do not know who is making you fear for your place of refuge; you are settled there, you have bought it; the Carmelites will never come back. Bear in mind always, that your Convent was never more than a house for a few friars, and that here, in the centre of religion, very few monks and nuns have, hitherto, returned to their monasteries, either from lack of good will, or because there were no revenues, or because some of the convents had been sold.

I think the settlement of our country is, as yet, very far from being carried out. You see how little eagerness the Court of Rome shows to satisfy the King. Our Church in France is in a great imbroglio, and they do not hasten

to remedy it. They think only of temporal matters, and one is grieved that the true interests of religion should be abandoned. Buonaparte used to say: 'I will,' and he obtained what he asked; the King begs, and obtains nothing.

Let us, therefore, put our trust in God alone, Who will find means to restore the Church of France to her former lustre; and, as for you, live always to do good, and I will support you, so that you shall not be disturbed.

Continue to render yourselves useful, and open little classes for children. As for M. Michel Choisy, we must wait until the bishoprics are re-established, which will be soon, and especially our own bishopric which is so ancient, for the restoration of which I am labouring, and you will be protected, living near your new prelate. I think it will be possible to find him * a post at the Cathedral.

I am much grieved at the state of your poor Curé. We must hope that God will spare him to you for a long time. Remember me to him, and to his honoured brother.

I thank Mademoiselle de L— for her remembrance. She is one of those ladies for whom I have the greatest respect, I will even say, the greatest affection; her good qualities render her beloved.

She is like you, revered friend, everybody loves you. If I were as holy as you, I would make an agreement with you, that whichever of us two shall be in Heaven the first, shall pray for the survivor, that God may show mercy; He has been my friend on earth, may He be so in Heaven. I commend myself to the prayers of your dear Sisters.

Yes, my establishment in Rome has been very expensive; the Minister of Foreign Affairs promises that I shall be richer next year.

Here everything is vain show. When I tell you that I, who find one servant too many, have three assessors for the Rota, two Abbés for my Ante-Chamber, two valets, who on ceremonial occasions come dressed in black with long silk cloaks, and four horses; I am obliged to have an extra carriage for the Abbés and valets de chambre, and three lacqueys in livery. There is no end to it. I think I have thirteen persons in my service; but I only board two.

---

* M. Michel Choisy apparently.—Tr.

I have a very pretty garden. Just now, it is full of flowers, and the orange trees in the open ground are covered with oranges. I do not know what to do with them; if you were near, I would give them to you for your collations, as well as lemons.

The climate has not tried me at all; I am used to it, and I have only headaches, such as I had in France. Besides, I must try, at least, to obtain the fruit of my good conduct, and, you see, the King has not let me linger in suspense. He has given me this important post of his own accord; certainly, I never thought of it, and, perhaps, Providence might have brought me near you; but it has happened otherwise. We must bless God in everything.

I have always had great confidence in Divine Providence which has led me, almost by the hand, for twenty-five years, pure and stainless. What thanksgivings do I not owe Him!

But our happiness is never complete. Here I am, isolated from all my friends, and, above all, from you, and your dear family, whom I love with all my heart.

I greatly fear that our dear good Henriette has lost an opportunity of marriage, and it is a real grief to me. But I shall never end, if I talk about you all. So, I conclude, assuring you, Very Reverend Prioress, of my most respectful friendship.

✠ The Bishop.

The bearer of my letter is the Abbé Joubert, a holy priest.

To the Same.

Rome, *December 9th.**

I received with real pleasure, our Very Dear and Revered Mother, your edifying letter of the 8th November. After such a long and sorrowful silence, what a consolation it is to have news of those whom we esteem and love! Truly it is a recompense from Heaven for so many troubles, and I may add, dangers.

For I have passed through some dangers here. That detestable Buonaparte, on the denunciation of Fesch,†

---

* This letter does not bear the date of the year, but it was evidently written in 1815, after the Hundred Days.

† The Cardinal, Napoleon's uncle.—Tr.

whom I never would call upon, pointed me out to Murat, when he was about to seize Rome, and Murat drew the attention of Generals Pignatelli and Caraccosa to me.

I was to be taken to Paris, under a good escort, and the Duchess Difiano, the sister of a Neapolitan General, who took an interest in me, warned me of it.

While thanking her, I told her I never yielded to fear, and was inclined to submit to my destiny.

The Tribunal of the Rota, not having followed the Pope to Genoa, I had remained here alone, the butt of all the sarcasms of the disaffected, for there are a great many Buonapartists and Jacobins here. But I never forsook my fleurs de lys and continued to wear it on my black coat, and I was right, for I never despaired of the King's cause. Happily, the Neapolitans were driven away by the Germans, just as they were on the point of entering Rome, and I was saved.

I have heard of your dear nephew's magnanimity. He must have courage and honour, and attachment to the King. It is really fortunate that his amiable wife should be at Versailles.

My health is not perfect. Since the end of August I have had attacks of ague, which left me at intervals, only to return with redoubled violence on the third day; I have been better the last ten days; I have got rid of it, and am at the third pound of Peruvian bark; for that is the only way to get free from it here . . .; and still the attacks return.

I am delighted that your health keeps good in the midst of this terrible storm; I congratulate you on receiving, at last, the reward of your troubles and sacrifices, in finding yourself once more settled in a Convent of your Order, and able to live according to your holy and admirable Institute. I see your flock has been miraculously increased, as Divine Providence has brought back to you two holy nuns, who will be able to support your Convent, with the resources that they have been able to preserve.

I have been speaking to Galeffi, the Cardinal Secretary of Memorials, about them, and their infirmities. He gave me the same answer that I had already received; that they must consult their confessors, who will decide whether, as seems to be the case, their state of health requires a

modification of the Rule; and even a Superior might find this out, for you will easily notice, if their weakness permit them to follow in its entirety, a Rule, which is really severe, and requires good health.

So, no scruples, and let them do what they can; you ought to take all the more care of them, as these ladies are a source of income to your house.

I think with you, Madame, that the questions affecting the clergy will not be settled for some time longer; very little eagerness is shown about them, and even indifference.

I know very well that the education of young ladies is foreign to your state. You have had good reasons for taking to that work; as soon as they no longer exist, you will confine yourselves again to the limits prescribed by your Rule; this is very praiseworthy. But revered Mother, since you have a dispensation from Pius VI (and Pius VII confirmed it, when he passed through Lyons) what more would you have? Avail yourself of these dispensations; it rests now with your confessors and directors to advise you on this point; you have no longer any need of Rome. Act according to your conscience, to the advice of your confessor. But, above all, no scruples, they are the stumbling-block to true piety. And how can those two holy nuns have scruples, seeing that two Popes have dispensed you from your obligations? Those dispensations hold good until they are revoked. If, for some, they are now revoked by their conscience, they remain in full force for those whose health, or whose great age, prevents their following the Rule. One need not be much of a casuist to settle that point. You, yourself, ought to lessen your austerities on account of your spitting of blood, and you ought to take care of yourself, being the soul of your holy Community.

I have received with great pleasure a letter from your sister-in-law; she enters into much detail.

As for Sister B—— you must call her back, under holy obedience, if you are in a position to support her; and she is obliged in conscience to return to the Convent of her Profession. The Superioress of A—— has no right over her; it will be necessary to get the Curé to write to this grasping Superioress, who does not understand her position; as regards the whole question, await a Bishop at Carpentras, or at Avignon; I shall get her to return to you. I know

the carelessness of her father and her whole family, though I have lost sight of them since my childhood, for I have not lived in Carpentras since I was nine years old.*

I am told distinctly that the King has asked for the resignation of all the Bishops in France; you are sure therefore not to have P——.

A thousand kind messages to your Curé, and respects to Mademoiselle de L——. I thank you with all my heart for your kind feelings towards me; I shall be pleased to see your little flock increased to eighteen. It is a great deal.

Pray to God for me, for I have much trouble. I cherish a tender friendship for you in God, and I shall be very happy when I can give you tokens of it.

Respect and Compliments

✠ The Bishop.

---

* The same detail in Book I of the Memoirs.

APPENDIX F

ARTICLE FROM 'LA BIOGRAPHIE UNIVERSELLE' DE FELLER-PÉRENNÈS

SALAMON (Louis-Siffren-Joseph) Bishop of Saint-Flour, was born of a noble family at Carpentras on the 22nd October 1759, and came to Paris when very young, where he bought the position of a *conseiller-clerc* to the Parliament. In 1791, having become correspondent at Paris to the Cabinet of His Holiness, he discharged these functions up to the month of July* 1792, when he was arrested, and taken to the Abbaye. His eloquence and presence of mind saved him from the massacres of September. Released from prison, he continued his correspondence with the Holy Father. Prosecuted again by the Terrorists, he lived for a long time in concealment, in the neighbourhood of Paris. He was even reduced to taking refuge in the Bois de Boulogne, where a few leaves served him for a bed.

Arrested under the Directory, and threatened with banishment, he was nevertheless acquitted. Pope Pius VII, in 1806, nominated him Bishop *in partibus* of Orthosia in Caria, and, in 1814, the King gave him the post of Auditor of the Rota. But the Sovereign Pontiff, thinking that Mgr. Isoard, who already held the appointment, ought not to be displaced, did not accept him.

After remaining three years in Rome, Salamon returned to Paris, was nominated Bishop of Belley in 1817, and in 1820 Bishop of Saint-Flour.

In 1815 some 'Letters from Rome' were published, attributed to this prelate, and addressed to M. de Tallyrand-Périgord, Grand Almoner; they are curious on account of the details they contain, with regard to public opinion in Rome, when the first news came of the landing of Buonaparte.

---

* He was arrested on 27th August.—Tr.

INDEX

Allemane, (Vicomtesse d') 112, 191
Angrau, (President) 200
Antonelli, (Cardinal) 181
Aubusson, (Marquise d') 173, 191
Audin Rouvière 116-119
Aulnay, (M. d') 101, (M. Louis d') 199
Aulnay, (Mme. d') 113, 143, 191
Aymer, (Commodore d') 106

Bailli, (Mayor of Paris) 89, 90
Balbo, (Comte) 184
Balbo, (Comtesse) 1
Barras, (Admiral) 106
Beaulieu, (Abbé Chaubri de) 102
Beauvais, (Bishop of) 73
Bellart, (Counsel) 198, 205, 211-224, 234
Belmont, (Mgr. de) xli
Belmonte, (Prince), 165, 166
Bertrand, 169
Boissière (Abbé de La) 206
Buonaparte, 164, 239, 240
Bonnaud, (Abbé de) 22
Boulanger, (Commissary of the Directory) 197-222
Bourdon de l'Oise 155, 156
Bourgeois, (Artist) xxviii
Bouzet, (Abbé de) 13, 55
Braschi, (Duke) 164, 167
Brienne, (Loménie, Cardinal de) 162, 163, 225
Brissac, (Duc de) 5
Brottier, (Abbé) 191
Busca, (Cardinal) 163, 176, 223

Caccia, (Bankers) 113, 128
Cadet, 209
Campo, (Marquis del) 163, 164, 184
Cani, (Abbé de) 191
Capellis, (Mme. de) 236-243
Capparuis, (Abbé) 56
Caprara, (Cardinal) 85, 224
Caraccosa, (General) 241
Champagne, (Abbé) 223
Champcenetz, (Mme. de) 109, 110
Champlâtreux, (Président de) 26, 97
Charet, 209
Charlotte Corday 11
Charnois, (M. de) 227, 228
Charpentier, 209
Chateaubriand, (M. de) 96, 105
Chaumette, 152
Cheuheuse, (Mme. de) 142
Chiaramonti, (Cardinal), 167
Choisy, (Abbé) 238, 239
Cochon, (M.) 166
Colin, (M. Notary) 157
Colin, (Mme.) 171, 172, 179, 186, 199, 200, 209-211
Collet, (President) 142, 143, 153
Colli, (General) 165
Condorcet, 144
Courville, (Baronne de) 147-150, 153, 154
Créqui, (Marquise de) 192
Cropart, (le Sieur) 225
Coppée, 230

Delacroix, 164
Dellebart, (Mme.). Part II *passim*
Difiano, (Duchess) 241
Duchillau, (Mme.) 110
Dugazon, (Actor) 65
Dugnani, (Nuncio) 3, 162, 225
Dulau, (Mgr.) 21, 22

Elizabeth, (Madame) 77, 201, 202
Eutelx, (Marquise d') 135
Evangelisti, 151
Eysser, 151, 168

Favier, 106
Féron, 12, 13, 39, 55, 56
Fesch, (Cardinal) 240
Feuillade, (M. de la) 141
Fontanges, (Mgr. de) 13
Fournier de la Chapelle 145, 146
Frangini (Cardinal) 181
Frédy, 91

Gacecourt, 185
Galeffi, (Cardinal) 236, 241
Gervais, (Abbé) 13, 56
Girard, (Abbé) 126, 129-132, 142
Girard, (Mlle.) 129-140
Godard, (Abbé) 13, 20, 35, 37, 45-50, 225, 227, 228
Gohier, 196, 197, 204, 209, 214-223
Gourgues, (de) 97
Grabourtra, (Mme. de) 209
Grandin, (M.) 137, 139, 140
Grandin, (Mme.) 132-141, 174
Grandin, (Mlle.) 134-136, 141
Graveson, (Mme. de) 135
Guastaldi, 110, 112
Guillaume, (Courier) 14, 166
Guimart, (la) 103

Hérault, de Séchelles 68, 78, 81-83
Huguenin, 64, 75

Inguimbert, (Mgr. d') xxv
Isoard, (Mgr. d') 244 xli

Joli, (Canon) 125, 128, 142
Joubert, (Mgr.) xlii
Joubert, (Abbé) 240
Jourdan, 76-78
Juissieu, 142

La Devèze, 186
Lafrance, (valet) 15
Lamballe, (Princesse de) 122
La Rochefoucauld, (the two brothers) 21
La Rochefoucauld, (Cardinal de) 225
La Rochefoucauld, (Duc de) 11
La Rochefoucauld, (Duchesse de,) 111, 154
La Rochefoucauld, (Duchesse D'Anville) 143
La Villeheurnois, (de) 191
Leblanc de Varennes, 209, 213
Le Couteux de la Norai, 209, 212
Legendre, 153
Legras, 181, 197
Le Moyne, (Abbé) 126, 142, 144
Lenfant, (l'Abbé) 82
Leroy, (*Montmartre*) 186, 187, 189
Louis XV, 106
Louis XVI, 5, 6, 162, 225

Maillard, 66-68
Malesherbes, (M. and Mme. de) 9, 96, 105, 202
Manuel, 19, 20, 49, 50, 89, 227, 228
Marat, 11, 59
Marianne, 138, 139, 150
Marie-Antoinette, 191, 192, 200, 201
Marcé, (de) 100
Marchand, (M. *huissier*) 208, 209, 212
Massieu, (deaf-mute) 81
Mattei, (Cardinal) 164
Maury, (Abbé) 77, 85
Mégrigny (de) 125
Modène, (Comte de) 63
Monotte, 24, 25, 82
Montboissier, (Mme. de) 72
Montmartre, (see *Leroy*)
Montmorin, (de) 4, 5
Moulins, (Marquise de) 63
Murat, 237, 241
Muy, (Comte de) 192

Nicolle, 186

Orléans, (Philippe, duc d') 201
Ormesson (Noiseau d') 97, 100

Pasquier, (M. sen.) 101
Pasquier, (Mme. sen.) 70, 101, 122, 129
Pasquier, (M. jun.) 101, 122, 129
Pasquier, (Mme. jun.) 122
Pastoret, 11
Penthièvre, (servant of duc de) 34, 36, 48, 52, 56, 66
Périgord, (Cardinal de) xl, 237, 238, 244
Pétion, (Mayor of Paris) 30, 36, 44, 45, 46, 68
Pius VI, 3, 4, 84, 85, 150, 162, 163, 164, 167, 168, 225, 242
Pius VII, 85, 167, 242
Pierracchi, (Abbé) 164
Pignatelli, (General) 241
Pompignac, (Mgr. de) xlv
Portail, 118
Poultier, 186, 233

Quarantotti, 3, 4,

Racin, 186
Rassuret, 85
Rastignac, (Abbé de) 22
Reuss, (Prince) 165, 166
Richard, 190-224
Richard, (Mme.) 192
Richard's cook, 191-193, 194, 208, 210
Richard's grandchild, 200
Richemont, (Vte. de) xvii
Robert, 83
Robespierre, 152, 200, 231
Rochebrune, (Abbé de) xlii
Rochefort, (Mme. de) 122

Rohan, (Cardinal de) 5, 15, 153
Rosambo, (M. and Mme. de) 6, 72, 73, 87-96, 103, 105, 123
Rovère, 68, 78
Royer, (Curé de St-Jean en Grève) 13, 15, 18, 34, 40-43, 46, 54, 227, 229
Ruffo, (the two Cardinals) 237

Saint-Palais, (Clément de) 31
Saron, (Bochard de) 10, 92-97, 100
Séchelles, (Hérault de) 68, 78, 81, 82, 83
Ségur, (Comte de) 1
Sénozan, (Mme. de) 111, 112, 202
Sergent, 74, 76, 78
Sicart, (Abbé) 13, 24, 25, 70, 71, 81, 82, 228-230
Simon, (at the police office) 177-179
Simon, (Abbé) 23, 63
Simon, (Canon of St Quentin) 22, 23, 59
Solérac (Chevalier de) 63, 69, 75
Soyecourt, (Mme. de) 110
Strasbourg (Vicar-General of) 13, 24
Sulx, (Duchesse de) 113

Talleyrand-Périgord (Cardinal de) xl, 237, 238, 244
Tallien, 83
Thierry, 126
Tolosan, (General) 209, 223
Torné, 29, 30, 68, 78, 82, 83
Tripier, (Abbé) xliii

Urtat, (Mme. d') 111

Vigier, 209
Villeneuve-Ségur, (Mme. de) 1
Vitali, (Abbé) 28, 31, 32
Vogüé (Comtesse de) 135

Zelada, (Cardinal) 3, 5, 85, 113, 150, 151, 225

PRINTED AT
THE MERCAT PRESS
EDINBURGH

DC183.8 .S15A3
A papal envoy during the reign of terror
Princeton Theological Seminary–Speer Library
1 1012 00000 3535